The Young Nietzsche

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The young Nietzsche

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FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE

BY

FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE

TRANSLATED BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI
AUTHOR OF
"NIETZSCHE AND ART," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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Friedrich, 1844-1900
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PREFACE

Friends at home and abroad have often asked me whether I could not relate the story of my brother Friedrich Nietzsche's life in an abridged form. They pointed out that the large biography in three volumes was chiefly intended for the student who could find the time necessary to read it, and calling my attention to the number of falsehoods which, within recent years, have been circulated both in Germany and France concerning Nietzsche's life, declared that it was high time that the authentic facts should be made accessible to wider circles in the form of a small and handy volume that would likewise be suitable for translation into a foreign language. As I was not able to undertake a fresh narrative of my brother's life immediately, I appealed to Professor Ernst Holzer of Ulm, and asked him whether he would do it. He assured me that there was nothing he was more desirous of doing than to relate afresh at least a portion of my brother's life. The *young* Nietzsche and his works seemed to have been buried and forgotten. All the fuss had been made in connection with the older solitary Nietzsche. The latter, however, could be properly understood only on condition that the image of the young Nietzsche was already impressed in sharp outline on the mind of the reader. I therefore laid at Professor Holzer's disposal all the fresh material that had been deciphered and collected from letters and note-books since the publication of my first biography. Professor Holzer's aim was more particularly to describe the young scholar who had done such surprisingly good and learned work, even at Pforta and later

in Leipzig, and to reveal him as a University Professor, in the light of his philological essays and lectures. According to Professor Holzer, the first volume of the *Philologica* scarcely gives an adequate idea of the importance of these performances, although the second and third, which are not yet published, certainly will.

In the autumn of 1909 Holzer spoke to me of his projected work with the utmost enthusiasm, and said that although it was his intention to lay particular stress on Nietzsche the University Professor, of whom everybody knew so little, he also wished more particularly to show the importance of the *Young Nietzsche*, the author of those essays which had appeared in the early 'seventies, to whom he felt particularly sympathetic. "The man who speaks here is the 'first Nietzsche,' the friend of Richard Wagner—the Nietzsche whom Erwin Rohde loved so enthusiastically, the young, hopeful and trustful Nietzsche, who, with a colossal faith in his ideals and friends, marched courageously towards the future—the gladiator who, in the early 'seventies, felt himself to be in possession of his greatest power, and who seemed to a friend who once visited him in Bâle, 'full of fire and buoyancy, and as self-reliant as a young lion!'" But only a very few months after our meeting, death suddenly put an end to Professor Holzer's career, and this intellectual and devoted friend, from whom we expected such great things, was taken from us.

Thus I was obliged to reconcile myself to the thought of telling the tale of my brother's life afresh and of repeating much that I had already published. And I resolved to carry out the work in the first place for the benefit of the foreigner, from whom the first suggestion of the scheme had come, and secondly for Germany. It is only natural that my little book should have developed into something very different from that which Professor Holzer had contemplated. Truth to tell, the only point of resemblance between the two lies in the fact that in the following pages

I have endeavoured to depict the young and happy Nietzsche, not only during a given well-defined period, but throughout the whole of the thirty-two happy years of his youth, from 1844 to 1876. I, alone, can speak with any real knowledge of these years, for, as Baron von Gersdorff and Rohde once said to me: "We are acquainted only with small portions of his life; but you know everything that links those isolated portions together."

Thus I have tried to gather together everything that has been said and written about my brother during the period above described, and it has been my constant endeavour to lay bare even those facts which might shed a less favourable light upon him. But I had already done this with very little success before the composition of the large biography. When Baron von Gersdorff came to Weimar in August, 1898, in order to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Goethe's birthday, I asked him whether he could not tell me anything unfavourable concerning my brother, whose bosom friend he had been and in whom my brother had certainly confided more than in all his other friends. For I told him that there was too little shadow in the bright picture I had drawn of my brother's life. Gersdorff replied to me a little wistfully: "I can remember nothing; he was all light. It was we, his friends, who did not understand him, who contributed the shade to his life."

Maybe this life-history is important chiefly in this respect, that it presents us with one great problem. For it *is* a problem that Friedrich Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources absolutely unsuspected hitherto—this Transvaluer of all Values—should himself have fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us. And he did not do this because of any moral imperative, but from a perfectly cheerful inability to act otherwise. I leave it to others to solve this problem.

I have not the slightest intention of advancing any of

my own views, or of attempting in any way to prove my brother's doctrines. Quite a number of distinguished scholars and literary men have written excellent works with the latter object in view, and many more will probably do so in the future. In the pages before us, all I wish to do is to describe the *Young and Happy* Nietzsche, while in a volume which is to follow this one, under the title of *The Lonely Nietzsche*, I shall speak of the later tragic years of solitude, during which no word either of love or friendship any longer reached him, but in which he climbed the steep path to his highest and most exalted aims.

ELIZABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE
(*née* NIETZSCHE).

WEIMAR,
January, 1912.

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PART I

CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I

OUR ANCESTORS

My brother attached great importance to good descent and even declared that all bodily and spiritual virtue and excellence are acquired only with great pains and the exercise of peculiar diligence, self-mastery and frugality, and through the indefatigable and faithful repetition of the same tasks. The gratitude and reverence with which he looked back upon our ancestors and their treasures of virtue, and the modesty with which he was able to regard himself, with all his superior qualities, only as their heir, will therefore readily be understood. As late as the year 1883 he wrote in *Zarathustra*: "Ever am I your love's heir and heritage, blooming to your memory of many gorgeous native virtues, O ye dearest ones!"

Our father, Karl Ludwig Nietzsche, was born at Eilenburg, at a time of considerable unrest and danger, on the 10th October, 1813, only a few days before the great Battle of the Nations at Leipzig, and was the son of the Doctor of Divinity and Superintendent,[1] Friedrich August Ludwig Nietzsche. Eilenburg, which is situated not far from Leipzig, was, owing to the passage of the troops, and later on account of the crowds of military refugees and fugitives, much involved in the course of events. Our grandmother Nietzsche was never able to speak without

[1] One of the higher officials of the German Lutheran Church.—Tr.

emotion of the terrors of that appalling autumn: numberless troops had swarmed over the whole district; throughout every one of those gloomy nights the hurried monotonous tramping of the regiments had been heard, and friend and foe alike had knocked at the door of the Superintendent's house, with a thousand and one entreaties and requests. How much advice and help was not expected of the worthy shepherd of souls! To how many dying creatures was he not called in order to give them the last solace of religion! Our grandmother used to say that for years in her dreams she was frightened by hearing the gruesome tapping on the shutters which was reminiscent of those days. It must, however, be remembered that Eilenburg at this time belonged to Saxony and that Saxony was Napoleon's ally After the battle, the tumultuous rejoicings over the victory, which were borne from town to town by the pealing of bells, were therefore received with somewhat mixed feelings at Eilenburg.

We never knew our grandfather Nietzsche personally; according to all accounts, however, he must have been a very worthy, kindly and scholarly man. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in honour of a number of excellent treatises he had written, the most important of which, on account of the posthumous fame they enjoyed, being: "Gamaliel, or the Everlasting Duration of Christianity, Calculated to Instruct and Tranquillize the Public Mind in Face of the Present Ferment in the Theological World" (Published by Supperian, Leipzig, 1796), and "Contributions Towards the Promotion of a Reasonable Attitude regarding Religion, Education, the Duty of the Subject, and Human Life" (Published by Gädike, Weimar, 1804).

Our grandfather Nietzsche married twice and had twelve children, of whom two died in early infancy. (Our dear grandmother was his second wife.) In his seventieth year he caught a severe cold, and, after four days' illness, on the 16th March, 1806, he died. In a short essay, which a friend

of his youth wrote in honour of his memory, the writer with the profoundest reverence for his character says :

> " All who had the good fortune to look into his mind and to witness his mode of life, could not but praise the delightful qualities of his heart and soul. They admired above all the pious feeling which transfigured the whole of life for him, and rendered every duty holy in his eyes, inspired him in every moment of joy, and hallowed every affliction as a dispensation from God and Heaven. The hearty benevolence and friendliness with which he met all men and offered his love to every burdened soul whom he could help, and which made him pray to the God of Love even for those who had done him harm; the uprightness, loyalty and honesty with which he always clung to the good and defended the cause of righteousness, and which made his outward acts the faithful reflection of his inner spirit; the noble dignity, coupled with friendliness and modesty with which he won both our love and our esteem, were felt by every one who came into contact with him."

Our dear grandmother Nietzsche was born on the 11th December, 1778. She came of a family of pastors of the name of Krause, but I know little about these ancestors, save that they were cheerful, active people, and that our great-grandmother was famous for the excellence of her cooking. To this day recipes which she favoured are used in my household. She was no longer living when our grandmother at the age of thirty-one took as her second husband our grandfather; and that is the reason why the ceremony took place at Naumburg, where our grandmother's favourite brother was a preacher at the Cathedral. Our grandmother had three brothers and one sister, a very beautiful girl, whose portrait is still a source of pleasure to every visitor to the Nietzsche archives. All the brothers and sisters, however, must have been good-looking men and women, for our great-grandmother writes: " God has given me five good-looking and well-behaved children." Both claims were true, for every one of her children lived to do her credit and give her joy. One of the sons was " the founder of the needlework and embroidery industry

in the Saxon Voigtland—"a benefactor to the Voigtland," as a local inscription to his honour gratefully attests; the second was Dr. Krause, General Superintendent, Professor and Doctor of Divinity, first in Königsberg and afterwards in Weimar, as successor to Herder, and was held in high esteem, thanks to his intellect and scholarship. The third son was a worthy country clergyman, who even in those days endeavoured to be not only a parson and shepherd of souls, but also an adviser in all worldly matters to his parishioners.

Our dear grandmother Nietzsche was remarkable for her great mental vivacity, cleverness and really delightful kindliness of heart. Her first husband, a relative of August von Kozebue, was a man called Krüger, a lawyer to the Court at Weimar, but he lived for only a few years after their marriage. Even in these early days she passed through troubled and warlike times, for owing to the battle of Jena and its consequences, Weimar was called upon to suffer many vicissitudes. Her only little boy died, and her husband, who was already infirm, fell so seriously ill as a result of the events of October, 1806, that he was never able to rally, and died in 1807. After his death she went to live with her favourite brother, Dr. Krause, who subsequently became General Superintendent, and in 1809 she married again, to become, as I have already stated, the wife of our grandfather Nietzsche. In addition to her seven stepchildren, she also had three children of her own. All the brothers and sisters, whether by the first or second marriage, in spite of the great difference of age which separated them, lived on unusually affectionate terms. When our father was born the eldest step-brother was twenty-nine. The modest comfort which reigned in the Nietzsche family was founded on a legacy from another half-brother of our father's, who had amassed a handsome fortune in England; he had died a bachelor, and had left all his money to his relatives. The whole of our father's family, whom I learnt to know only when they were far

advanced in years, were remarkable for their great powers of self-control, their lively interest in intellectual matters, and their strong sense of family unity, which manifested itself alike in their splendid readiness to help one another, and in the cordial relations which subsisted between them.

My brother often refers to his Polish descent, and in later years he instituted researches with a view to establishing it, which met with some success. I know nothing definite concerning these investigations, as a large number of my brother's documents were lost after his breakdown in health in Turin. The family tradition was that a certain minor Polish nobleman named Nicki (pronounced Nietzky) had obtained the special favour of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland, and had received the title of Count from him. When, however, Stanislaus Leszcynski, the Pole, was made King, our supposed ancestor became involved in a conspiracy in favour of Saxony and the Protestants. He was sentenced to death; but taking flight with his wife, who had just given birth to a son, he wandered about with her for two or three years as a fugitive through the small States of Germany, during which time our great-grandmother nursed and suckled her little boy herself. So the legend runs, and our great-grandfather Nietzsche, who at the age of ninety could still ride a horse at a gallop, is said to have ascribed his hardiness to these circumstances. Unfortunately the dates do not seem to tally quite accurately; in any case, nothing definite can be said, as the first certain date which is known about our great-great-grandfather Nietzsche and his family belongs to the year 1709.

From his childhood onwards my brother always attached a certain importance to this somewhat mythical Polish descent. He writes in the year 1883:—

> "I have been taught to trace my descent and name to a noble Polish family called Nietzky, who, yielding to insufferable religious oppression, gave up their homes and their title over a hundred years ago; for they were Protestants. I will not

deny that as a boy I was rather proud of my Polish descent. Whatever German blood I have in my veins comes solely from my mother's family, the Oehlers, and from my paternal grandmother's family, the Krauses, but it seems to me that in all essentials I have remained a Pole, notwithstanding. The fact that my appearance has always been characteristic of the Polish type, has often enough been brought home to me. Outside my own country, in Switzerland and in Italy, for instance, I have often been accosted as a Pole. In Sorrento, where I spent my winters, the people used to call me *il Polacco*, whilst during a summer holiday, in Marienbad especially, I was often reminded of my Polish nature in a striking manner. Poles would come up to me and, mistaking me for one of their acquaintances, would greet me in Polish ; and one, to whom I said I was no Pole, and to whom I introduced myself as a Swiss, looked at me sadly for some time, and then said : 'It is still the old race, but the heart has vanished, God knows whither.' A small album of mazurkas which I composed as a boy bore the inscription, 'In memory of our ancient forebears!' and I reflected them in many a judgment and in many a prejudice."

Occasionally our aged aunts would speak with enthusiasm of our great-grandfather Nietzsche whom they had known, and whose handsome appearance and noble dignity in his hoary old age they could not praise too highly. Our ancestors both on the Nietzsche and the Oehler side were very long lived. Of the four pairs of great-grandparents, the great-grandfather above mentioned reached the age of ninety, five great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers died between seventy-five and eighty-six, and two only failed to reach old age. The two grandfathers attained their seventieth year, the maternal grandmother died at eighty-two, and grandmother Nietzsche at seventy-seven.

Our father was the youngest child, and as such the favourite of his parents and of his nine elder brothers and sisters. From his earliest youth he must have been an unusually lovable and gifted boy. He was educated first at the seminary at Rossleben, and afterwards became a student at Halle. The teachers at Rossleben and the pro-

NIETZSCHE'S FATHER (PASTOR CARL LUDWIG NIETZSCHE). BORN 10TH OCTOBER, 1813; DIED 20TH JULY, 1849.

fessors at Halle all unite in praising his gifts, his industry, his exemplary love of order, and his indefatigable devotion to duty. He had an extraordinary talent for music, and small tickets belonging to the Rossleben days are still in existence, which he used for inviting his friends on Sundays, between the hours of church and the midday meal, to a concert at which he was the sole performer. Later his excellent impromptu playing on the piano created a great impression, while compositions from his pen are also said to have existed, albeit I was unable to find any trace of these among our mother's papers after her death. He was sound to the core, and a great votary of physical exercise, such as skating and long walks. A relative who was with him at Rossleben recalled, even in his eighty-third year, the great walking tours they used to take together.

After passing his examinations with distinction he was engaged for a short time as a tutor at Captain Baumbach's in Altenburg, and subsequently held a similar post at the Ducal Court there. His three pupils were Princess Theresa (who died unmarried), Princess Elizabeth (Grand Duchess of Oldenburg), and Princess Alexandra (Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia). Between the tutor and his august pupils there subsisted for many years afterwards an extremely friendly relationship which does honour to both parties.

In 1841, at the special instance of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., he received the living of Röcken. Our father had had a personal interview with this pious and kindly monarch, and this meeting seems to have aroused the warmest feelings on both sides, for surprisingly soon after this event he received his living "by Royal Command," and great things were hoped for him—that is to say, people expected him to be summoned to Berlin to fill the post of Court Chaplain. A friend of his youth describes his appearance at that time as follows: "He was tall and slender, with a noble and poetic personality and a peculiar talent for music; he was endowed with delicate feeling, was full of

reverence for his family, and possessed the most distinguished manners." He had beautiful large dark-brown eyes, but was unfortunately very short-sighted.

In the spring of 1843 our father made the acquaintance of our mother, who had then only just reached her seventeenth year, and who but a twelvemonth before had still been playing in secret with her dolls. As she had three sisters older than herself and came between five brothers, in whose games she still occasionally joined, it was only quite recently that she had been regarded as grown up. In later years her brothers always chaffed her about the wonderful way in which she used to toboggan. Not very far from the parsonage there must have been an ideal toboggan run, and near the end of it there was a dip over which our mother must have steered her toboggan with particular daring and sureness, for none of the younger members of the family would mount the toboggan unless she steered. During this spring our father visited our grandparents in the company of an elderly colleague, the godfather of the girl who was to be our mother and who was called Fransziska. It chanced that on this occasion Fransziska, now grown into a charming young woman, came in with a pot of pinks to ask her godfather what she should do to make them bloom as nicely as his plants. The sight of this dark young beauty so greatly delighted our father, that, with the help of the old godfather, he afterwards managed to see her frequently, and finally became engaged to her in July, 1843—to the intense dismay of many a pretty girl among the various estates and parsonages of the district, who believed they had found their "ideal" in the noble young parson of Röcken.

Our mother Fransziska, who was called Fränzchen, was both beautiful and healthy and full of a charming roguishness. The daughter of a parson, she was one of a very large family. Her parents, our dear grandparents, Pastor Oehler and his wife, were typically healthy people, and strength, robustness, lively dispositions, and a cheerful

outlook on life were among the qualities which were the delight of all who knew them. Our grandfather was a parson at Pobles, a small village two hours' journey from Weissenfels. He was a bright, clever man, a typical example of the old school of comfortable country parson, who thought it no sin to go hunting (with a groom carrying his guns behind him), or to play a friendly little game of *skat*. He loved music and poetry but was no adept in them himself, and many a musical performance of such compositions as Haydn's *Creation* was given in the parsonage of Pobles by friends and members of the family to the joy of all concerned. One evening a week was devoted to the children, when they recited poems; and theatricals were often arranged chiefly by the children themselves, who were so numerous that there was never any dearth of actors. Moreover, our grandfather's house was nearly always full of guests, for he was very fond of company. He was scarcely ever ill, and would not have died even when he did, in his seventieth year, from a severe cold, had he not been so incredibly imprudent in regard to his health. As to our grandmother Oehler, who died in her eighty-second year, all that can be said is, that if all German women were possessed of the health she enjoyed, our nation would excel all others in vitality. She bore our grandfather eleven children, and not only gave each of them the breast for nearly the whole of the first year, but also lost not a single one of them, and reared them all to maturity. It is said that the sight of these eleven children of very different ages (the eldest was nineteen when the youngest was born), with their powerful build, rosy cheeks, beaming eyes and wealth of curly locks excited the admiration of every visitor. In spite of their magnificent health, the life of this family, of course, was not all sunshine. Every one of the eleven children was exceedingly spirited, wilful and headstrong, and it was therefore no simple matter to manage them. Moreover, though they always showed the utmost respect and most

implicit obedience to their parents—even as middle-aged men and women—misunderstandings between them were of constant occurrence. Our Oehler grandparents were fairly well to do, for our grandmother hailed from a very old family who had been large landowners in the neighbourhood of Zeitz for centuries, and her father, Counsellor Hahn, owned the baronial estate of Wehlits and was the tenant of magnificent crown land near Zeitz. When she married, her father gave her a carriage and horses, a coachman, a cook, and kitchen-maid as part of her dowry, which for the wife of a German parson was then, and is still, something quite exceptional. The eldest grandchildren also received a charming pony-chaise, with a pony to draw it, and this vehicle was often used by the great-great-grandchildren, my brother and myself, though we harnessed it to a goat. Unfortunately, as a result of the wars of 1806—15, and of his exceptional good nature and readiness to help others, our great-grandfather lost most of his property.

The families of Nietzsche and Oehler, though so different from each other, proved, as we now see, most felicitous complements. Meanwhile, however, our grandfather Oehler was not free from care. It is true that much was done for the education of the children, and there was always a good scholar in the house to act as tutor. Music was studied, and at table it was the rule that French should be spoken. But the education was planned principally with a view to the requirements of the sons, rather than the daughters, and the latter learnt only as much as it was possible for them to pick up in addition to those feminine accomplishments, such as sewing, embroidery, etc., which were their special domain. Our mother, it is true, had learnt Latin with the boys, but in other departments of knowledge her education was certainly very deficient, and thanks to her continual association with her brothers she must have assimilated much of their habits and manners. It was now her lot to enter a very

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE'S MOTHER AS A BRIDE (FRAU PASTOR FRANZISKA NIETZSCHE, NÉE OEHLER). BORN 2ND FEBRUARY, 1826; DIED 20TH APRIL, 1897.

cultured and, as far as formalities were concerned, an exceedingly punctilious family. When on one occasion her mother-in-law Nietzsche unexpectedly paid her a visit, she burst violently into the room and embraced the caller so vigorously that she almost knocked her down. Her father Oehler watched the scene thoughtfully and then said to my grandmother Nietzsche : " Our Fränzchen is still a bit of a tomboy, and allow me to tell you as a grower of trees that you are taking a wild shoot into your family, from which you must rear a noble tree." Our grandmother Oehler listened to this remark with some disapproval, to which she gave expression, but grandmother Nietzsche exclaimed cheerfully and affectionately, " Fränzchen is a gorgeous savage, and her vigour and roughness are perfectly delightful."

On the 10th October, 1843, on my father's thirtieth birthday, our parents were married. When the young couple had passed through all the triumphal arches, amid the greetings of the chief members of the parish, the teachers and the school children, and had at last reached the steps of the parsonage, our father's eldest step-sister—a very stately and noble figure—stood above them in the decorated doorway, and stretching out her arms, called to the seventeen-year-old bride in solemn tones, " Welcome to the loyal hearts of your sisters ! "

CHAPTER II

EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

Our parents' eldest son, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, was born at Röcken on the 15th October, 1844, at ten o'clock in the morning, to the sound of the peals of bells rung by the parish in honour of the birthday of our reigning monarch King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia. Our father's intense joy that his first son should be born precisely on his beloved sovereign's birthday will readily be understood. At the christening ceremony after the baptism he said :

> "Thou blessed month of October, for many years the most decisive events of my life have occurred within thy thirty-one days, but my experience this day is the greatest and the most glorious of them all, the christening of my little child! O blissful moment! O exquisite festival! O unspeakably holy duty! In the name of the Lord I bless thee! From the bottom of my heart do I utter these words: Bring me, then, this my beloved child, that I may consecrate him unto the Lord! My son, Friedrich Wilhelm, thus shalt thou be named on earth, in honour of my royal benefactor on whose birthday thou wast born."

From his earliest days my brother was always a very healthy child. He gave little trouble either to his mother or his nurse, and though he did not learn to speak until he was two and a half, he did so then comparatively correctly. He was exceedingly strong, and, as a child, very hot tempered—a characteristic which he did not like to hear mentioned in later years, because, in accordance with the family tradition of the Nietzsches, he soon learnt to control himself. When he was older, if ever he

did anything awkward, or broke something, for which he had to be scolded, he would grow very red, say nothing, and withdraw silently into solitude. After a while he would reappear with modest dignity, and would either beg for forgiveness, if he had convinced himself of his fault, or else say nothing. My brother declared that his appearance throughout his childhood was that of a typical peasant boy, plump, brown and rosy. The thick fair hair which fell picturesquely over his shoulders had the effect of somewhat modifying his robust appearance. But for his wonderfully beautiful, large and expressive eyes, however, and his extraordinarily decorous manner, neither his teachers nor his relatives would have recognised in him the highly gifted and remarkable child he really was, for he was both modest and reserved.

He describes his first youthful impressions in a small book written in the year 1858, when he was not yet fourteen years of age, entitled "Leaves from my Life," and in which he relates his experiences up to that time:

"The village of Röcken lies half an hour's journey from Lützen, close on the main road. Every traveller who passes along this road must cast a kindly glance at it, for it is so prettily tucked away amidst the trees and ponds that surround it. The first object to catch the eye is the moss-clad church steeple. I have a distinct recollection of how on one occasion, when I was walking with my dear father from Lützen to Röcken, when we were about halfway home the bells began to ring out merrily in celebration of Eastertide. The sound of these bells often recurs to my mind, and then sad thoughts carry me back to the dear old parsonage. How vividly can I still see the neighbouring churchyard! How often, when the old mortuary chapel was opened, did I not ask what the biers and the black crape and the inscriptions on the tombstones and monuments meant! But when every other image has vanished from my soul I shall never forget the old parsonage itself, for it is engraved on my memory in mighty letters. The actual house was built in the year 1820, and was therefore very comfortably arranged. A flight of steps led up to the ground floor. I can still remember the study on the first storey and the rows

of books, where many an illustrated volume made this place a favourite resort of mine. Behind the house there stretched the orchard and the lawn, a part of which was generally under water in the spring, which meant that the cellar was also flooded. In front of the house there was a courtyard with a barn and a stable, and this led to the flower garden, in the bowers or on the seats of which I was almost always to be found. Behind the green hedge lay the ponds, surrounded by willow trees. To saunter between these ponds, to gaze at the rays of the sun playing upon their surface, and to watch the sportive little fishes darting hither and thither was my greatest joy. There is one other thing which I must mention, which always filled me with a secret shudder. On one side of the gloomy vestry there stood a colossal stone figure of St. George carved by a skilful hand. The mighty form, the terrible weapons, and the dim, mysterious light all combined to make me regard the saint with a certain awe. Once, so the legend went, his eyes gleamed in such a terrible manner that all who saw him were filled with horror."

The parsonage of Röcken, with all its inmates, still remains in the minds of those who knew it one of the happiest of memories; it was called the "ideal parsonage." As a matter of fact, it was not only ideal, it was a really happy home, which, thanks to our father's magnificent piano-playing, his rich intellectual gifts, and his delightful cheerfulness, was always radiant with joy. Our grandmother Nietzsche formed one of the household during the greater part of the year, and was held in universal respect in the place, while one of my father's sisters undertook the housekeeping, and with the help of excellent servants fulfilled the task in a really exemplary way. Our mother, who, by-the-bye, soon adapted herself to the ways of the Nietzsche family, had plenty of spare time, and our father was accordingly often able to take her away and show her the world. The dear soul remembered with joy until the end of her life a certain tour they took in Saxon Switzerland,[1] ending up with a sojourn of several weeks in Dresden,

[1] These are the mountains between Bohemia and Saxony. Where the river Elbe cuts its way through them their picturesqueness is considerably enhanced.—TR.

Church in which Nietzsche was baptised.

House in which Nietzsche was born

CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT ROECKEN.

with all its art collections and incomparable operatic and theatrical performances. In later life her brothers still referred to the interesting account their sister had given of this visit, although in other respects they were very much distressed at the change which had taken place in their Fränzchen, as she showed little interest in their harmless though, perhaps, somewhat coarse jokes, and had grown so "intolerably refined and cultured." The fact that our mother found it an easy matter to adapt herself to her new surroundings she herself afterwards stoutly contested. Her rebellious spirit was more particularly aroused by the admonitions of her sister-in-law, our aunt Rosalie, of whom we, as children, were all very fond. In our father's presence, however, little of all this was allowed to appear, for he was an extraordinarily sensitive man, or, as was said of him at the time, he took everything so much to heart. Any sign of discord either in the parish or in his own family was so painful to him that he would withdraw to his study and refuse to eat or drink, or speak with anybody. If any trifling dispute chanced to occur in his presence between the sister-in-law in question and our fiery young mother, he would lean back in his chair, close his eyes, and become absorbed in very different thoughts, so that he might hear and see nothing of the quarrel. The revolution of 1848 was an unspeakable sorrow to him; when he read in the paper that his beloved King, Friedrich Wilhelm, had driven round Berlin with a cockade in his hat[1] he burst into passionate tears, left the room, and could only return to his family after having spent several hours alone; and no one was allowed to mention the event to him again. His three little children were a source of great joy to him. I was born in July, 1846, and our little brother Joseph in February, 1848. Our father used to spend much of his time with us, but more especially with his eldest son, Fritz, whom he called his "little friend," and whom he allowed to be with him even when he was busy,

[1] The emblem of the Constitutional Party.—TR.

as he knew how to sit still and would thoughtfully watch his father at work. Even when Fritz was only a year old he was so delighted by his father's music that whenever he cried for no apparent reason our father was begged to play the piano to him. Then the child would sit upright in his little carriage, as still as a mouse, and would not take his eyes off the musician.

At the end of August, 1848, a terrible misfortune overtook us. Our father was accompanying a friend home one evening, and on his return to the parsonage our little dog, which he did not see owing to his shortsightedness, ran between his legs just as he reached the door. He stumbled and fell backwards down a flight of seven stone steps on to the paving stones of the courtyard, and as a result of his fall was laid up with concussion of the brain. At first it was taken for granted that after a week's rest in bed no evil consequences would remain; after a few weeks, however, he began to get ill. In the meantime a fire had occurred in Röcken, in the extinguishing of which he played such an extremely prominent part that his subsequent illness was always falsely ascribed by his parishioners to the fact that he had injured his health at that time by standing for a night and a day knee-deep in the water of a pond in order to conduct the operations. The trouble began with a loss of appetite and severe headaches, which he had never had in his life before. Neither his sisters nor his parents had ever suffered in this way, for the delicate organ in the Nietzsche family was the stomach. When in spite of the doctors and the homœopathic treatment in which the Nietzsche family firmly believed, the headaches continued to return, the famous physician Professor Oppolzer, of Leipzig, was summoned. He realised at once that the trouble was cerebral and not gastric, as the family maintained. At first Professor Oppolzer gave us good ground for hope, as neither the patient's intellect nor his consciousness were affected, and the doctor believed that the injured spot in the brain would heal, "and leave a cicatrice there,"

as he told us. And as a matter of fact there were periods of improvement—that is to say, days on which my father suffered no pain, and was able to write his sermons and take the confirmation classes. In the spring of 1849 he began to give Fritz a few lessons, as the boy showed exceptional interest in books, reading and writing. In June, 1849, however, my father's trouble became steadily worse, and, in his heart of hearts, he was convinced that his end was at hand. He certainly did not fear death, but the thought of leaving behind him without protection the young wife he loved so dearly and her three children, filled him with anguish. He made his will, appointed a certain relative, named Dächsel, who was afterwards a Counsellor of Justice, the guardian of his children, and begged his mother, our beloved grandmother Nietzsche, in the most touching terms, to take his dear Fränzchen and his children under her care. His last words were, "Mother, remember Fränzchen." He died on the 30th July, 1849, eleven months after his terrible fall, and was deeply mourned, not only by his family and his nearest friends, but, above all, by his parishioners, who during his illness had not been able to do enough to show the love and reverence they felt for him. One of the favourite friends of his youth wrote to me in 1895: "In Röcken, by his warm sympathy and his inspiring sermons, he won the hearts of his parishioners, and set them a shining example in his personal and family life. His early death after a long period of suffering was the cause of profound and universal grief. The sight of the whole parish in mourning on the occasion of his burial still remains vividly imprinted on my memory."

But the most reverent words that have ever been said in memory of our dear father were uttered by his son Friedrich in *Ecce Homo*, nearly forty years after his death:

> "I regard it as a great privilege to have had such a father; it even seems to me that this is all I can claim in the matter of privileges,—life, the great yea to life, excepted. What I

owe to him above all is this, that I do not need any special intention but merely a little patience in order involuntarily to enter a world of higher and more delicate things. There I am at home, there alone does my inmost passion become free."

We remained in the dear old parsonage eight months after our father's death. Meanwhile another fatal calamity befell our poor mother. Her lovely youngest child, our little brother Joseph, fell ill a few days after his second birthday owing to his cutting several teeth all at once. He died suddenly, as the doctor explained, from teething convulsions. A dream which my brother Fritz had and which he relates in the little biography above mentioned, was very remarkable:

"On this occasion I dreamt I heard the sound of the church organ playing a requiem. When I looked to see what the cause of it was, a grave suddenly opened and my father in his shroud arose out of it. He hurried into the church and in a moment or two reappeared with a small child in his arms. The grave opened, he stepped into it and the gravestone fell once more over the opening. The sound of the organ immediately ceased and I awoke. In the morning I related the dream to my dear mother; very shortly afterwards little Joseph became unwell, fell into convulsions, and died in a few hours. Our sorrow was indescribable. My dream had been completely fulfilled."

Our little brother's tiny coffin was laid beside my father's in the family vault. The death of this small brother so soon after the great misfortune that had robbed us of our father, filled us with such overwhelming sorrow that the parsonage, once so happy, seemed to be enveloped ever more deeply in sorrow and gloom.

Towards the beginning of April we left Röcken; the day of our departure and our journey made an ineffaceable impression upon Fritz. He got up in the night, dressed himself, and went into the courtyard where the heavily laden carriage stood waiting with its shining red lamps. The wind set up a sorrowful dirge, the faithful dog howled

in heartrending and gruesome tones, and the moon, pallid and cold, shot her rays over the low roofs of the neighbouring buildings into the great courtyard with its ghostly lights and all its mournful echoes. In *Zarathustra* these early impressions and the memory of this melancholy night recur :

> " Thus did I speak and ever more softly, for I was afraid of mine own thoughts, and the thoughts behind them. Then suddenly did I hear a dog howl near me.
>
> " Had I ever heard a dog howl thus? My thoughts ran back. Yea ! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood.
>
> "—Then did I hear a dog howl thus. And I saw it also with hair bristling, and head uplifted, trembling in the silent midnight when even dogs believe in ghosts.
>
> " Thus did it excite my pity. For just then did the full moon sail silent as death over the house, and stand, as it were, a glowing globe at rest on the flat roof, as if on someone's property—"

In the grey hours of the morning, our eyes full of burning tears, we left our native home of Röcken, which remained all our lives " the dear abode of our loved ones." For us the peaceful graveyard with the graves of our father and our little brother was the " grave-island, the silent isle," whither we bore our evergreen wreath of happy and sorrowful memories. Our family vault in Röcken lies sheer against the ancient church, which is one of the oldest in the province of Saxony. The wall, overgrown with roses and wild vine, forms the end wall of the burial ground. A few paces away stands the old school-house where little Fritz, when he was only five years old, used to be taught after his father's death. On one occasion, when my brother and myself as man and woman were in Röcken, the little village children, their wooden shoes ringing on the hard road, happened to be going to afternoon school, and it was with deep emotion that my brother contemplated the small fair heads, for he himself had once sat among them. True, they were now the children of another generation, who

were hurrying so eagerly to school, but they were to sit on the same uncomfortable old benches which had been in existence in my brother's earliest childhood.

My brother touchingly expresses his feelings about the repeated visits he made to the old home as follows : "The sight of the surroundings of our childhood deeply stirs us ; the summer house, the church with the graves, the pond and the wood—these things we can never see save with the eyes of sufferers. Pity for ourselves overcomes us ; for, since then, what have we not endured ? And here, everything still stands so calm and unchanged."

CHAPTER III

TOWN AND SCHOOL LIFE

In the spring of 1850 we went to Naumburg, which was to be our new home. Our grandmother Nietzsche, in her youth, had paid a long visit to her favourite brother, Dr. Krause (afterwards General Superintendent) in Naumburg, when he was a preacher at the Cathedral there. In those days she had made friendships which had survived in spite of the long interval of separation. It was for this reason that our grandmother chose Naumburg as her home, and our mother, who was very fond of her, readily followed; for she said, in the words of Ruth to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go." Old Frau Lepsius, a friend of my grandmother Nietzsche's youth, used often afterwards to give me a most moving description of the affecting impression we made upon everyone at that time. Our grandmother, our two aunts, our dear mother, then a beautiful young widow of twenty-four, my brother and I—were all in the deepest mourning and looked out upon the world with eyes so unusually large and melancholy, that everyone felt a splendid man must have departed from us for him to be so deeply and so genuinely mourned by his family. Some time elapsed before our mother, my brother and I grew accustomed to the restricted town life. In those days Naumburg on the Saale was not the pleasant city encircled by streets of villas that it is now; it was surrounded by fortifications, and from ten o'clock at night to five o'clock in the morning five heavy gates closed it in on all sides from the outer world. It was only by dint of loud ringing, and the gift of a small dole,

that the gatekeeper could be induced, often after a prolonged wait, to allow those standing outside to enter, so that anyone who spent his evenings outside the city in the vineyards on the hills, or in the country houses, would hasten his footsteps when he heard the little bell ring from the tower of the Town Hall giving warning a few minutes beforehand of the closing of the gates. All round the town there was a deep moat, bounded on the other side by a fine avenue of elms, which in its turn was surrounded by gardens, fields, and vine-clad hills.

Naumburg of those days remains in my memory as a thoroughly Christian, Conservative city, loyal to the King and a pillar of the Throne and of the Church; at least this is strictly true of those circles with which, thanks to our grandmother's useful friendships, we came into touch. Just listen to the enthusiastic account my brother gives of the presence of King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. within the city walls:

"Our dear King honoured Naumburg (1854) with a visit. Great preparations were made for the occasion. All the school children were decked with black-and-white favours and stood in the market place from eleven o'clock in the morning awaiting the arrival of the Father of his People. Gradually the sky became overcast, rain poured down upon us all—the King would not come! Twelve o'clock struck—the King did not come. Many of the children began to feel hungry. A fresh downpour occurred, all the streets were covered with mud; one o'clock struck—the impatience grew intense. Suddenly, about two o'clock, the bells began to ring and the sky smiled through its tears upon the joyously swaying crowd. Then we heard the rattle of the carriage; a boisterous cheer burst through the city; we waved our caps in exultation and roared at the tops of our voices. A fresh breeze set flying the myriad flags which hung from the roofs, all the bells of the town rang out, and the vast crowd shouted, raved, and literally pushed the carriage in the direction of the cathedral. In the recesses of the sacred edifice a bevy of little girls in white dresses with garlands of flowers on their heads were arranged in the form

of a pyramid. Here the King alighted and casting a glance at the little girls declared that "he felt like Prokop."[1] He praised the preparations, and then betook himself to the apartments that had been prepared for him at the Deanery. In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and immense crowds thronged the streets. The pyramids of wreaths on the Town Hall and the Cathedral, were lighted from top to bottom with tiny lamps; thousands of fairy lights decorated the houses, and in the square before the Cathedral there was a display of fireworks which from time to time lit up the dark pile with a lurid light."

If my brother seems to speak of this royal visit with unusual enthusiasm it must not be forgotten that he considered he had a special right to do so. As already pointed out, King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. had been particularly kind to our father, and Fritz had received that monarch's Christian names, chiefly because he had been born on his birthday. This was always a source of pleasure to my brother; for, on account of it, his birthday, during the whole of his childhood, was a school holiday and was always set apart as a special festival in our house in honour of our King and our beloved Fritz.

The circle in which we moved in Naumburg was not ecclesiastical but associated rather with the Justices of the High Court, who at that time reigned over the social life of the city. The friends of our grandmother's youth were connected either directly or indirectly with this circle, and a certain Frau Pinder was one of the leading spirits among them. She was a highly intelligent and lovable woman, who was closely attached to my grandmother, and they were, therefore, very anxious that their respective grandchildren should be friends, a wish which was realised ever more and more fully as time went on. Frau Pinder had two grandchildren of the same age as our

[1] According to a local legend at Naumburg, a certain Hussite leader, who, with his host, intended to annihilate the city during the wars of religion. At the suggestion of a schoolmaster, however, all the children of the place were dressed in white and sent outside the walls to his camp, and Prokop was so moved by the sight that he resolved to spare Naumburg.—TR.

Fritz—Wilhelm Pinder and Gustav Krug. The deep impression their new friend made upon them is described by the eldest of these two young people in the biography which he wrote at the same time as my brother composed his, in his fourteenth year: "Here I must first refer to one of the most important events of my life. I chanced one day in my grandmother's garden to make the acquaintance of a boy who thenceforth became the best and the most faithful friend of my life, and will certainly remain so. This boy, whose name is Friedrich Nietzsche, has since had an exceedingly good influence on my whole life and upon every one of my occupations and opinions."

Very shortly after our arrival at Naumburg, Fritz was sent to school there. Our grandmother had very peculiar convictions on this matter, which to my surprise only seem to be becoming general at the present day, and are regarded as quite modern. Her idea was that up to the age of eight or ten all children, even of very different social positions, should be taught together; the children who came from the higher classes would thus acquire a better understanding of the attitude of mind peculiar to the lower orders. In accordance with this theory with which our guardian, the Counsellor of Justice Dächsel also agreed, my brother, when he was not quite six years of age, was sent to the local Municipal Boys' School.

But theories when carried into practice do not always yield the desired result, more particularly when applied to original natures. Even in these early days Fritz was very different from the average boy of his own age, with the consequence that in the Municipal School, where the tone, though quite tolerable, was somewhat coarser and rowdier than elsewhere, he found himself quite isolated. The serious, thoughtful child, with the dignified and courtly manners, was such an unfamiliar figure to the other boys, that neither side made any overtures of friendship, and the nearest approach that occurred took

the shape of an interchange of chaff. Be this as it may, even if the pupils of the Municipal School did tease him a little, it was always in a very friendly spirit, entirely free from malice. For they would take home amazing stories of young Nietzsche; describing how "he could recite Bible texts and hymns with such feeling that he almost made one cry." They always called him "the little Minister," and there certainly was a dash of the parson in his manner of expressing himself throughout the whole of his childhood, as is proved by the biography which he wrote at that time.

A little incident which occurred at this period and which was a standing joke among us for long afterwards ought to be mentioned here. The Municipal School for Boys was situated at that time in the Topfmarkt, not very far from our house. One day, just as school was over, there was a heavy downpour of rain, and we looked out along the Priestergasse for our Fritz. All the boys were running like mad to their homes—at last little Fritz also appeared, walking slowly along, with his cap covering his slate and his little handkerchief spread over the whole. Mamma waved and called out to him when he was some way off: "Run, child, run!" The sheets of rain prevented us from catching his reply. When our mother remonstrated with him for coming home soaked to the skin, he replied seriously: "But, Mamma, in the rules of the school it is written: on leaving school, boys are forbidden to jump and run about in the street, but must walk quietly and decorously to their homes." Fritz had obeyed this rule under the most adverse circumstances.

My brother stayed barely a year at the Municipal School, and was then sent to a private educational establishment kept by a young schoolmaster called Weber, whose institution was preparatory for the Cathedral Grammar School. Fritz remained there with his two young friends Wilhelm Pinder and Gustav Krug till the year 1854,

when he entered the above-mentioned Grammar School and was placed in the Second Form,[1] a fact which he describes with great pomp and circumstance in hischildish biography.

> "I became a Grammar School Boy!! We were taken before the Headmaster, Förtsch, a kind and good man, and had to undergo a short examination, after which we were placed in the Second Form. O! how my heart sank within me when I crossed the threshold of the school door for the first time, for we had pictured everything to ourselves very much worse than it actually was; the pleasant surprise, however, had a good effect. Our form master's one ambition seemed to be to add to our knowledge, and he was certainly an exceedingly well-read man. He did not, however, possess the gift of making things clear to his pupils; though I ought to add that as soon as I became a pupil in the Second Form, I developed the usual pride a boy in that position always feels."

I remember perfectly well the high opinion my brother now had of himself, for from that time forward he always laid stress upon his being much older than I was and used to call me "a little girl," although there was only two years' difference between us. I ought to point out that Fritz was a big and strong child, while I was small and delicate—a fact which would account for his always having been taken for much the elder. From the time he became a Second Form boy he would no longer allow the servant to fetch him from friends' houses at night. If we were both invited, and our good Minna in the natural course of events came to fetch me, Fritz would leave us womenfolk and always walk five paces ahead, and pretend not to belong to us. On the other hand he was always very kind to me when, during the summer, the days being longer, I was allowed to go home alone under his protection, as it was still light. He guarded me from every accident and all such "monsters" as horses and dogs, of which I was very frightened in those days.

[1] The *Quinta* in German schools is equivalent to the English Second Form.—Tr.

When we were a little older, he, my mother and myself, and sometimes a few friends, used to take long excursions into the beautiful country round Naumburg, of which he was always particularly fond, especially during the golden months of autumn. In after life, it is true, he did not speak very kindly of Naumburg, as its narrowness and provinciality oppressed him. But as long as he lived he never forgot one feature of the good old town, which had from the first made a favourable impression upon him, and this was the deep tone of the old bells in the parish church, which had been consecrated to St. Wenceslaus, in the days when Naumburg was a Catholic city. Long afterwards he declared that he had never heard such beautiful bells anywhere else. The ringing of the midnight bell in *Zarathustra*, the bell "which has seen more than any man, which counted the painful heartbeats of our fathers," and speaks with its ceaseless clang of the happiness of the old days, always sounded in his ears with the deep rumbling boom of the dear old parish church bells of Naumburg.

CHAPTER IV

HOME AND EDUCATION

Our family party consisted of our grandmother Nietzsche, her two daughters, Aunt Augusta and Aunt Rosalie, our mother and us two children. At the head stood our beloved grandmother, Frau Erdmuthe Nietzsche, who was really an ideal woman, or, as we children thought, an ideal grandmother. She had a beautiful pale face out of which shone forth lovely dark eyes, full of intelligence and kindliness. In the fashion of the day a little cap, trimmed with thick frills of lace, fitted tightly round her face and only two solitary locks of silky coal-black hair were allowed to slip out over her temples from beneath the lace. Grandma, as we called her, did not have a single white hair till the day of her death. Her sweet, kindly and dignified spirit, her tender and profound sympathy for the pain and suffering of others, made her the object of everyone's love and reverence. As she scarcely ever went out, she used to have an extraordinary number of visitors to the house, whom she was always glad to see.

Our grandmother's greatest joy was to please others. She could never give enough, and I know that she often had to be forcibly restrained from delighting us with a share of the beautiful choice fruits which used to be sent for her special consumption. Nevertheless, she frequently gave us some on the sly. On these occasions, however, Fritz could never be induced to accept the delicacies: "No, dear Grandma," he would say firmly, "we must not take these things away from you." It was sometimes possible, however, to effect a compromise: the fruit was divided and we all enjoyed it very much.

Aunt Augusta was the image of our grandmother in character and in kindness of heart. For years she suffered from exceedingly painful gastric troubles, which she bore, however, with great sweetness and patience; and in spite of her affliction, she did not cease from conducting the affairs of the household in a truly admirable manner. "Leave me this one solace," she would say, when she was entreated to spare herself.

Aunt Rosalie, on the other hand, devoted herself to "the affairs of the spirit" as we used to call them in fun; that is to say, she was most assiduous in helping Christian benevolent institutions, and showed an active and lively interest in everything connected with the Church. She was well versed in Christian dogma, but interested herself in science and politics into the bargain. She read a good deal and regularly perused the papers, a custom which was not common among women in those days.

My brother and I were the objects of the general interest of the household, especially as regards our education, between the years 1850 and 1856. We were, however, principally left to the care of our dear mother, who brought us up with the same Spartan severity and simplicity which was not only customary at that time, but which had always obtained in the bosom of her family. In the background of it all, however, stood the figure of our grandfather Oehler, who, despite his good nature, was a very astute observer of men and things, and also, as I realised later in life, an exceedingly sceptical critic of *la comédie humaine*, more particularly when it assumed pathetic airs. Every kind of cant—"*Getue*," as he called it—was odious to him. He saw things as they really were, although his mind was tinged with a certain benevolence—a quality which was afterwards displayed by our mother. My brother, therefore, might be said to have inherited his poetical vein from his father, and his sense of reality and a certain scepticism regarding human affairs from his maternal ancestors. He felt this himself, and if he did not

express it in words it was merely lest our dear mother should misunderstand him.

Our grandfather Oehler was the first to recognise the extraordinary gifts of his eldest grandchild. A certain conversation which was obviously not meant for my ears has remained indelibly stamped on my memory. Our mother was complaining to her father that her Fritz was so very different from other boys and had such difficulty in making friends. Otherwise, she said, he was good and obedient; but in everything he had his own opinions, which did not always coincide with those of other people. Both of my elders had forgotten that I was in a far corner of the room playing with my dolls, and my grandfather replied somewhat hotly as follows: "My dear child, you don't know what you possess in this boy of yours! He is the most extraordinary and the most talented child that I have ever seen in my life. All my six sons together have not the gifts of your Fritz. Leave him to his own devices!" In accordance with her father's counsel our mother let the child develop in his own way. At all events, my brother certainly acknowledged in later years that nobody ever tried to coerce him by a peremptory "Thou shalt," and that a healthy development from within was accordingly made possible for him.

If, however, no "Thou shalt" ever influenced my brother, the nature of the environment in which he lived must have done so. The comfort, the kindly consideration which was shown to everybody, the love of inward and outward cleanliness and order, the respect for old age—all these qualities were so much in evidence in our household that even those that were not innate in my brother himself, must have exercised a profound influence over the formation of his character and tastes. In addition to this, there was the environment provided by his friends Wilhelm Pinder and Gustav Krug, whose fathers were both distinguished men, possessed of intellectual and artistic aspirations, which, as my brother himself describes, made

a great impression upon him. I refer here more particularly to Herr Pinder, the judge, under whose paternal eye his young son Wilhelm and Fritz used to do their home work, and who would often enter in an affectionate and sympathetic way into their wishes and aims. My brother writes of this man with much reverence as follows:

> "He is very intellectual and does more through his active love than many a parson. He is, moreover, always busy devising some improvement for Naumburg and is accordingly recognised and respected everywhere. In his own home he was ever a faithful father, while he performed the duties of his official post in an exemplary and conscientious way. In his leisure moments he always endeavoured to introduce his family and himself to the creations of the most brilliant intellects in literature and art, and the profound comments which his extraordinary insight suggested were the means of drawing many a beauty from their works into a truer light."

I well remember how Herr Pinder in order to accustom the youthful ears of his children as early as possible to the melodious sounds of the best language, would read selections from Goethe to his family even when the boys and girls were still very young. And Fritz was often allowed to form one of the audience. I have a vivid recollection of the *Löwennovelle*, which was a particular delight to us children. Thirty years later my brother gratefully acknowledged the fact that it was the father of his friend Wilhelm who had first introduced him to Goethe. It is true that our grandmother Nietzsche was a great admirer of Goethe, for she had spent her youth in Weimar; yet in her opinion his works were not fit for little boys.

Although he himself was not aware of it, Herr Krug, the Privy Councillor, the father of the other friend, also exercised a considerable influence over my brother, more particularly in the domain of music. Fritz describes him in his early biography as follows:

> "He is a great connoisseur of music, and a virtuoso, and has even composed some excellent pieces, among others a few

sonatas and quartettes which have won prizes. His tall imposing figure, his serious intellectual features and his conspicuous ability—all these qualities made a profound impression upon me. He had a wonderful grand-piano, which had so great an attraction for me, that I would often stand still outside his house to catch the stately melodies of some work by Beethoven. He was a great friend of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and also of the brothers Müller, the famous violinists, whom I once had the good fortune to hear. An exceedingly select circle of music lovers used often to assemble at his house, and almost every great musician who wished to appear before the Naumburg public tried to be introduced by him."

At all events my brother had the chance of hearing good music at his house when he was very young, and thus from early youth his taste was above the average.

The environment in which we lived must have had a strong influence over my brother, more particularly owing to the profoundly religious spirit which pervaded it. Although my grandmother Nietzsche had grown up at a period of dry rationalism full of simple ideas about God, virtue and immortality, and consequently felt ill at ease during the orthodox revival of the fifties, when people were beginning to be "born again" and to denounce themselves in public as desperate sinners, her whole life and spirit was permeated by a delicate and touching piety. She entirely agreed with our grandfather Oehler, that everyone should decide his own attitude towards God, and that every interference with such delicate questions, as well as the advocacy of any particular dogma, should be ruthlessly discountenanced. It was for this reason that throughout our childhood Christianity and religion never seemed to us to contain any element of constraint, but we had examples of both constantly before us in the most sublime manifestations of natural submission. And thus many years afterwards my brother was able to write: "At twelve years of age I saw God in His glory." And later still, some weeks before his final breakdown, he wrote: "If I wage war against Christianity, I feel justified in doing so, because in

that quarter I have met with no fatal experiences or difficulties—the most earnest Christians have always been kindly disposed to me."

As may be gathered from his own notes and the opinions of his friends, my brother was a very pious child; he pondered deeply over religious questions and always endeavoured to convert his thoughts into deeds. Once when we went to a missionary meeting, and the foreign missionary made a special appeal to the children present, my brother and I at once wondered what we could do. Naturally our first thought was to read as much as possible about missionary work and get plenty of information on the subject, after which he thought it would be a good thing to send the heathen children something for Christmas. A Sister belonging to the Community at Herrnhut was ready to receive presents for the heathen, whether children or grown-ups, and we accordingly chose out something suitable from among our toys. Fritz thought a picture book and a box of soldiers would do, and I a doll, and the first pair of stockings I had knitted myself (they were as stiff as cardboard, as such first attempts always are). The Sister lived close by and we were allowed to call upon her by ourselves. When we had presented her with our parcel, I suddenly felt desire to see and kiss my doll once more before it went to the black little heathens. This desire led Sister Jenny to suppose that we had brought our most treasured toys, and, moved by the thought, she proceeded to make us a touching little speech, saying how gratified and pleased the Lord would be, that with a cheerful heart we had voluntarily sacrificed the things we most prized and loved; this was often difficult, but it was precisely the sacrifice which cost a great effort that was most pleasing to the Lord. He did not want half measures, etc.

We both blushed, for, young as we were, we were well versed in our religion, and all the accounts of sacrifices in the Old and New Testaments, that of Isaac and of Ananias and Sapphira, were familiar to us, and the thought of them

lay heavy on our hearts. Alas, we had not by any means sacrificed our most treasured toys!

Full of the profoundest shame, we went our way and in one of the dark corners of the staircase Fritz said to me in dismay: "Lizzie, I wish I had given my box of cavalry." These were his finest and favourite soldiers. But I had still enough of the serpent and of Eve in me to answer with some hesitation: "Ought God really to demand the very best of our toys from us, Fritz?" (The idea of sending my best loved dolls to black and probably exceedingly savage cannibals seemed utterly impossible to me.) But Fritz whispered in reply: "Yes, indeed, Lizzie."

We clasped each other's hands tightly, drew closer together and walked along the street, both of us in the bottom of our hearts expecting the lightning to come from heaven to punish us sinners, and smite us down for the half measures of which we had been guilty.

The relations which existed between our grandfather Oehler and his grandson Fritz were exceedingly friendly, and it is possible that our grandfather had not nearly as much in common with any one of his own sons as with his eldest grandchild. I remember in particular some lovely walks we had in the summer of 1858, when he had the most interesting conversations with the boy. I was allowed to accompany them on these occasions. But as I had a little lamb which was passionately devoted to me and would not stir from my side, it was obliged to come also and the two of us followed modestly behind. From time to time our grandfather would turn round and smile at the little escort, and Fritz showed kind attentions not only to me but also to the fourth member of the party. When a stretch of grass seemed to offer a good mouthful of food Fritz would say: "Grandpa, may not Lizzie's lamb graze a little here?" Then all three of us would halt, for the lamb would only feed when it was quite sure I was standing by. The country about Pobles is very flat, and when the corn was young one could see across vast dis-

tances to the horizon. From that time onwards one of my brother's favourite pastimes was to wander over the meadows between the cornfields.

We were always delighted to pay a visit to our grandparents at Pobles. The parsonage stood on a hill at some distance from the village and was surrounded by large gardens and orchards in which grew the finest of fruit. It seems to me as I look back upon it now that every kind of berry, cherry, plum, apple, pear and medlar — in short everything that children love—must have grown there in abundance.

It was bliss to us to spend the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays there; all the meadows were full of flowers, the garden full of strawberries, the air laden with the fragrance of spring—a rare combination of the scent of freshly tilled soil with that of honeysuckle, elder and lime-blossom. Flocks of sheep followed by the sweetest of lambs browsed over stretches of meadow land. The shepherds blew real shawms made of soft bark, and all the village children piped on little flutes cut out of elder wood. The bleating of the lambs, the sound of the shawms, the piping and laughter of the children, all these things blended in one harmonious voice—the joyous cry of the spring! Then the summer holidays would come round, and profound silence would lie like a cowl over the whole village—for everybody and everything that could work was busy in the harvest field. We two spent most of our time either in the gardens or woods, and only passed rainy days indoors.

To lie in the shade of a tree listening to the warbling of the birds and the chirping of the grasshoppers, with a beautiful book to read, and by our side a basket of fruit—this was our dream of summer bliss, and we enjoyed it in all its changing aspects when we stayed with our beloved grandparents.

We also made many other journeys and holiday visits. We stayed some time, for instance, in the Voigtland with

our good old aunts, and also in a parsonage on the Bohemian frontier. In later years Fritz always recalled an incident that had happened there in his childhood. The hill upon which the church stood had once been the site of an old sacrificial altar. We found some stones and bones, built an altar, laid the bones and some wood upon it, and set the whole alight. When the peculiar smell attracted the worthy parson to the scene, he found us solemnly parading round the altar, bearing burning torches of pinewood and muttering a sort of mysterious hymn: "O! Odin hear us!" in the most sepulchral tones. He was not altogether pleased, and put a stop to the impromptu sacrificial ceremony. We also spent a summer with relations on a large country estate, where Fritz learnt to ride and drive; and on another occasion we went to the country house of some Leipzig relatives who spent the summer in the neighbourhood of that city. From here Fritz made several expeditions to the bookshops of the city of Leipzig, which interested him immensely. Thus every summer provided us with new experiences and new joys.

But we were happiest with our dear grandparents in Pobles, where it was so delightful, for instance, to be able to wear old clothes which did not matter and which we could make as dirty as we liked. We revelled in freedom and independence and even ran a little wild, although this was not really characteristic of us, for we Nietzsches were bred to good manners and liked them.

Our grandmother Oehler at the head of her household was a model of forethought, dignity and economy. As I have already said, she was one of those women who, having sprung from a family that had spent two hundred years upon their own land, had the country in her bones. She used curious primitive German expressions, and there was much in her speech which recurs again in *Zarathustra*. How often have I not heard her say: "One thing is more needful than another!" In the presence of her own children she was rather reserved, but she showed the

greatest tenderness to us grandchildren and tried in an unostentatious way to fulfil our every wish, and would even conjure our beloved mother to do the same. Whereupon the latter once replied rather shortly: "Did you act like that with your eleven children?" to which our grandmother answered just as tartly: "Ah, but you were not half so well-behaved!" Our dear mother in later years was often highly amused at the thought of the lenience our grandparents had shown to their grandchildren after having brought up their own offspring with such severity.

Truth compels me to admit that we were extraordinarily good children, perfect little models. As our grandfather once said to our mother in terms of the highest praise, we not only obeyed a word but even a look. I should be glad if I were able to describe any mad pranks or misbehaviour of any sort. But I can remember nothing. In fact, once when we were at Pobles, a brother of my mother's wanted us to break a window or do something equally naughty so that we might get a thorough good scolding for once. For we were too good for him. However this may have been, nobody could have called us little machines—quite the contrary! From morning to night our minds were full of our own queer plans and ideas; but in carrying them out we always chose ways and means of which our mother and relatives could not disapprove. Our lively imaginations transfigured all that crossed our path, even the quaint old songs and verses which must have been in vogue about the end of the eighteenth century when grandmamma Nietzsche was still young and which were found good enough for us sixty years later. But an even greater joy to us were the tales grandmamma would tell us of her own life. We loved best to hear about Napoleon, for whom she, as a daughter of Saxony, always retained a certain affection. So vivid were her descriptions of him that we always thought she must have been present at the scenes she depicted, such as Napoleon's meeting with the Duchess Louise of Weimar, or of his being roused from his

sleep by the camp fire, tired out after his defeat at Leipzig, by the peals of bells which announced the triumph of his adversaries. In one of my brother's poems, "Fifty Years Ago," we can find again in a transfigured form these tales which our grandmother Nietzsche used to tell us. All unwittingly our admiration for Napoleon's greatness was instilled into us from our earliest childhood, a fact which fills me with surprise to this day, for at that time the children in school were always taught to regard him as the Beast of the Apocalypse. Our mother also had a share in making the figure of Napoleon, even when he was a captive, sympathetic to us. She knew an extraordinarily pathetic play called "Napoleon in St. Helena," which she had once acted with her brothers and sisters at Pobles, and which she could repeat almost entirely by heart, particularly one moving scene in which she had taken part and which opens with a long soliloquy by Napoleon. I can still remember one passage from it: "All the thrones of Europe tottered, had I cast them down mine own throne would be standing to this day." Here a little daughter of one of Napoleon's marshals came in and said: "Oh, mighty Emperor! give me a lamb to play with, I pray thee," and Napoleon turning gloomily towards his scanty retinue replied: "I cannot even grant the wish of a child." Our dear mother knew numberless interesting poems by heart, and she would often delight us in the twilight hours by her recitations. But as she did not know who the authors of these poems were, it was impossible for me to trace them afterwards, with the exception of Gellert's Fables.

Thus the poetical instruction we received from our family when we were children was of a somewhat old-fashioned kind, and in music we were not much better off. We danced, for instance, with enthusiasm to slow waltzes or gavottes, which must certainly have been in use as lullabies as early as the Great Revolution. We delighted in singing a comic duet which may very well have pleased the hearts of German provincials in the year 1790. In this

a sage old Hodge and a foolish little Phœbe have a harmless discussion about a broken pitcher. The comical point of the whole thing was that when the questions and answers had been satisfactorily concluded, the final reply of all was so worded as to start the whole controversy afresh, whereupon our old friends, who were grandmamma's contemporaries, and for whose benefit we used to perform this duet, always displayed a certain mild amusement. As soon, however, as Fritz became a Second Form boy he declared that such performances were beneath his dignity, and announced his intention of composing something himself, which he accordingly did.

At Christmas he presented grandmamma with a little motet, which he himself had composed. We two had rehearsed it secretly in the nursery, and performed it as a surprise for our elders on Christmas Eve. The text on which this composition was based, was the Bible verse: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates of the earth; and the King of Glory shall come in." The words, music and execution of this work moved the whole family to tears.

Strange to say, not one member of the Nietzsche family seemed in any way surprised that our ten-year-old Fritz should be able to compose motets and write verses and plays. Of course everyone knew that our grandfather in his earliest youth had indulged in writing poetry and music. So it seemed quite natural for Fritz to take after his father, and grandpapa Oehler was much too shrewd a teacher of the young to make Fritz suspect that his unusual gifts were anything remarkable. Fritz accordingly remained very modest. Moreover, he did not find his school work as easy as might have been expected, and Greek especially gave him a great deal of trouble at first, although it was a source of great joy to him afterwards.

The only female relative who, from her earliest days, saw something unique about Fritz, and who gave expression to her convictions, was myself, his little sister. Everything he

asserted was right, whatever the grown-ups might say to the contrary. On one occasion only, when I was barely seven years old and received all my information from a governess, did I fail to accept his opinion. "Lizzie," Fritz said to me one day, in a very superior tone of voice, "don't talk such rubbish about the stork.[1] Man is a mammal, and brings his young into the world alive." "Fritz," I exclaimed in surprise, "did you find that in the old 'Natural History'? Herr Böttner says that it is a very old-fashioned book, and that many discoveries have been made since it was written." As a matter of fact, Fritz's piece of wisdom had been gleaned from this old-fashioned "Natural History," and as he had a great respect for the utterances of his teacher the problem remained unsolved, and there was yet hope that new discoveries might be made which would turn in favour of the stork theory.

It is to this old "Natural History," by-the-bye, that I am indebted for the nickname "Llama," by which my brother used good-naturedly to call me all his life. The old book gave the following account of this creature: "The llama is a remarkable animal; it willingly carries the heaviest burdens, but if coerced or treated badly, it refuses to take any nourishment and lies down in the dust to die." My brother thought that the description fitted me so exactly that, especially in moments of difficulty when he required my help, he always called me by this name. No one else ever used it.

From the days of my earliest childhood I always regarded my brother as the highest possible authority, and when, later on, his friends declared that, like the famous pupil of Heraclitus, I looked upon every discussion as concluded and decided by the words αὐτὸς ἔφα (translated by me into "Fritz says so"), they were perfectly right. But the reverence and admiration which I showed for

[1] In Germany the childish legend is that the stork is the means of bringing little new born children to their parents.—Tr.

Fritz, and which throughout my childhood and youth brought me a lot of teasing and chaffing—for at heart I am not a believer in authority—certainly had one excellent practical result in the shape of the Nietzsche archives. This extraordinarily rich collection was made by myself alone. From a very early age I always kept a treasure drawer, where I preserved everything from my brother's pen that I could lay hands on when it had been discarded by him; and if from the very first he had not been so fond of burning things and had not occasionally taken away the treasures from my hoard on the sly, not one of his compositions from the time he was eight onwards would now be missing. For when I was only six, though I attached but slight importance to my own things, I had already started this collection of my brother's productions.

His friends, too, had the greatest admiration for his poetical and musical compositions, a matter of some weight with him, for all through his life friendship played an extraordinarily important part. He always saw his friends in the best light, as passages in his childish biography dealing with his companions are still with us to show. He used the most loving and laudatory terms about them; and it must be confessed that they returned the compliment. I must quote the description which his friend Wilhelm gave of him in the biography which, following my brother's example, he, too, wrote as a child of fourteen. He gives a striking picture of Fritz in those days:

> "Fritz Nietzsche had had many sad experiences in his life; he had lost his father very early, the father whom he loved, and of whom he always spoke with the greatest reverence. He also lost his little brother Joseph, who died as a tiny child shortly after his father's death. Consequently the fundamental trait of his character was a certain melancholy, which manifested itself in his whole being. From his earliest childhood he loved solitude in which he could give himself up to his own thoughts. To a certain extent he avoided company, and would search out the spots where Nature displayed her sublimest beauty. He had an exceedingly pious and deep

soul, and even as a child thought of many things about which other boys of his age did not bother. It thus happened that his mind developed early. As a little boy he used to amuse himself with all kinds of toys which he had made himself, and all of which bore witness to an extraordinarily inventive and self-reliant mind. He was leader in our games, introduced new methods into them, and thus made them attractive and full of novelty. He was, in fact, in every respect a highly-gifted boy. In addition to this, he was capable of a persevering industry which was very creditable to him and by which he once more served as an example to me. Many of my tastes were initiated and encouraged by him, more particularly in the case of music and literature.

"He always exercised the greatest influence over me and even became indispensable to me. From his earliest youth he began preparing himself for the calling which he then wished to adopt—that of the Church. He always had a very serious though kindly disposition, and has remained to this day an exceedingly dear and loving friend to me, a fact for which I shall always remember him and which I cannot rate too highly. He never acted without reflection, and all his actions were founded on a definite and sound reason. This was particularly noticeable in those tasks which we did together, and if ever he wrote anything with which I did not immediately agree he was always ready to give a lucid and concise explanation of his meaning. His principal virtues were modesty and gratitude, which he displayed in the most unmistakable manner on every occasion. As a result of this modesty he was rather shy, especially among strangers, with whom he never felt at his ease—a quality which I, too, have in common with him."

I ought to add to this description of my brother that his friend Wilhelm was also exceptionally modest and speaks of himself in a perfectly unassuming manner. But what is clearly to be gathered from his description is the influence which my brother exercised over him. This is not the only evidence of it, for a school friend of the time, who is now Professor Pitzker of Nordhausen, tells us in his Memoirs, that the exalted opinion my brother's school friends had of him amounted almost to worship, "for his gifts were self-evident, his manner affectionate, and there

was something peculiar in his voice and tone, as also in his choice of language, which distinguished him from the other boys of his own age."

It would seem that my brother at this time was not only being educated but was also an educator himself. I can well remember a story told me by a cynical law student, who, when my brother was in the Second or Third Form, was already in the Sixth at the Naumburg Grammar School, and who in virtue of his position had to superintend the "preparation" of the smaller boys. He declared that in those days he had often noticed my brother's large wistful eyes, and wondered what influence he exercised over his schoolfellows. They never dared to utter any coarse word or indecent remark in his presence. Once one of the small boys clapped his hand to his mouth and cried: "No, I cannot say that before Nietzsche!" "What is it he does to you?" inquired the Sixth Form boy. "Oh! he looks at one in a way that makes the words stick in one's throat." The otherwise very rationalistic law student continued thoughtfully by saying that Fritz reminded him of the twelve-year-old Jesus in the temple, and that he felt perfectly certain that sooner or later he would do something great.

My brother has so often asserted that he was my educator that I feel it incumbent upon me to refer to it here. He gave me books which he thought I might read, supervised my school work, and took a great interest in the formation of my mind and character. In all this he showed considerable native tact; and I often laugh when I think of how accurately he found precisely the right thing for a little girl. Once when I was ten years old I had secretly made up my mind to recite Soliman's soliloquy out of Körner's *Zriny* for an examination. The soliloquy begins: "Should I spare myself? Should I look on dumbly until the last spark of strength which lies hid in the old hero's bones dieth little by little in a life of ease," etc., etc. My brother burst out laughing when I told him of my inten-

tion. Naturally he did not allow me to carry it out, and in later life he often used to say: "Even as a child my sister had a weakness for the heroic, but often she made it quite ridiculous, as her appearance was not at all in keeping with the part."

I was often asked in later years upon what points my brother laid most stress in the educational programme he mapped out for me as a boy, a task in which instinct was his principal guide. If I remember rightly, his admonitions were chiefly directed towards inculcating self-control upon me and teaching me to endure pain, sorrow and injustice in silence, with a smiling face and cheerful words. Oh! how often afterwards, in the most difficult moments of my life, did I remember the unchildlike words which my brother had probably culled from one of the old philosophers: "Lizzie, whoever can master himself can also master others." He also laid great stress upon truthfulness, though the older I grew the more passionately did I love this virtue; indeed, so great was my partiality for it that my brother even found it necessary in later years to put some check on my ardour in this respect. I had many a lesson calculated to show me how absolutely truthful one could be without necessarily hurting other people's feelings, an accomplishment which I sometimes found very difficult.

Moreover, truth and falsehood were the only matters in which both of us (I through Fritz's influence) when in our own company showed a certain consciousness of a pride of caste: we did not lie, because for us, the noble Nietzkys, it was *infra dig.* Others might lie as much as they chose; for us two truthfulness was the proper thing.

Only now do I begin to wonder how my brother got hold of this peculiar idea, for there was nothing in the whole of our environment to suggest it. I must point out most emphatically that no member of the Nietzsche family attached the slightest importance to the story of our noble ancestry. Grandmamma Nietzsche, who at the time of the

Revolution had learnt to acquire a wide and lofty outlook on life in the intellectual circles of Weimar, valued individual capacity only, and if she were possessed of any pride at all it was undoubtedly civic pride, for at that period the middle classes were regarded as the chief representatives of virtue, capacity, uprightness, and spotless lives.

It is possible, however, that a family characteristic of the Nietzsches manifested itself in us as a consciousness of caste; for I remember that one of our aunts once said with calm pride: "We Nietzsches scorn to lie."

CHAPTER V

OUR GAMES AND TASTES

When my brother and I were still quite young we created an imaginary world of our own in which tiny china figures of men and animals, lead soldiers, etc., all revolved round one central personality in the shape of a little porcelain squirrel about an inch and a half high whom we called King Squirrel I. I cannot remember how this little animal obtained his kingly dignity; we may have been led into giving him this rank on account of the red colour of his coat which we regarded as his royal robe. It never once entered our minds that there is nothing regal about a squirrel; on the contrary, we considered that it had a most majestic presence, and thought the little golden crown I had made for it with gold beads suited it to perfection. This small king gave rise to all sorts of joyous little ceremonies.

Everything that my brother made was in honour of King Squirrel; all his musical productions were to glorify His Majesty; on his birthday performances took place; poems were recited and plays acted, all of which were written by my brother. King Squirrel was a patron of art; he must have a picture gallery. Fritz painted one hung round with Madonnas, landscapes, etc., etc. A particularly beautiful picture represented a room in an old monastery in which an old-fashioned lamp burnt in a niche and filled the whole apartment with a quaint red glow. The effect was so splendid that a friend of my brother's offered him a halfpenny for the picture. Grandmamma, however, outbid this young connoisseur and paid a penny for the work of art, which thus remained in the family; unfortunately, however, it got lost after all.

The inspiration for this painting came from an exhibition of pictures sent from Berlin to the provinces, which was visited by crowds of people, as there was little travelling done in those days. There were special reasons for us children to be taken to the show. The artist Gustav Richter had painted a picture called "The Daughter of Jairus," and some friend of ours thought that the girl in this picture was like our mother. We were therefore taken to the exhibition to act as impartial judges, but I cannot say now whether our verdict corresponded with the wishes of our family. The pictures which my brother painted in response to this stimulus were all proportionate to the one-and-a-half inch stature of their exalted royal patron, and with the help of some toy bricks Fritz built galleries in a beautiful classic style to hold them.

It was from one of these galleries that King Squirrel would witness the parade of the troops. The lead soldiers were quickly and carefully drawn in front of His Majesty on long pieces of wood, and if any of them toppled over, relentless criticism was passed, as the parade was then regarded as a failure. These military games were soon, however, to take a very different turn. My brother himself describes this in the little biography I have already quoted so often:

> "About this time (1854) the eyes of all Europe were turned in terror upon the complications between Turkey and Russia. The Russians had suddenly occupied Moldavia and Walachia, the Turkish Principalities on the Danube, and stood threateningly before the Porte. In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe, the integrity of the Turkish Empire seemed absolutely necessary, and for this reason Austria and Prussia and the Western Powers intervened in her favour. But all the mediation of these four first-class states did not have the desired effect upon the Emperor Nicholas. The war between Russia and Turkey continued unabated, and at last France and England armed their fleets and their armies and sent them to the assistance of the Porte. The seat of war was the Crimea,

and the great armies surrounded Sebastopol, where the Russian host under Menschikoff was quartered.

"This afforded a pleasant diversion for us. We immediately sided with the Russians, and hotly challenged every friend of Turkey to fight."

(I ought to add here that the *we* and the *us* in these notes of my brother refer to himself and his friends, Wilhelm and Gustav. In this *al fresco* fighting I was not allowed to take part, to my bitter disappointment, as it was considered unsuitable for a little girl.)

"As we possessed some lead soldiers we never grew tired of reproducing the various sieges and battles. Earthworks were thrown up and each of us discovered some new means of making them lasting. We each wrote our own little book which was a sort of 'Guide to the War.' We had lead shot cast and increased our armies by fresh purchases. We often used to dig a little pool copied from the map of the harbour of Sebastopol, and also carried out the fortifications marked in it quite accurately, and then filled up the trenches with water. We made a number of pellets out of wax and saltpetre, set them alight, and threw them on to paper boats; soon bright flames would rise into the air, and, if our game lasted into the evening, it was really a beautiful sight to see the fiery balls whizz through the darkness. At the end the whole fleet, together with the remaining bombs, was set alight, and the flames from this conflagration often used to rise two feet into the air. Thus did I spend many a happy moment, not alone but in the company of my friends and at home with my sister. We also built fortifications with our toy bricks, and with practice I learnt all sorts of tricks of construction."

As a matter of fact my brother took a passionate interest in this science of war, and I naturally followed suit. The Crimean War absorbed our whole attention, and in our play we invented all kinds of wonderful divinations by which we hoped to discover the result of the hostilities, and every day we used to look out with burning eagerness for the news the paper might bring. In his little biography my brother describes the warm interest he took in the events of the war and its ultimate result as follows:

"Everything that we could discover about the science of war in those days was simply taken possession of, so that I acquired quite a respectable knowledge of these things. Not only lexicons, but perfectly new books on military science used to enrich our collection, and my friends and I were anxious to compile a dictionary of military terms, and had already made great plans to do so, when, suddenly, one day, Gustav, with a very pale face came and told me in a voice full of emotion, that Sebastopol had fallen. As soon as every doubt on the subject had been removed, we gave vent to our rage in a momentary outburst of passion against the Russians for not having defended the fort of Malakoff more successfully; we were, in fact, exceedingly angry."

My brother took the fall of Sebastopol very much to heart; when Gustav brought him the news he was so much upset that he could not eat his lunch, whereupon I felt it incumbent upon me to abstain likewise. We were both genuinely sorry. Fritz poured out his woes in a number of verses, of which unfortunately only the first rough draft has been preserved.

If the Russians had left the defence of Sebastopol to our three little strategists, they would certainly have been spared this defeat, or they would at least have made good their losses by a glorious victory. But the Russians submitted to their fate, and we lost interest in the vanquished nation. The oracle was no longer questioned; the little books on fort construction and other military matters, and the whole paraphernalia of the science of war were either burnt or vanished into the far corners of cupboards, ultimately to be relegated to my treasure drawer. The model of the harbour of Sebastopol was deserted, the strong bastions crumbled away—all this belonged to the past!

My brother now turned his attention to wars which were more remotely buried in the past. Homer and all Troy ringing with the clash of arms now acted as an inspiration for all kinds of surprising compositions, and at last he decided to write a play with his friend Wilhelm in which we could all act. This time even the feminine element of

the family, including Wilhelm's two sisters and myself, was graciously allowed to take part in the proceedings.

The piece was called "The Gods on Olympus." Half of it took place on earth, the other half in the above-mentioned home of the gods. Of course, the two dramatists had arranged things in such a way that they themselves and Gustav had the principal parts and all the speeches to recite, while we little goddesses, who ranged from the ages of six to eight, had but little to say. We were, however, quite overcome by the importance of our project and the beauty of our costumes.

At last the day arrived for the performance to take place, in the presence of a few intimate friends, at the house of Herr Pinder, the Judge. Unfortunately everything did not go off as it should have done. In the first place, just as we were all ready to begin the play, Gustav was missing, and it turned out that he had suddenly imagined he had been slighted and had completely vanished. But in him we lost our principal hero for the scene on earth, and Jupiter for the scene on Olympus. The consternation was general. Herr Pinder himself thereupon offered to play the parts, and, as he had rehearsed the play with us, he knew them all by heart. It is true that he was twice as tall as any of us other little actors, but in the part of Jupiter this was not incongruous. The missing Gustav, however, also had the part of a mortal to play, in which he represented a vanquished warrior laid low under the courageous onslaught of my brother, the triumphant hero. It seemed, of course, preposterously absurd for the tall Herr Pinder to be irrevocably overthrown by such a small hero. Nevertheless, he adapted himself wonderfully to the part, and died in accordance with all the laws of stagecraft. It cannot be said, however, that the audience were either very much moved or even very attentive, especially when Herr Pinder, while in the act of dying, suddenly remembered his duties as stage manager, and began to push the screen in front of our improvised stage with his foot, and cried

in a weak voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, the first act is over."

The piece progressed fairly well until the last scene, in which there was a grand assembly of the gods awaiting the arrival of the hero who had been promoted to their ranks. The scene had been well rehearsed, and is said to have looked very well. A friend of ours, who had witnessed the play on this evening, told me afterwards how extremely pretty we miniature goddesses looked in our Greek costumes, with our rosy children's faces, and our plump little white arms and necks. Juno in a light blue silk dress with gold spangles; Diana in white, trimmed with silver-embroidered green satin, and I as Minerva in white satin with a shining breastplate and helmet.

We had all learnt our parts very well and did not falter once, except at the juncture when nectar and ambrosia, represented by blancmange and raspberry syrup, were brought upon the scene.

The two dramatists had thought it absolutely necessary for something to be eaten during the play, for the hero himself, who had been promoted to the rank of a god, certainly needed something to sustain him. Unfortunately we had forgotten to rehearse the eating scene beforehand —none of us ever dreamt it would be necessary! Eating, we thought, would come naturally, especially when it was something we all liked so much. And, indeed, the eating did go off of its own accord, but to have to speak and act while we were eating seemed impossible, for, like well-behaved children, we were not accustomed to talk while we ate.

And thus the whole assembly of the gods gave itself up quite naturally to feasting, and the plates and spoons clattered as the small mouths were filled and filled again. The audience burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter; even Jupiter joined in the general merriment, and only the two dramatists, who felt with some alarm that all was not right, laid down their plates, and with dark frowns and

covert signals bade us do likewise. We were so bewildered with fright that we all forgot our cues, spoke out of turn, put on the wrong emphasis, and, in short, the piece limped lamely to its close.

Juno and I, Minerva, took the matter so much to heart, that we sat down on a footstool and cried; the dramatists stood gloomily in a corner and seemed to be thinking that this was the result of letting girls play with them. Finally, however, we were all consoled by the assurance that in a fortnight the piece would be acted again before our grandmother, who, though she never went out, must certainly see it, so that we would have to act it again from beginning to end without a hitch. The piece, however, was never played a second time, for in the meanwhile we became such passionate little Greeks, that whenever we met, or even when Fritz and I were alone at home, we played Greek games together, we wrestled, threw lances and discs (wooden plates), practised the high jump, and ran races. Now these pastimes were the cause of a dreadful accident, in which Fritz wounded little Gretchen by hurling his lance at her. The point of the weapon went right through her shoe and pierced her foot, and it was a long time before the wound healed. All Greek games were forbidden after this, but I must confess that we children regarded this wound in the heel, precisely in the spot where Achilles was vulnerable, as a most remarkable and mysterious phenomenon, quite classical, as it were; in our eyes it was a warning from the gods, and we thought it perfectly right and proper that we should suddenly give up our games when it happened.

For a long while we also introduced Greek names and allusions into our conversations, even into such good old German games as hide-and-seek, and robbers and policemen; Græcomania was indeed peculiar to the age, and everything was given a Greek name in those days. I remember once, when my brother was at Weber's school, two little horses appeared in an extremely primitive circus (which

used to delight Naumburg with its presence at Easter and Midsummer); they were called Orestes and Pylades, and made a strong appeal to our childish hearts, and with very good reason, too. The circus, which as a matter of fact was only a circle covered with sand, over which a canvas tent was stretched, once gave a children's performance to which my brother and myself were sent in the care of our maid. All the children, the majority of whom were pupils at Weber's school, sat round in a circle. The performing horses were really ponies, and the manager of the circus, a homely sort of man, remained in touch with his youthful audience by keeping up a running conversation. Both these ponies delighted us by their extraordinary cleverness; we were allowed to give them sugar and to *encore* any particularly favourite trick.

At the end the manager of the circus thought he would have a joke: he said that Orestes and Pylades were such extremely clever little ponies that they could see into everyone's heart, and would now point out the laziest and most cunning as well as the cleverest and most industrious boy present. In an instant Orestes went up to a small boy, whom we all knew to be a notorious little pickle, and pawed the ground before him in a most contemptuous manner, while Pylades stood perfectly still in front of Fritz and bowed most reverently three times. A yell of joy filled the small circus tent; all my brother's little schoolfellows shouted gleefully: "That is quite true!" and our maid, the faithful Minna, moved by the greatness of the moment, cried out again and again with sobs: "He is the best boy in the world." The close of the performance took the shape of a little ovation in which Fritz and the two small ponies had to play their part. It was extremely painful to my brother to be the object of public attention; but the tenderness and admiration with which I was filled for Pylades defy description. It naturally never even entered my head that the manager of the circus had probably received his inspiration from Herr

Weber himself, and had made the necessary signs to the ponies.

Tight-rope dancers, such as Kolter and Weizmann, also paid frequent visits to Naumburg, and one of their performances made a great impression on my brother. A rope was stretched from the tower of the parish church across the market-place, and high up in the air old Weizmann walked with perfect equanimity. Whether it was on this occasion that the famous feat was performed in which the elder Weizmann, coming from the church tower, is met by the other one coming in the opposite direction, and the former kneels down on the rope to allow the latter to jump over him and continue his way; or whether this was merely described to my brother, I cannot now remember. In any case the profound impression of the picture he saw, either in real life or in his own mind's eye, must have remained very deeply imprinted on his memory, as we can see from the Prologue to *Zarathustra*.

Thus the year brought us a thousand and one joys in its train; but as my brother writes in 1856:

> "The Christmas festival was certainly the most beautiful evening of the year. I had been waiting for it for many a long day with real exaltation, but as the time drew nearer and nearer I could scarcely curb my impatience. Minute after minute crawled slowly by and never in the whole year had the days seemed longer. Strange to say, when my yearning surpassed all bounds, I would sit down and write a Christmas greeting, and by this means would succeed in transplanting myself for an instant to the longed for moment, when the door would open and the lighted Christmas tree would shine before our eyes."

From his eleventh year music and books formed the objects of my brother's most ardent desire, but practical things like sweets were also thankfully received. We always received a quantity of presents, as we were the only children in the whole Nietzsche family; for the children of our father's eldest stepbrother had grown up

long ago. Thus the sacred evening on which we used to give each other presents not only satisfied all our wishes but also brought many a surprise in its train. To sit on Christmas Day, with our very best clothes on, before a table holding all these wonderful things and to gloat over them—this was an indescribably joyful and festive feeling, and my brother in after years used to declare that life brought nothing to compare with it later on. On Christmas Day there was always a beautiful party at Herr Pinder's house also, to which the Krug family were invited as well, and thus the three young friends, Wilhelm, Fritz and Gustav came together.

Any festival that occurred in my brother's early life had always in some way to be connected with his two friends; otherwise it lost its glamour. This applied to his artistic tastes, which were also shared by his friends. The particular bond of union between him and Wilhelm Pinder was their love of poetry. I have already described how he collaborated with this boy in writing the piece called "The Gods on Olympus," but he also produced two other pieces in the same way, one called "The Orkadal," and the other "The Taking of Troy." The intimate relationship with his friend, to which these poetical productions led, he describes as follows: "Later on, as our interest in poetry increased, we became quite indispensable to each other, and were never at a loss for subjects of conversation. We used to exchange ideas about poets and prose writers, books we had read, and new publications in the domain of literature; we would think out our life-plans together, give each other verses, and would not rest until we had emptied our hearts to each other."

On the other hand his chief link with his friend Gustav was his passionate love for music and his desire to compose on his own account. When my brother had reached a point at which he was capable not only of enjoying music but of taking an active part in its production, that is to say, in the year 1858, he wrote as follows:

"On Ascension Day (1854) I went to the parish church and heard the stately Hallelujah Chorus from the *Messiah*; I felt as if I ought to sing with the music, for it occurred to me that it was the angels' song of rejoicing to the sound of which Jesus ascends to Heaven. I thereupon formed the earnest resolution to compose something similar. As soon as the service was over, I set to work, and rejoiced in a childlike way over every new chord that I struck. Inasmuch, however, as for years I never ceased from composing, by the mere knowledge thus acquired of the construction of tone I found myself at a great advantage when reading music at sight."

Gustav's love of music and his discovery of a kindred spirit in Fritz is revealed by the following words in the little biography. "From his earliest childhood Gustav was attracted to the joys of music. He soon learnt to play the violin, because he spared himself no pains to become proficient in the art. Later on music became such a necessity to him that I believe if he had been snatched away from it he would have been robbed of half his soul as well. How often did we not look through pieces of music together, exchange ideas on them, and try to play one thing or another."

Fritz began to write poetry very early in life: I can recollect that even in the years 1854 to 1855 he used to read me some of his productions in this line which I, as an obedient little sister, was constrained to admire. They were not, however, very beautiful. My brother himself, in the year 1858, criticises his first three periods of poetical composition in the following words:

"In the year 1854 I composed fifty-five poems and among them were the first verses I ever wrote. The subjects I attempted to portray in these early efforts were as a rule scenes from Nature. Every young heart is inspired by magnificent pictures, and always wishes to give them shape if possible in poetical form. Weird seascapes, storms and fires, were the first material from which I drew my inspiration. I had no models before me, nor could I understand very well how one could copy a poet, so I wrote these verses as my spirit moved me. Of course the result was a series of very

clumsy poems, and almost every verse contained some roughness of language. But this first period, nevertheless, was much more to my taste than the second . . . for whereas my first poems were clumsy and ponderous, in those of the second period I tried to express myself in more ornate and striking language. Unfortunately this attempt at gracefulness degenerated into affectation, and the iridescent language into sententious obscurity, while every one of them lacked the chief thing of all—ideas. At all events the first period for this reason soars high above the second. All this proves that when one does not stand firmly on one's legs one wavers between two extremes and can only find rest in the golden mean.

"In the third period of my poetical productions I sought to combine the two first periods—that is to say, to unite charm with power. How far I succeeded I cannot say even now. This third period began on the second of February, 1858. My dear mother's birthday falls on this day, and it was my custom to give her a little collection of my poems. From that time onwards I resolved to devote a little more practice to the writing of poetry, and if possible to produce a poem every evening. I carried this project out for a week or so, and was always overjoyed when I saw a new creation of my brain lying before me. On one occasion, too, I sought to express myself as simply as possible, but I soon gave this up. For any poem which would aspire to being perfect must certainly be as simple as possible, but in that case every word must be instinct with poetic feeling. A poem which is empty of ideas and which is overladen with phrases and metaphors is like a rosy apple in the core of which a maggot lies hid. Stock phrases must as far as possible be eliminated from a poem, for the excessive use of such phrases denotes a mind which is not capable of creating its own sentences. In the writing of any work, one must pay the greatest attention to the ideas themselves. One can forgive any faults of style, but not a fault of thought. The best example of this is provided by Goethe's poems with all their beautiful, clear and profound thoughts. Youth which lacks original ideas naturally seeks to conceal this void beneath a brilliant and iridescent style; but does not poetry resemble modern music in this respect? It is on these lines that the poetry of the future will soon develop. Poets will express themselves in the strangest imagery, con-

fused thoughts will be propounded with obscure but exceedingly high-falutin and euphonious arguments. In short, works after the style of the Second Part of Faust will be written, save that the ideas of this production will be entirely lacking. *Dixi.*"

From this note we may see that he exercised a very severe censorship upon his own work. This habit of holding himself under the microscope he retained till the end of his life.

Thus it is clear that even at this time he was not deeply enamoured of modern music. "Another rather sad aspect of the age is the fact that a large number of our more modern composers strain themselves to write obscurely. But it is precisely the artistic productions which please the ears of connoisseurs most that leave the healthy listener unmoved. I refer more particularly to such music of the future (*Zukunfts Musik*) as Liszt and Berlioz write, in which it is sought to make certain passages as weird and as strange as possible."

Fritz often tried to compose. He himself tells us that he never regretted the quantity of scored paper over which he scribbled, as it taught him a good deal. In his little biography there is a rather pathetic passage about his musical tastes, studies and efforts:

"In the course of my work I began to feel an indomitable hatred for all modern music and everything that was not classical. Mozart and Haydn, Schubert and Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Bach – these are the pillars upon which I and German music stand. I also heard several oratorios at this time; the profoundly moving Requiem was the first of these; and oh! how the words *Dies irae, dies illa* reached the very marrow of my bones, as also did the heavenly *Benedictus!* I often used to attend the rehearsals. As the Mass for the Dead was usually sung on All Souls' Day, these performances always took place on misty autumn days, and in the dim, religious light of the Cathedral I would sit and listen to the sublime melodies."

Thus the three principal delights of my brother's life, music, poetry and friendship, already beautified his school-

days. It is really remarkable how much he learned at that time through these three tastes. And when in later years people could not find words to express their astonishment at the extraordinary range of his knowledge and inner artistic experiences, my invariable reply was that he had begun his training in these matters and had made himself familiar with these most noble of all feelings, in his earliest youth.

CHAPTER VI

DEPARTURE AND LEAVETAKING

GREAT changes now gradually appeared in our household. In the summer of 1855 our dear Aunt Augusta, who had always taken such loving care of us, departed this life—a loss which was a great blow to our grandmother Nietzsche. Until that day she had enjoyed very tolerable health, and, even on her seventy-sixth birthday, had felt no evil results from the large influx of visitors who came to congratulate her. But after the death of the daughter she loved so well, she grew weaker and weaker and often spoke of her own death, especially on her seventy-seventh birthday. She could not bear to have us two grandchildren out of her sight, and when in 1856 we wished to go to Pobles as usual for the Easter holidays, for the first time in her life she raised an objection. In the end, however, she insisted on our going, as we had no garden in the town, and she thought a stay in the country would be very good for our health. She awaited our return very anxiously, and was exceedingly upset because our grandparents at Pobles were obliged to keep me, at any rate, with them a little longer to recover from some trifling childish illness. Fritz was very deeply affected by the fact that two days after dear grandmamma was taken ill, her last scarcely audible wish was: "Do try and bring my little Lizzie to me"; and that, although a messenger was immediately sent for us, my grandfather and I arrived too late to see her alive. Fritz and I felt this unfortunate delay very much indeed, and very often in later life he would refer to our inability to fulfil the last wish of the dear departed. The death of our beloved grandmother Nietzsche, who had been so

intimately bound up with our whole life, and from whom we had daily received so many marks of love, made an indescribable impression upon Fritz and myself, and we could not console ourselves. We often used to sit together in the dark, talking of our beloved grandmother, recalling her wonderful stories and the innumerable tokens of affection she had given us, and would then burst into violent fits of tears.

All those who had known the splendid woman, all her relatives, friends and acquaintances, mourned her loss most genuinely; for to everyone she had been a "beautiful example" of all the womanly virtues, and they honoured her from the bottom of their hearts.

Her death brought about great changes in our household and our mode of life. Aunt Rosalie found a home of her own, as our dear mother, now in her thirtieth year, showed a determined wish to be left to her own resources at last, and to dispense with the exceedingly kind and well-meant guardianship of her eldest sister-in-law. To us children it was a great sorrow that Aunt Rosalie should leave the home, as a great affection existed between us. Our mother found a small but charming little apartment in a friend's house, surrounded by a large old-fashioned and really romantic garden, which forms one of our most delightful memories. Fritz and I lived in it from morning to night, swung in our swing, right up into the very tops of the trees, played the finest games, ate, drank and learnt our lessons beneath the shady branches, and told each other gruesome stories in the shadow of the ancient, old-world box trees. The owner of the house was a certain Frau Harseim, the widow of a clergyman, an excellent woman, possessed of extraordinary strength of character. In spite of being obliged to work hard, she had retained a warm interest in science and philosophy; she read a good deal and proved in all she did that she had a superior mind and remarkable independence of judgment. In the year 1886 my brother said that she was the only woman he had known in

his boyhood who would have been capable of an heroic deed.

From the point of view of health the change was certainly beneficial, for we were now able to spend a great deal of our time in the open air, and Fritz had a bright work-room all to himself. Our old nursery in the house we had left had really not been healthy and it was certainly the cause of my brother's and my own acute short-sightedness, although this was perhaps to some extent hereditary.

Meanwhile Fritz had been moved into a higher class and was very busy indeed; with the winter, however, his work grew heavier still, and he writes:

> "At this time I was promoted to the Third Form. Here our form master was a certain Dr. Silber, a man who, as a teacher, I learnt to love very much. His highly intelligent and eloquent discourses, the wealth of information with which he illuminated everything he treated, and which was the outcome of a very thorough mastery of every branch of human knowledge, made him a pleasant contrast to other men of his profession. He also had the gift of chaining the attention of his pupils. It was with him that we had our first lessons in Greek, which, in any case, we found very difficult. Verses also gave me great trouble and difficulty, although I liked writing them very much indeed. Certainly, during our first winter, we had a great deal to do, and I can remember that I often used to work till 11 or 12 o'clock at night and had to rise at five in the morning."

Fritz was a model schoolboy and invariably had the best reports in his class, and yet he was free from all conceit, for he always had his own peculiar, humble explanation of these things.

In the spring of 1857 two school inspectors came, one after the other, to Naumburg—one to examine the Girls' School and the other the Boys'. The inspector who went to my brother's school showed a great interest in Fritz after the examination; he asked his name several times

and finally wrote it down; Fritz must have given extraordinarily clever answers to his questions. But, oddly, enough, the inspector of the Girls' School took a great interest in me and also inquired my name. When our dear mother heard both our stories she was very proud, while Fritz, on the other hand, merely grew thoughtful and meditative. When he and I were alone that afternoon, however, he said to me: "Isn't it funny that both of us learn so well and know so many things that other children don't know?" After we had discussed the matter for a little while the secret motive for his question at last became apparent. "I always wonder," he said in a low voice, "whether it is not possible that our dear Papa in Heaven is the cause of it, and whether he does not give us our good thoughts. Only a little while ago Aunt Rosalie gave me a letter to read from our aunts in Plauen, and in it I found this passage: 'Clearly their father's blessing lies on both the children's heads; it is possible that God in his grace allows our noble Ludwig more influence over his fatherless children than other dead parents usually have.'" The idea that everything excellent and unusual in his character, which distinguished him from others, was a heritage from the father we had lost so young, remained his conviction throughout his life. The great yea to life, however, he had inherited from our dear, high-spirited mother.

Unfortunately, as the result of the tiring winter of 1856—1857, my brother for the first time showed signs of eye trouble, which at the start took the form of headaches. The dark nursery which I have already mentioned had gone far towards emphasising his inherent disposition to short-sightedness, and in spite of the superiority of his present workroom, the excessive industry of this winter resulted in an overstrain of his optic nerves. Our grandmother Oehler, who as a child had lost the sight of one eye, paid particular attention to the eyesight of her grandchild. She discovered that my brother saw less with one eye

than with the other, and that his pupils were not always the same size. Professor Schillbach of Jena was consulted and declared that one eye really was weaker than the other and left the other all the work to do. In order to make Fritz understand, he explained it to him in simple words by saying that one eye was industrious and the other lazy. As a result of all this my brother was obliged to prolong his summer holiday by a few weeks in order to recover from the strain to his eyesight. As a matter of fact there was in those days remarkably little general knowledge about the needs of the eye. Even our mother was ignorant on this subject, despite the fact that like her parents she had very sound ideas on hygiene. As a rule she favoured natural cures and homœopathy. We were never given medicine, and when we were ill, from whatever cause, compresses, cold douches and walks were the remedies employed. Our food was also very sensibly arranged; we ate a great deal of vegetables, fruit, and farinaceous substances, very little meat, and drank no wine or beer—a system which was directly opposed to the strengthening methods then in vogue for children.

Fortunately, our lessons were considerably lighter during the following autumn and winter, and thus Fritz, with the help of all kinds of open-air sports, was able to recover from the strain of his work. He was a passionate lover of skating: "There is something positively ethereal in gliding with winged feet over the crystal surface of frozen water, and when, in addition, the moon shoots down her silver rays, evenings on the ice are really like moments in fairyland. Around you there is perfect stillness broken only by the scraping of the ice and the rumbling sound of the skaters. There is something majestic about this which is not to be found on summer nights." Following our mother's example, we also did a great deal of tobogganing, more especially at our grandparents' during the Christmas holidays.

But when the summer came round Fritz also found much to delight him :

> "Oh how glorious it is to plunge into the tepid water on a summer's day ; and how keenly I felt this when I learned to swim ! To give oneself up to the stream and float downwards in its soft embrace without any trouble—is it possible to imagine anything more delightful ? Moreover, I consider that swimming is not only a glorious pastime, strengthening and refreshing to the body, but that it may also be very useful in moments of danger. It cannot be too highly recommended for boys."

A letter addressed to my Aunt Rosalie still exists which brought him much teasing, as he filled two whole pages of it in expressing his joy in bathing and swimming.

My memory seems to tell me that in the beautiful romantic garden, with its peaceful trees, his poet's instinct and his eagerness to compose received a special stimulus. It is to these years, 1856 to 1858, that my brother's first really interesting compositions belong—compositions which still possess a good deal of charm. Among them, for instance, we find a fantasia for the piano, " Moonlight on the Pussta," which he afterwards touched up and which finally found its place in the large edition of my biography of him. I was simply delighted with it, and my pride passed all bounds when one evening I discovered that the night-watchman had halted beneath our windows in order to catch the sweet tones that were proceeding from Fritz and his piano. As a matter of fact, it appeared that this same watchman had told the neighbours that " Up the street, in the little house, someone played so beautifully that you could not help stopping to listen."

My brother had inherited from his father his gift of impromptu playing, and this talent enabled him all through his life to exercise an extraordinary influence over the people about him. Malvida von Meysenbug mentions this in her " Memoirs of Capri." The Emperor and Empress of Brazil, when they were staying incognito

in Rosenlaui-Bad in the year 1877, could not tear themselves away from my brother's impromptu playing; and even Frau Cosima Wagner still speaks of the wonderful effect of his music.

At Easter, 1858, when he was thirteen and a half, Fritz became a Fourth Form boy, but nevertheless he certainly remained very childlike. Even he himself felt this, and the other boys, who upon their promotion suddenly gave themselves the airs of grown-ups, smoked cigars, and carried walking-sticks about with them, seemed ludicrous to him. Yet upon being moved up into a higher class he realised that another period of his life had come to a close, for it was during this summer that, with a kind of premonition that still greater changes were in preparation, he wrote the little biography from which I have quoted so much. During the summer holidays at Pobles, we had already discussed very exhaustively the plan of writing the story of his life. When, therefore, leaving me behind, he returned after the holidays with our mother to Naumburg, he immediately set to work to write this little book. He closed it with the following words:

"Thus have I concluded my first work and I look back upon it with joy. I wrote it with great pleasure and did not grow tired in the process. After one has attained a certain age it is exceedingly delightful to pass one's earlier years in procession before one's soul and to study one's spiritual development in this way. I have told the whole truth without either poetical invention or poetical adornment. The fact that I may occasionally have had to make additions and may still require to do so, will be forgiven me in a work of this size. Oh! if only I could write many such books!

"For our life here below is a mirror,
And within it ourselves to perceive
As we are, without bias or error,
Is the highest thing I can conceive!"

Written between 18th August and 11th September, 1858.

A few days after the completion of this first biography our mother was surprised by a letter from the Rector of the

Public School at Pforta, in which she was offered a vacancy in this excellent institution for my brother.

Pforta is a place which from very early times has fostered and promoted the study of science. It is said to have been founded about the middle of the twelfth century by some Cistercian monks who were driven out of Pleissnerland by heathen Slavs and hospitably received by Bishop Udo of Naumburg. For many centuries they fulfilled their mission of culture, but old methods were bound to make way before new thoughts and aspirations. Thanks to Duke Moritz of Saxony, the monastery with all that belonged to it was assigned to the purposes of secular education in 1543, a time when, owing to the changes and the general state of unrest throughout Germany, on account of the Reformation and the Thirty Years War, the Saxon Princes were particularly eager to re-establish solid centres of culture. "One must begin with the young," was a precept of the excellent George Komerstadt, the Duke's particular counsellor, and Duke Moritz himself laid down in the Act of 16th January, 1840, that "The boys shall be educated to a godly life, in the learning of languages, discipline, and virtue, and shall be instructed for six years"; and in the new Act of 21st May of the same year we find: "The scholars shall be provided with superintendents, servants, teachers, board, and other needs, free of charge. When they enter the school they shall be kept for six years and taught free of charge, provided that they prove themselves fit for study."

As a matter of fact, the Rector who wrote to my mother seems to have taken the last sentence of this rescript more particularly to heart in regard to my brother, for my mother owed this offer of a vacancy simply to the fact that relatives of the Rector had spoken to him about the extraordinarily gifted child, Fritz Nietzsche. Moreover, the pressure of candidates for Pforta was not by any means so great in those days as it is now, for much greater demands were then made upon the capacities of the pupils than is the case at present.

After some hesitation our dear mother decided to face the terrible parting. The news struck the three friends like a thunderbolt, although my brother had always had a particular admiration for Pforta, to which he often gave expression in poetry. Even as a boy of ten he had written verses about Pforta which were more touching than original, and of which I still remember a few lines:

"There, where through her narrow door,
Pforta's pupils evermore
Pass out into life so free,
There in Pforta would I be!"

Now at last things had so turned out that he really was going there, and he was exceedingly delighted, as Pforta had always exercised a singularly romantic charm over him. But the parting from his family and friends was a hard blow. Only a short time before he had written:

"There is something great and noble in having true friends, and our lives have been exceptionally blessed by God, inasmuch as He has given us companions on our road who strive with us after the same goal. I must praise God in Heaven above for all this, for without it I should never have grown used to Naumburg. But as I have been able to make friends here, my stay in the city has been very pleasant, and I should suffer a good deal had I to leave it. For we three have, as a matter of fact, never been separated except during the holidays which I have usually spent with my mother and sister."

From these words some idea can be formed of the gloom which prevailed among the friends at the thought of the forthcoming separation. Only one person was even more hardly hit by this change, and that was I, his little sister. Our mother seems to have guessed what my feelings would be. In the letter containing the great news, which she sent to our grandparents, with whom I was spending the whole summer, she begged them to break it gently to me. One morning after the postman had come I noticed that all kinds of whispers and covert glances passed between them, and I gathered that something was wrong. At last grandpapa came to me armed with a beautiful new book for me

to read (for reading was known to be the one delight of my heart, which made me forget every trouble) and asked me to take a turn in the garden with him—the lamb following behind.

"Now Lizzie," my grandfather began with apparent good cheer, "think of it, Fritz is going to Pforta, where he has always longed to go so much."

"To Pforta," I repeated in a low voice and stopped short in my walk.

"Yes," said grandpapa, "think of the pretty little poems he has written about Pforta! He will certainly be delighted to go there. And of course you will not cry," he continued, "even though this may be a great sorrow for you; for is not what Fritz said a little while ago perfectly true, that it is silly not to be able to overcome one's grief? Don't you remember what Fritz told us about the ancient Spartan women, how they were able with a cheerful smile on their faces to watch their brothers and sons march to deadly combat, and did not even cry if the warriors died or were brought home covered with glory on a shield, but only bewailed their fate if they had fled shamefully before the enemy? Now you must understand that it is a great honour for Fritz to go to Pforta; you must bear this in mind and then you won't want to cry."

"No, grandpa," I said in a low voice. "And here," continued the dear old diplomatist, "is a beautiful book for you to read; go and find one of your favourite haunts and give yourself up to its pages." I thanked and kissed grandpapa and retreated with the book and the lamb.

I believe that grandpapa was thoroughly satisfied with his diplomacy. But, after an hour or two had elapsed and lunch time came round, and no one had heard or seen the slightest sign of me, he grew rather anxious and set out to find me. All my favourite spots, however,—the crooked apple tree whose branches formed such a delightful natural seat, the grassy bank under the elder bush,—all were empty and deserted. Suddenly he heard the bleating of

the lamb in the distance, and went in the direction of the sound. In the remotest corner of the large garden where, beyond the hedge, the ground fell away in a sharp declivity, there was a gloomy, barren spot which was supposed to be haunted. Giant elms grew there and made a mournful moan in the wind, and numberless crows built their nests in the branches, while their hoarse cawing combined with the solitude of the gloomy secluded spot produced a very uncanny impression. Here grandpapa found me lying on the ground, with my face buried in the grass, and crying fit to break my heart. Alas, I was no Spartan, at least not when I thought no one was looking. Fritz was going to Pforta, we should no longer be able to play together, all our games would cease, our happy hours of conversation were at an end, we should no longer be able to exchange views on the books we had read, and there would be no more fairy tales or music—it was awful!

I, the poor Llama, felt myself exceedingly badly used by fate; I refused to take any food, and laid myself down in the dust to die.

"Come, Lizzie," said my grandpapa softly, "stand up!" He dried my tears, took me by the hand and walked silently to the house—the lamb followed, bleating mournfully. "Grandpa, you won't tell anybody," I cried imploringly. "No, of course not," he replied almost solemnly; and I don't believe he did. But he was certainly rather frightened by the passionate sorrow which sought to conceal itself. He took me into the sacred precincts of his study and laid me on the sofa.

Despite my misery, I felt that it was a great honour to be laid on grandpapa's sofa, although the room smelt so strongly of tobacco that it almost took my breath away. Later on I was put to bed and declared to be ill. When grandpapa came in the evening to say good-night to me he took both my hands in his and said suddenly, "Just think of it, Lizzie, we shall have to kill your little lamb." "Oh no, grandpapa!" I cried, so horrified that I was awakened

from my apathy. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "the little lamb has not eaten anything since the morning, and if you are going to be ill it will certainly die: surely it would be better to kill it." "But I won't be ill, grandpa," I said eagerly. When it was morning I got up very early and opened the door of my lamb's little stable; it romped out so joyfully to me, almost knocking me down with its tender attention, that grandpapa and the others were obliged to shriek with laughter at the queer capers we both cut: for it seemed to me that life still possessed a few charms—even though Fritz was going to Pforta.

But perhaps it was not quite true to say that I, the little sister, suffered most under the blow of my brother's departure. My mother often used to relate how she frequently found our Fritz's pillow wet in the morning, from tears shed secretly in the night. But during the day he controlled himself, as became a man, and tried to paint his future life in Pforta in as glowing colours as possible.

Now let us pause a moment and glance back at his childhood, that childhood which with his departure from the maternal roof had reached its end, and from which the boy, bred and strengthened in character by the influences of the home, now ventured out in a new environment with such self-reliance. This thoroughly healthy boy, who, with the exception of one or two childish ailments, had suffered only from trouble with his eyes, we can see in our mind's eye, with his red cheeks, his tanned skin, his large brown eyes and long chestnut hair. He was not a beautiful boy in the ordinary sense of the word, but he was attractive on account of his thoughtful glance and expression of intelligence, purity and innocence. He was deeply religious, and a certain earnestness and profound reserve completely isolated him from all that was alien to, or unworthy of, his nature. But for this reason alone his heart was opened all the more freely to such friends as Wilhelm and Gustav, who resembled him, and with whom he revelled in poetry and music and the interchange of philosophic thoughts.

In addition to this he pursued his studies at school in the most conscientious way and interested himself in all branches of knowledge. He was a tender, obedient son, reverent toward all his elders, and the best of friends to his little sister. Now he set out, well protected in body and soul, towards the new future, though his heart was heavy, for he was indescribably sad at having to leave us all. But in accordance with his natural reserve he showed no one his deep sorrow, nor did he reveal the hot tears which the parting cost him. Is not this affectionate and good-natured boy, who knew so well how to master himself, with all his varied gifts, his taste for art, science and philosophy, who prized friendship above everything and was the leader of his friends—is not this boy the prototype of the future Nietzsche, even though it be but in childish form?

PART II

SCHOOLDAYS AND BOYHOOD

CHAPTER VII

PFORTA

After passing an examination, my brother entered Pforta at the beginning of October, 1858, and was placed in the second division of the Lower Fourth Form, thus losing six months seniority in his school career. Owing to the high standard of proficiency which this institution demanded of the boys, it was in the habit of putting pupils from other public schools, even when they were well up in their subjects, a class or division lower than their proper one. As a general rule, it was found more satisfactory for boys to enter young enough to allow them to go right through the school from bottom to top, as by this means they could be certain that the instruction and knowledge acquired were completely in accord with the general plan of study.

Fritz writes to our mother on the first day of his life at Pforta "Up to the present I have been perfectly comfortable; but what is the use of being perfectly comfortable in a strange place?" To this "strange place," however, he soon became accustomed, in spite of severe attacks of homesickness; for the romantic situation and the monastic isolation of Pforta exercised a great charm over him.

The present Royal School of Pforta, which was formerly a Cistercian Abbey, lies in a completely isolated position between Kösen and Naumburg, in a very charming and fertile valley; for the old monks always built their monas-

teries in spots where they found the three W's—*Wiese*, *Wälder*, *Wasser*—(meadows, woods, and water). The old monastery walls, twelve feet high and two and a half feet thick, surrounded a total area of seventy-three acres. In addition to the farm-houses, the beautiful old church, the school-house with its cloisters, and general accommodation for the instruction, board, lodging, bathing, gymnastics and games, etc., of the pupils, these walls enclosed a beautiful garden of extraordinarily large dimensions, houses for twelve masters and twenty additional pupils, who were called out-boys. These twenty youths were under the special supervision of their respective house-masters, and had the advantages of family life, board, and lodging. The public school of Pforta had no day-boys, and owing to its isolated position it was from the first destined to accommodate only the limited number of 200 pupils.

In an essay by the Rector Kirschner, written in celebration of one of the school anniversaries in 1843, the author describes the aims and objects of the institution as follows:

"It is an establishment for the instruction and education of boys, in which a definite number of pupils, within a prescribed and fixed period of six years, are prepared for a career to be devoted to the higher branches of science or for the calling of scholars. The characteristic which distinguishes Pforta from other schools is that it is a self-contained scholastic State, in which the life of the individual boy is developed on every side. Under the care of guardians, to whom all parental rights are handed over, the boys' parents entrust them to the *Alma Mater*, not only for instruction, as in a Municipal School, but also for education; not only for the development of their minds, but also for the formation of their morals and character; and thus they here find for the development of every side of their nature even more opportunity than they would get in a second paternal home. The time they spend in the institution covers the most important years of their educational life, from adolescence to the period when they must enter the University. For this reason every Pforta boy, as a rule, leaves the institution with the definite stamp of a certain sound efficiency which

lasts him throughout his life. This is not the result of any deliberate aim in the educational programme, but springs necessarily from the virile, severe, and powerful spirit of discipline, from the inspiring community of purpose among the various forms all striving towards one object, from the serious study of classics and other kindred subjects divorced from all association with the distractions of town life, and from the method applied to those studies themselves. This stamp, of which they are rightly proud, is acquired only as the result of an inner struggle and great individual effort. It is a mistake, therefore, to ascribe the great value of Pforta, as many do, mainly to its scientific training. Its pupils become complete men; they are taught to obey the command and the will of their superiors, and are used to the severe and punctual fulfilment of duty, to self-control, to earnest work, to original personal initiative, as a result of individual choice in their work and their love of it. They are accustomed to thoroughness and method in their studies, to rules in the division of the time at their disposal, and to a certain self-confident tact and fairness in intercourse with their equals. And all these things are the fruits of the discipline and education peculiar to the school."

My brother describes the daily life at Pforta in the summer of 1859 in his diary as follows:

"I will now attempt to give a picture of the ordinary life in Pforta. As early as four o'clock in the morning the dormitory doors are thrown open, and from that time onwards any one is free to rise who wishes to do so. But at five o'clock (in winter at six) everybody must be out of the room; the usual school bell rings, the dormitory prefects shout peremptorily, 'Get up, get up; make haste and turn out!' and punish all those who do not find it so easy to drag themselves from their beds. Then all the boys scramble into a few light garments as quickly as possible, and hurry to the lavatories to secure a place before they get too crowded. The process of rising and washing occupies the short space of ten minutes, after which they all return to their rooms, where they dress properly. Five minutes to the half-hour the first prayer bell goes, and at the second bell they all have to be in the hall for prayers. Here the prefects keep order until the master comes, stop all talking, and urge the Sixth Form boys, who are generally late, to take

their places. In due course the master appears, accompanied by his assistant, and the prefects then report whether their forms have their full numbers complete. The organ begins to play, and after a short overture the morning hymn is sung. The master reads a passage from the New Testament, sometimes a psalm, and recites the Lord's Prayer; a final text concludes the ceremony. After this all the boys go to their rooms, where cups of milk with small wheaten rolls await them. Punctually at six o'clock (in the winter at seven) the bell rings for all the boys to go to their form rooms. Each boy takes his books, goes to his form room, and remains there till seven o'clock. Then comes one hour of preparation, as it is called. Lessons follow until ten, when there is another hour for preparation, and, finally, class until twelve. At the close of each lesson and hour of preparation a bell rings. Punctually at twelve every boy carries his books to his room and hurries back to the cloisters. Here we all fall in, in the order of our tables, so as to form groups of twelve in double files of six, and the prefects call for silence. As soon as the master is in the Refectory the fifteenth table marches first into the room and is followed by the rest. All absentees are noted down. Then one of the prefects recites the following Grace: 'Almighty God and Heavenly Father, we pray Thee bless these Thy bounteous gifts, which through Thy grace we now take unto us, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.'

"Here the whole assembly sings the old Latin hymn which the monks used to chant when Pforta was a monastery:

"'Gloria tibi trinitas,
Æqualis una deitas,
Et ante omne sæculum,
Et nunc et in perpetuum!'

"Then everybody sits down and the meal begins.

"The menu for the week is as follows:

Monday: Soup, meat, vegetables, fruit.

Tuesday: Soup, meat, vegetables, bread-and-butter.

Wednesday: Soup, meat, vegetables, fruit.

Thursday: Soup, boiled beef, vegetables, grilled kidneys and salad.

Friday: Soup, roast pork, vegetables, bread-and-butter; or soup, dumplings and roast pork, fruit; or soup, lentils, sausage and bread-and-butter.

Saturday: Soup, meat, vegetables, fruit.

"Every boy gets about six ounces of bread at each meal. The meal is closed by Grace.

"Directly after meals the boys hurry into the garden. No boy must be found indoors before half-past one, otherwise he is severely punished by the weekly prefect. First of all we go and see whether a parcel or a letter has not been brought by the messenger who comes every day to Pforta; or with our pocket-money we buy fruit from a fruit-woman. Then nine-pins are played in the garden or walks are taken. In summer we play a great deal at ball. At 1.45 the bell rings for class, and in five minutes every boy must be seated. The lessons now last until ten minutes to four, immediately upon which follow vespers, when small rolls with butter, fruit or plum jam are distributed all round. After this the Head gives a lesson in which Greek, Latin or mathematical tests are written. At five o'clock there is a short recess; after which preparation lasts till seven o'clock. Supper follows, which usually resembles the midday meal.

"The menu for the week is as follows:

Monday and Friday: Soup, bread-and-butter and cheese.

Tuesday and Saturday: Soup, potatoes, herring and butter.

Wednesday: Soup, sausage, mashed potatoes or pickled cucumber.

Thursday: Soup, pancakes, plum sauce, bread-and-butter.

Sunday: Soup, rice boiled in milk, bread-and-butter; or, herring, salad, sausage, bread-and-butter; or, eggs, salad and bread-and-butter.

"After this we all go into the school garden until half-past eight. Then evening prayer is said, and at nine o'clock we go to bed. All the monitors, who owing to the hour of preparation are an hour behind time, remain up until ten o'clock. Such is the daily routine at Pforta as a rule.

"In summer Sunday is spent as follows: We all get up at six, at quarter to seven we have prayers, after which we are all free to go into the school garden until eight o'clock. Then we have an hour's preparation, which comes to an end at the sound of the church bell. We all get into line in the cloisters and march to church, where the weekly prefect holds an inspection. After this we are free until twelve o'clock to wander about the garden, and we are also at liberty after the

midday meal (consisting of soup, fricassée, roast meat, stewed fruit and salad), until prayer time, which begins at half-past one. We then have to work until three o'clock, whereupon we have another hour of freedom in the school garden; but directly after vespers the walk, to which we have looked forward with such great longing, is taken until six o'clock. Preparation occupies the hour from six to seven, and then the day closes as usual with the evening meal, recreation in the garden and prayers."

On Sundays and general holidays the pupils were also given a certain quantity of wine, which was produced by the school in its own vineyards lying in the Saale Valley. I believe this wine was very sour; at any rate, it is owing to this Pforta wine, which as a rule is called "Naumburger," that my brother had his peculiar aversion from this drink. As a matter of fact Naumburger wine is much better than its reputation.

As we see, the pupils at Pforta were excellently cared for both in body and mind. Even at that period much more stress was laid upon physical exercise in the open air than in other educational institutions of the day. Only in one respect did my brother find ground for complaint, and that was on account of the scant attention paid to the pupils' eyesight. During the day the rooms were not sufficiently lighted for all the boys to see equally well, an evil which was aggravated in the evening by the more or less indifferent petroleum lamps. My brother was sent a second time to Schillbach, of Jena, who gave him a letter addressed to Dr. Zimmermann, the medical officer of the school, in which he said that more attention should be paid to my brother's eyes. Unfortunately, however, this letter did not have the desired result, but rather the contrary. Dr. Zimmermann took it as an unjustifiable criticism of the hygienic conditions at Pforta, and to some extent a reproach against himself for not having seen that the bad conditions were altered. My brother accordingly lost the goodwill of this otherwise excellent person, and during the whole of his stay at Pforta every one of his indis-

positions, more particularly when they were connected with his eyes, were falsely diagnosed by Zimmermann. Indeed, things reached such a pitch that one of our aunts, who had known Zimmermann in her youth, had a quarrel with him, and the situation was not improved when my brother, who was otherwise very respectful towards his elders, in a moment of impatience once called Dr. Zimmermann "an old woman"—a remark which that worthy accidentally overheard. These, however, were mere details, and Dr. Zimmermann was perfectly right when he pointed persistently to my brother's excellent bodily and mental development, for, as a matter of fact, Fritz's life in Pforta suited him splendidly.

Although my brother, to all outward appearance, soon got used to the regulations at Pforta, he did not do so without great difficulty. For the first few years he missed his friends, Wilhelm and Gustav, of Naumburg, and their places were not filled by anyone else. He also felt the loss of that freedom of communication on every subject, which impelled him to come to me, his little sister, and confide to her, before anyone else heard them, all his secret productions, his poems and dramas. It is true that we used to see each other almost every week on Sundays in a beautifully situated inn at Almrich, half-way between Naumburg and Pforta. But our interviews were always very short, for the boys in the lower school were only free to take a walk of two or three hours. In order that as little as possible of these few hours should be wasted in the journey we met at the above-mentioned place, but even so we had not sufficient time at our disposal to allow of any confidential conversation. Nevertheless all through the week Fritz looked forward to this Sunday meeting, and was very disappointed when it could not take place. But above all he loved the holidays, which he describes in his diary and letters in the most glowing terms, and many weeks before they began he used to buoy up his courage with the thought of them. He suffered a great deal from

homesickness, but did not yield to this feeling in a weak spirit, but sought rather to conceal it, an effort which the severe and virile education at Pforta encouraged every boy to make. Nevertheless Professor Buddensieg, his tutor, who was also the chaplain, must have had occasion to comfort the boys on their return from the holidays by one of his warm-hearted addresses. In my brother's diary of August, 1859, we find the following touching note:

"'*Cure for Home Sickness*' (*according to Professor Buddensieg*):

"1. If we wish to learn anything valuable, we cannot always remain at home.

"2. Our dear parents do not wish us to remain at home; we therefore fulfil our parents' wishes.

"3. Our loved ones are in God's hands. We are continually accompanied by their thoughts.

"4. If we work diligently our sad thoughts will vanish.

"5. If all this is of no avail, pray to God Almighty."

Later on my brother always said that the only thing that made his life at Pforta so difficult to bear was the fact that for the whole day, from early in the morning till late in the evening, one always had to think of particular things at particular moments. With the rich, inner life my brother led, which very often had little to do with the studies the school prescribed, it must have been very hard for him not to have a moment for meditation. But Pforta has one excellent rule: every week there is a day of study which according to an old custom is called the "Sluggards' Day" (*Ausschlaftag*), because upon it the boys are allowed an extra hour in bed. No classes are held, but only so-called "preparation," during which the pupils try to polish up all they have learnt in the week and are allowed to devote themselves without restraint to their own pet subjects. Fritz writes enthusiastically: "Such days are particularly suitable for some great private work." I believe that without these "Sluggards' Days" Fritz would never have endured the life at Pforta.

In any case he found the cut-and-dried arrangement of the life at Pforta somewhat narrowing and oppressive. It was particularly irksome for a boy who did not make friends easily and who met with some difficulty in discovering a comrade who shared his views. Every room in the institution has from twelve to sixteen inmates, and is divided again into three or four tables; at each of these there is a monitor (a Sixth Form boy), a sub-monitor (or Lower Fifth boy), and two lower school boys (from the Fourth Form). The younger boys are left in charge of the monitor, who supervises their behaviour and their lessons; and during the hour of preparation already mentioned, which takes place between four and five in the afternoon, he is responsible for their learning the grammar of the dead languages and has to give them exercises in Latin prose and in the art of Latin verse. In addition to this every pupil has one of the masters of the school as a tutor, to whom he may appeal on any question concerning his mind or body.

My brother's monitors and sub-monitors were always very kind to him, but found him somewhat serious and reserved for his years. At times he would surprise them by the sudden performance of some heroic deed, which he would carry out without any bragging or preliminaries of any sort. I remember that on one occasion he greatly alarmed a boy called Krämer, who was his monitor, and who as a lieutenant was killed in the battle of Sadowa in 1866. The younger boys were talking of Mucius Scævola, and some rather tender-hearted boy must have remarked that calmly to allow one's hand to be burnt away was really too dreadful and almost impossible. "Why?" Fritz demanded quietly; and taking a bundle of matches held them out in the palm of his hand, set light to them, and without flinching thrust his hand straight out before him. The other boys were struck dumb with amazement and admiration. Suddenly the monitor, seeing what had happened, rushed forward, and with one blow flung the

matches out of Fritz's hand, though not before they had caused some rather severe burns. The story was hushed up, because the monitor felt to a large extent responsible to Fritz's tutor and to my mother. But he confided the story to me and begged me to try and induce my brother not to go in for such dreadful experiments again.

As regards physical exercise, my brother preferred swimming and skating, as I have already pointed out. But he also liked the old-fashioned German game of ball, which we used to play with great zest when we were children at Pobles. He did not care for gymnastics, nor was he ever very good at them. Deussen remarks, quite rightly, that his shortsightedness spoilt this form of exercise for him, but in addition to this his blood rushed very quickly to his head. This was a characteristic he inherited from our thoroughly healthy mother, for if ever the three of us went up to the mountains when the weather was at all hot, we always remarked on each other's red faces. I cannot remember that my brother was particularly fat in those days as Deussen declares he was. He was certainly strongly built and far from thin, but he was not corpulent, as his photographs are with us to show. I must also point out another error in Deussen's description of his friend. The good manners, which he had possessed from his earliest childhood and which struck his schoolmates so forcibly, were not due to his associates in Naumburg. It was simply a characteristic of the Nietzsches, as I have explained exhaustively in a former chapter. It was this innate and respectful dignity which prevented his being party to those little classroom revolts, signified by the stamping of feet and the singing of *glorias*, which took place at Pforta whenever a master had made himself unpopular in any way. The fact that this reserve met with quite a false interpretation and was regarded as a form of currying favour with the masters, I first learnt from the memoirs of Deussen, the Privy Councillor; but this was very far indeed from being Fritz's object. Taken all in all, my

brother must have been a perfect model of a pupil in those days. His reports were brilliant; he always had the highest marks for industry and good conduct; and in such subjects as Latin and German he also often came out top. I remember that the only reproach which his tutor had to make against him in those days was that Fritz held himself too much aloof from the other boys. It is true that with the greatest fidelity he still remained loyal to his two friends Gustav and Wilhelm of Naumburg, and that many years passed by before he contracted a hearty friendship with Deussen and later on with young Baron von Gersdorff.

The unusual mixture of childishness and profound seriousness which we find in his letters and other writings of this period is extraordinary. For instance, on the 15th August, 1859, when he was full of one of those little class revolts against a certain master, he describes the matter with childish importance, but adds a host of philosophical remarks which seem more suited to an older boy and which, perhaps, are the result of much that he had heard and read. About the use of school time he writes as follows:

"It is a common thing to hear school days spoken of as solemn days; they are indeed days which may have the most profound influence on one's whole life, but they are also extremely difficult years for the boys who have to go through them, because their fresh young minds have to squeeze into such narrow limits. But even for those to whom this period is one of great difficulty it is also often very barren. For this reason it is very important that school life should be used to the best advantage. The chief object should be to become equally proficient in all the sciences, arts and other faculties, and that body and mind should go hand in hand. One should guard against specialising in one's studies. All authors who are read should be studied for more than one reason and not merely for grammar, syntax or style, but also for their historical contents and the particular point of view which they reveal. Indeed, the writings of Greek and Latin poets should be studied side by side with the German classical writers, and their respective points of view compared. In the same way

history should only be learnt in conjunction with geography, mathematics with physics and music: then magnificent fruit will grow on the tree of truth, permeated with the same spirit and illuminated by the same sun."

Other remarks, as, for instance, how Schiller embodies earlier poetical attempts in his play "The Robbers," or the wishes which my brother expressed on his fifteenth birthday, when he said he would like us to give him Don Quixote, Kleist's works, Platen's Biography, or Tristram Shandy (about which he jotted down many an aphorism)—all these things are surprising, and, when taken in conjunction with the childish remarks of an exemplary son and pupil, seem rather precocious. But his psychological retrospect of his own development is particularly remarkable. He writes on October 25th, 1859: "I am now possessed by an extraordinary desire for knowledge and universal culture: Humboldt has awakened this feeling in me, and I only hope it may remain as constant in me as my predilection for poetry."

He then proceeds to describe himself and his life up to his fifteenth year, and all his various hobbies; in the first place, his interest in flowers and plants, then in architecture, then in military matters (awakened by the Crimean War), and afterwards his interest in the stage, which was revealed by his production of the play, "The Gods on Olympus." Finally he calls attention to his love of poetry, which began in his ninth year, and above all to his passion for music, which in his eleventh year found its origin in his admiration of sacred melodies. He also refers to his love of painting, and then proceeds to say:

"It must not be thought that these tendencies came directly one upon another; they were so interwoven that it is impossible to discover a beginning or an end to them. After this there followed my later love of literature, geology, mythology, and the German language (including Old High German) of which the following classification may be made:

"1. Love of Nature: (*a*) Geology; (*b*) Botany; (*c*) Astronomy.

"2. Love of Art: (*a*) Music; (*b*) Poetry; (*c*) Painting; (*d*) Theatricals.

"3. Imitative performances and interests: (*a*) Military matters; (*b*) Architecture; (*c*) Naval matters.

"4. My favourite aims in scholarship: (*a*) A good Latin style; (*b*) Mythology; (*c*) Literature; (*d*) The German language.

"5. My inward desire for universal culture embraces everything else and includes much that is new: (A) Languages—(*a*) Hebrew; (*b*) Greek; (*c*) Latin; (*d*) German; (*e*) English; (*f*) French, etc.

"(B) Arts: (*a*) Mathematics; (*b*) Music; (*c*) Poetry; (*d*) Painting; (*e*) Modelling; (*f*) Chemistry; (*g*) Architecture, etc.

"(C) Imitative pastimes: (*a*) Military science; (*b*) Naval science; (*c*) The knowledge of the various trades, etc.

"(D) The Sciences: (*a*) Geography; (*b*) History; (*c*) Literature; (*d*) Geology; (*e*) Natural History; (*f*) Antiquity, etc., and above all, Religion, the foundation of all knowledge.

"Great is the domain of knowledge, eternal is the search for Truth!"

Apart from the somewhat precocious wisdom of these remarks, Fritz was still, in many respects, very boyish, especially, for instance, in his joy over the holidays. The mere planning of these holidays, and the picturing of them beforehand, were a source of enormous pleasure to him, though this was always cast into the shade by the reality. His gladness over the summer holidays becomes almost dithyrambic; he writes:

"The summer holidays! These are magic words for every *alumnus portensis*, languishing for freedom, an Eldorado which gives us the courage to sail with good cheer across the great ocean of the school term. What ecstasy when at last the cry, 'Land! Land!' is heard. With great rejoicings everyone decks his ship of life with wreaths, and the old familiar rooms of the boarding school are hung with garlands which bear the word 'Hope' on every leaf. Who could describe the overflowing feelings and the proud consciousness which waft us to the stars? We utter no sigh or plaint when we tear ourselves from the arms of the *Alma Mater*; no, on the contrary, we feel as free and as happy as larks that soar into the

blazing firmament and plunge their wings into the surging flood of purple. But is this really freedom? For five weeks only may we soar through eternal distance over mountain and valley; but then a peremptory cry calls us back to the gloomy old walls."

Not only the summer holidays, however, but every holiday was eagerly expected and made the opportunity of some excursion or tour. But some of the time was always spent at home, where he was really "happiest." The notes he made upon his travels and visits to various places are exceedingly amusing. For instance, a visit paid to a relative in Jena, a Dr. Schenk, who was a senior alderman of that city, gave him occasion to write the most enthusiastic descriptions; for, not only his dear relatives, but the students as well, were particularly kind to the fourteen-year-old boy who was the nephew of their senior alderman. A journey to the Hartz mountains, in the summer of 1861, which he made in connection with a visit to another uncle, is exhaustively and enthusiastically described in one of the diaries of his travels. At Easter, 1862, he was allowed to visit me in Dresden, where I was staying with a charming family (the von Mosch's) to finish my education. A tender, brotherly letter records a loving retrospect of this meeting, and in it he does not omit to forward my education with a host of paternal admonitions, and to chaff me about the tearful farewell I gave him, and the excess of gushing expressions in my speech.

"I am writing this at my standing desk; my standing desk is against the window, and the window offers a pleasant prospect over the lime trees and the sun-bathed Saale hills. The delightful natural scenery reminds me very much of Dresden, and the enjoyable days we spent there together. In order to think of you, my dear Lizzie, do not imagine that I first require such a vast jog to my memory as all this; on the contrary, I think of you so often without provocation, that I keep you almost constantly in my mind—even when I am asleep, for I dream fairly often of you and our times together.

"Didn't everything go off splendidly? Until I had actually

started, I scarcely believed that I should make the journey. But what beautiful days I spent in Dresden, and what nice long talks we often had together. As a matter of fact, you have been away barely seven weeks. Heavens, it seems quite a century to me! And now my stay in Dresden furnishes a richly coloured and poetical background to my prosaic and humdrum life here. I trust that you were not in any way disappointed that I could not stay longer in Dresden. Heavens, the Michaelmas holidays are scarcely six months ahead, and we shall see each other again then! Do you regard that as poor comfort?

"Dresden is much too comfortable; you will be able to bear the remaining months there perfectly well! Above all try hard to know all the art treasures of that city very well, so that you may derive profit in that direction also! You must go through the picture galleries at least twice a week, even if you only have time to take in one or two pictures thoroughly enough to be able to give me a detailed account of them (in writing, of course). Very selfish, eh?"

During the summer holidays of 1862 he again went to the lower Hartz mountains; in the summer of 1863 he went to the Voigtland and across the frontier into Bohemia, where he made a very pleasant tour, alone, from one watering place to another in that province. The most cheerful descriptions exist of these wanderings, which show what a regular high-spirited schoolboy he was, and how little of the dreamer and brooder he revealed at that time.

But the most beautiful summer resort of our childhood, the home of our beloved grandparents at Pobles, came to an end in the summer of 1859. On the 2nd August, 1859, we celebrated grandpapa Oehler's seventieth birthday. Children, stepchildren and grandchildren all came together in great numbers. When, on the following morning, I left my room rather early, Fritz, who was already in the garden, came to meet me, and told me that he had awakened very early because he had had an extraordinary dream. He had seen the whole parsonage of Pobles lying in ruins, and our dear grandmother sitting alone beneath its shattered framework amid the débris. This dream had made him give vent to

such heart-breaking tears and sobs that he had not been able to go to sleep again. Our mother forbade us to mention this dream. Besides, our dear grandfather was so fresh and vigorous that anyone would have given him another twenty years to live. Late in the summer, however, he caught such a violent cold that he fell seriously ill. He who had never had the doctor, save as a visitor to the house, was now compelled to call in his help. The illness was declared to be influenza, and towards the middle of the winter, the man we all loved so deeply departed this world and left an irreparable breach in our midst. He had worked as the parson of his parish for forty years, and had laid the foundations of the most friendly patriarchal relations between all. Through his death my brother lost a faithful fatherly friend, and a most affectionate adviser.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, 1860, WHEN HE WAS CONFIRMED

CHAPTER VIII

CHANGES

At Easter, 1861, my brother was confirmed at Pforta. In his Memoirs, Privy Councillor Deussen gives the following account of the beginning of the friendship between himself and Fritz :

> "A new bond was formed on the Sunday of Mid-Lent, 1861, through our both being confirmed together. When the candidates for confirmation went up to the altar in couples in order to receive the sacrament on their knees, Nietzsche and I, as the closest friends, knelt side by side. I still have a vivid recollection of the holy and transcendental mood which filled us during the weeks before and after confirmation. We were prepared to leave this world at once and find ourselves by the side of Christ, and all our thoughts, feelings and aspirations were bathed in a celestial cheerfulness which, like a forced plant, could not live long, and withered away as quickly as it had sprung up, beneath the impressions of everyday life and learning. Yet a certain faith remained within us until after our leaving examination, although it was really unconsciously stifled by the excellent methods of historical criticism with which the ancients were treated at Pforta, and which in those days was extended quite naturally to the domain of Biblical literature. For instance, Steinhart, the Professor of Hebrew, explained the 45th Psalm to the Sixth Form as an earthly marriage song."

This description given by Deussen of the religious changes which both friends underwent is certainly on the whole correct. In his utterances about Christianity and religion in those days my brother was extremely cautious, especially as he had once roused my mother and Aunt Rosalie (who was an authority on dogma) to a positive storm of

indignation when he recommended *The Life of Jesus* (Strauss) and *The History of the Church*, by Professor von Haase, as Christmas presents for myself. We should know little of the religious feelings of my brother at this time if a certain note about "Fate and History," written in the spring of 1862, when he was not yet eighteen years of age, did not give us a certain insight into his inner experiences.

"If we could examine Christian doctrine and Church History with a perfectly impartial eye, we should be compelled to admit much which would be opposed to generally accepted ideas. But, weighed down as we are from the very first years of our life by the yoke of habit and prejudice, hindered in the natural development of our mind and the formation of our character by the impressions of our childhood, we feel bound to regard it almost as a sin to adopt a more liberal standpoint, and from that position to give an impartial verdict on religion and Christianity, in keeping with the age in which we live. Such a task is not the matter of a few weeks but of a lifetime. For how, armed with the results of mere youthful broodings, could one dare to annihilate the authority of two thousand years and the testimony of the greatest intellects of all ages? How, by means of fanciful ideas and unripe opinions alone, could one form a correct idea of all the deep consequences and the sorrows and blessings of a religious development in the history of the world? It is sheer arrogance to try to solve philosophical problems about which there has been a conflict of opinions for two thousand years, or to overthrow beliefs which according to the convictions of the highest intellects are alone capable of elevating the animal man into a true man, or to unite natural science and philosophy without knowing the principal results of either; or finally, to construct a system of reality out of natural science and history, while the unity of universal history and the fundamental principles thereof have not yet been revealed to the human mind. . . .

"How often have I not thought that all our philosophy is like the Tower of Babel; to storm the heavens is the aim of all great aspirations; the Kingdom of Heaven on earth means practically the same thing. An infinite confusion of ideas among the people is the discomforting result; great revolu-

tions will occur in the future, when once the great mass of mankind is convinced that the whole fabric of Christianity rests upon assumptions; the existence of God, immortality, the authority of the Bible, inspiration, and other things will always remain problems. I have attempted to deny everything: Oh! destruction is easy, but construction! and even destruction seems a lighter task than it really is. We are so influenced in our innermost being by the impressions of our childhood and the influence of our parents and education, that these deeply imbedded prejudices are not so easily uprooted by means of rational arguments or a mere effort of the will. Force of habit, the need of striving after a lofty goal, the breach with every existing institution, the dissolution of every form of society, the suspicion as to the possibility of having been misled for two thousand years by a mirage, the sense of one's own arrogance and audacity—all these considerations fight a determined battle within us, until at last painful experiences and sad occurrences lead our hearts back to the old beliefs of our childhood."

This explanation, which reveals so much of my brother's inner feelings about Christianity, we owe to a lecture which he delivered before a little literary society called Germania. Once on a holiday tour with Wilhelm Pinder he had hit upon the idea of this literary society, and on their return, in conjunction with Gustav Krug, it was founded with the utmost solemnity on the 25th July, 1860. The friends bought a ninepenny bottle of red Naumburg wine and set forth in earnest and dignified procession to the ruin of Schönburg, at an hour's distance from the city. By means of an extremely ricketty ladder they climbed to the highest ledge of the watch tower, from which there was a magnificent view over the picturesque Saale valley, and from this position, far removed from the misty regions of the plain, they discussed their plan for fulfilling their highest aspirations for culture. My brother recalled this experience in later years in his lectures on *The Future of our Educational Institutions:*

"We resolved to found a kind of small club which would consist of ourselves and a few friends, and the object of which

would be to provide us with a stable and binding organisation, directing and adding interest to our creative impulses in art and literature; or to put it more plainly, each of us would be pledged to present an original piece of work to the club once a month, either a poem, a treatise, an architectural design, or a musical composition, upon which each of the others, in a friendly spirit, would have to pass free and unrestricted criticism. We thus hoped by means of mutual correction to be able both to stimulate and to chasten our creative impulses. And, as a matter of fact, the success of the scheme was such, that we have always felt a sort of respectful attachment both to the hour and the place at which it first took shape in our minds."

At the end of the ceremony the youths pledged themselves to the bond of friendship and community of ideas, baptised the society "Germania," and hurled the empty bottle into the abyss.

The Germania experienced many vicissitudes. At one period, for instance, contributions poured in with the greatest activity and regularity, and the meetings were held in the holidays, but afterwards various other demands took precedence, and the members did not remain true to their obligations either in the matter of pecuniary or literary contributions. We were always very much amused at the solemn and courtly tone which the friends constantly observed between themselves (save in the matter of mutual literary criticism, when each was more or less driven to discourtesy), a tone which prevailed not only at their meetings but also in their private intercourse. An unvarnished account of the ups and downs in the literary life of this society is contained in the minutes of the association written by my brother and dated 22nd September, 1862:

"Last term showed great activity on the part of the members of the society and was concluded by a highly interesting meeting. Accordingly on the 14th April of this year we felt ourselves justified in expressing the hope that in view of the eager activity, or better still the active eagerness, with which we sought to strengthen and develop our Germania, we might be

able gradually to extend the narrow limits of our performances, more particularly with regard to politics and modern history, but above all in the domain of those arts which had not yet been touched upon.

"Since April, five months have elapsed which have produced results thoroughly unfavourable for the Germania. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that circumstances were adverse—one knows how easily school-work, dancing lessons, love affairs, political excitement, etc., can overthrow the meagre defences of our Germania statutes. Or may be we are merely the victims of the law of historical necessity, the inevitable reaction that follows upon any violent state of activity (I make an exception in favour of friend P. who regards this as un-Christian and lays everything on the shoulders of excessive school-work). At all events, whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that a violation of our constitution has taken place, the sanctity of the statutes has been assailed, and the Germania has almost gone to the dogs through inner dissolution, dissension and apathy. Financial carelessness and illegality characterise the beginning of this period, just as all great breaches with the past, all revolutions and reformations, are inaugurated by a financial swindle. One sign, however, that our Germania is still sound at heart seems to be that its members are on the whole awakening to the consciousness that they have all sinned and that we now feel it incumbent upon us to show a double degree of activity and energy. May this consciousness guide us in the regeneration of our Germania and lay the proper means in our hands for its thorough reconstruction. Our energies for the present must accordingly be concentrated principally upon the following points:

"1. How shall each member send in his over-due contributions and how much grace shall he be given for this purpose?

"2. How can we redress our state of financial distress and how shall we regulate our statutes of purchase?

"3. How shall we so reform our statutes in general as to render such discrepancies as those described above impossible in future?

"4. By what means may we be spurred to eager activity?"

The secretary goes on to examine each point in turn, after which he is in a position to declare that for his part

the twenty-five contributions such as poems, compositions and essays due for the twenty-five months that the Germania had been in existence had been regularly sent in. The same test applied to the friends did not yield such favourable results and his report continues :

"Our financial difficulties are to be ascribed chiefly to the purchase of Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, made on the motion of Gustav Krug. As he has declared himself unready to meet any of the claims of the next new purchase, I beg him to state his views accurately in writing. In addition to this the subscriptions of one or two members, among whom the writer confesses himself a culprit, have also been failing for some time. Gustav Krug should be honourably mentioned for the general punctuality of his payments. I leave it to the members to determine the limit of time within which all overdue contributions, whether literary or pecuniary, should be sent in. Finally I would entreat the treasurer to draw up an account of the financial position of the Germania for these minutes and to make an exact estimate of the debit and credit.

"As regards the third point, that of an alteration in the statutes, I expect a motion from one of the members which will lead to a discussion on the subject.

"There remains the proposal already moved by me with regard to a prize for the best essay, to be given as a stimulus to enthusiasm. This proposal can only be passed with the consent of the various members ; and the prescribed limit of time must be stated in writing.

"Finally, I venture to ask to be allowed to retain the post of secretary until next Christmas, as hitherto I have not had sufficient scope for activity in this respect. At Christmas I shall once more refer to our Easter synod in my summing up of the events of the year, and will also discuss any overdue contributions which happen to reach the society before that time.

"I conclude with the hope that our present irregular synod may not prove only a bubble blown out with gases from the decomposing body of our Germania, but rather a decisive process of purification and amputation of everything rotten and corrupted, and a refining of the pure and noble conceptions upon which our society is founded.

"F. W. Nietzsche,

"*Secretary.*"

Ten additions were then made to the statutes and altogether the very best resolutions were formed for the future; but in spite of every effort the literary life and vigorous prosperity which the Germania had enjoyed, more particularly in the winter of 1861–62, could not be revived. In the summer holidays of 1863 the last synod of the Germania took place. The approach of the leaving examination, which for the friends Wilhelm and Gustav was to take place as early as the Easter of 1864, demanded the application of all their intellectual powers. Only Fritz, who on account of his having been transferred to Pforta had been put six months back in the school year, had a little more time at his disposal, and was therefore able, as we may see from the following list, to send his contributions regularly to the society until July, 1863. But he soon got tired of this one-sided arrangement, and at the above-mentioned meeting of the synod it was decided that the Germania should be laid to rest and not be resuscitated until the gay undergraduate life began.

List of Nietzsche's Contributions to the Germania from August, 1860 to September, 1862.

August, 1860:—Overture and Chorus to the Christmas Oratorio.
September, 1860 :—Journey in the Hartz Mountains.
October, 1860 :—Two Shepherd Choruses for the Christmas Oratorio.
November, 1860:—Two Choruses of the Prophets for the Christmas Oratorio.
January, 1861 :—Seven poems (overdue).
February, 1861:—The Annunciation for the Christmas Oratorio.
March, 1861 :—"The Childhood of Nations" (lecture before the synod).
April, 1861 :—Translation of Servian folk songs.
May, 1861 :—The Annunciation with fugue.
June, 1861 :—Chorus of Shepherds, Song of the Moors.
July, 1861 :—Ermanarich, literary historical sketch (lecture before the synod).

August, 1861 :—" Pain is the Fundamental Feature of Nature," a piece of music.
September, 1861 :—Concerning the Dante Symphony (lecture before the synod).
October, 1861 :—Autumn songs.
November, 1861 :—Servia (symphonic poem, Parts I. and II.).
December, 1861 :—Concerning Byron's dramatic works (lecture before the synod).
January, 1862 :—Napoleon III. as a President.
February, 1862 :—Three Hungarian sketches, musical pieces.
March, 1862 :—Siegfried, a poem.
April, 1862 :—Dates and history (lecture before the synod).
May, 1862 :—Ermanarich's death, poem.
June, 1862 :—Hungarian March, " A Hero's Plaint."
July, 1862 :—" The Days of Youth," a song.
August, 1862 :—" Be Still, my Heart," Hungarian sketch.
September, 1862 :—New poems.
October, 1862 :—" A Streamlet runneth through the Vale," a song.
November, 1862 :—" Kriemhild's Character according to the Nibelungen."
December, 1862 :—" Oh ! the Peal of the Bells on a Winter's Night," song.
January, 1863 :—" Faithless Love," song.
February, 1863 :—" Characteristic National Proverbs, etc.," treatise.
March, 1863 :—" On the Sea," poem.
April, 1863 :—" Concerning the Demoniacal Element in Music," Part I. (lecture before the synod).
May, 1863 :—Ditto, Part II.
June, 1863 :—" Two pages of criticism " (as secretary).

In this list I miss the mention of a certain lecture my brother gave before the synod about Hölderlin ; though it is possible that I am only thinking of a letter from Wilhelm Pinder, written with the object of recommending the purchase of Hölderlin's poems for the Germania, and which was therefore read aloud before the synod. My brother wrote an essay in the form of a letter based upon this communication of Pinder's, which in the autumn of 1861 he presented at Pforta as a piece of German compo-

sition. It is impossible to read this letter, which stands in the first Appendix to Vol. I of the large edition of this biography, without some emotion; for a good deal in it is very similar to what was said about my beloved brother in later years. It is true that his form master gave him fair second-class marks, but he added, "I should like to advise the author in a friendly way to turn his attention to a more healthy, a more lucid, and a more German poet."

The literary society, the Germania, had a very valuable influence over my brother's development. It was in this society that he was able to give expression to his deepest feelings without restraint, and for this reason nothing teaches us so much about his intellectual evolution as his essays and reports written for the Germania. Observe, for instance, the change in his views on music. How solemnly had not he expressed himself in favour of classical music as late as 1858. He himself, however, already sets important notes of interrogation to these remarks in 1860; the great revolution in his views must therefore have taken place in the interval. When the Germania was founded in July, 1860, it was decided that "the musical magazine *Die Zeitschrift fur Musik*" should be taken in; this was the only paper which at that time was an enthusiastic champion of Wagner and his work. A resolution was also passed to buy Wagner's *Tristan*. In the autumn of 1888 my brother writes in the memoirs of his youth, "From the moment that *Tristan* was arranged for the piano I was a Wagnerite." My own belief, however, is that my brother was a Wagnerite before this and that *Tristan* only brought his feelings to boiling point. I remember that the autumn holidays of 1862 were employed by my brother and his friend Gustav from morning till night in playing this arrangement for the piano. But as Gustav's father was entirely in favour of classical music these Wagner orgies were celebrated at our house. When Fritz asked me whether it was not

"wonderfully beautiful," I had to acknowledge that much to my regret the music did not appeal to me. I very much doubt, by-the-bye, whether the performance of these two youths would at this period have pleased anybody at all, for neither of them had as yet heard the opera, and therefore did not know how to bring out the melody properly from the superabundance of tone. They both made an incredible noise, and the sound of their powerful voices occasionally reminded one of the howling of wolves. The story goes that a certain deaf woman who lived opposite us anxiously rushed to her window, when she heard the fearful noises that seemed to have penetrated even her ears, because she thought there must be a fire somewhere.

It must not be thought, however, that the Germania list includes all my brother's private works and studies during his stay at Pforta—by no means. There were in addition innumerable poems, compositions and private essays of all sorts, which were written at this time. Unfortunately he destroyed a good many of these, but those that have survived prove very distinctly a point to which Raoul Richter calls attention in his lectures on Nietzsche, when he says that

> "many of the characteristic features of the later Nietzsche already existed in the germ in the Pforta days. This applies more particularly to his most original trait of always having *moods*, of watching them, and of being able to grasp and describe them, as the following sentences from an essay he wrote as a Sixth Form boy about moods (who in those days wrote about moods?) certainly proves: 'When I examine my own thoughts and feelings and hearken unto my own soul in dumb attention, I often feel as if I heard the buzzing and roaring of wild contending parties, as if there were a rustling in the air as when a thought or an eagle flies towards the sun' (Vol. I., p. 324), and these passionate or imaginary moods, the children of his will and temperament, already stand in opposition to those bright flashes of insight which are the offspring of a clear understanding. The discord between will and intellect, which

Nietzsche persistently attempted to harmonise, finds touching expression in one of the letters written to his sister: 'When for any length of time I am allowed to think what I choose, I seek words for a melody I possess, and a melody for words I possess, but the two together will not harmonise, despite the fact that they both come from one soul. But that is my fate!'"

I must now refer to other changes in this period which are also very characteristic of my brother. Until he reached the Upper Fifth Form he was, as I have already stated, an exemplary pupil, as can be proved by his report of the autumn of 1861, when he came out top of the first division of the Lower Fifth Form:

"Behaviour: Very good.
"Industry: Very good.
"Marks attained: Religion, very satisfactory; Latin, excellent; Greek, very satisfactory; Hebrew, satisfactory; German, very satisfactory; French, very satisfactory; Mathematics, satisfactory; History, very satisfactory.

"Corssen, Form Master."

The cause which turned this exemplary boy into a somewhat slack scholar it is now difficult to determine. It may have been due simply to the fact of his having reached a rather critical age in his development. The school was beginning to bore him. He was fostering the idea of devoting himself entirely to music; but in the meanwhile his mind was full of virgin forests and woodcutting, and constantly bewailed the steady jog-trot and the oppressive narrowness of his life at that time.

The extraordinary dissatisfaction with his surroundings which my brother now began to feel, first manifested itself towards the beginning of the year 1862. A rather amusing feature connected with it was the fact that our keen-sighted Aunt Rosalie associated this change in my brother with his passionate study of Shakespeare's works, which he had received for Christmas, 1861; but Byron might also have had something to do with it. Though we thought this idea rather far-fetched at the time, I must say

that I have often wondered since whether there was not a good deal of truth in it. Until that time he had read only one or two things from either of these authors. Now, however, these two spirits worked upon him with the whole power of their art, and maybe it was as early as this period that he began to feel that admiration for strong and free men about which he wrote to me twenty-two years later as follows: "Every form of strength is in itself refreshing and delightful to behold. Read Shakespeare: he presents you with a crowd of such strong men—rough, hard, mighty man of granite. It is precisely in these men that our age is so poor." The narrow limits of the school of Pforta were certainly not fitted to Shakespeare's broad outlook.

At all events, Shakespeare and Byron, whom he read with a schoolfellow called Granier, who had a turn for poetry, exercised a great influence over his own productions. Under the influence of these studies, both boys declared that their former literary productions were "milk-and-watery sentimentality." They now resolved, therefore, to write poetry and prose with more irony, strength and realism, and mutually to criticise each other's efforts. This period was but a short one and my brother used afterwards to declare with great cheerfulness that their compositions were very far from possessing any of the above qualities, but had been only puerile, coarse, and indecent. But, as he added with a laugh, they only possessed that innocent indecency which was modelled on the strongest expressions they could find in Shakespeare and Schiller. Granier seems to have gone to the greatest extremes in this respect; at least, when some time afterwards we were putting some old documents in order, my brother, with cheerful indignation, thrust all this youth's productions into the fire. But Fritz, too, made an effort to surpass himself in this direction, as the beginning of a story proves, which, in later years, his old schoolfellow Granier published without either explanation or permission. This period cannot be said to have

survived its earliest stage, for Fritz was quickly disgusted with this immature emulation of Shakespeare and soon characterised it as "loathsome and childish."

He plunged with passionate ardour, in those days, into interests which lay outside the school curriculum, more particularly music. He also sent a great many contributions to his literary society, the Germania, and his school-work naturally suffered in consequence.

Throughout my brother's life there was a struggle between his private scientific tastes and the technical demands made upon him, first by his school, then by his University and the special course of study pursued there, and lastly by his Professorship. This inner conflict is sometimes very strikingly apparent, while occasionally it seems entirely to disappear; for at all times he endeavoured to search so deeply into the branches of knowledge which his various positions imposed upon him, and so to extend their application, that he was able in the end to find, in some degree, a lively and warm satisfaction even in those studies which his duties entailed, and to convert them into a means of promoting and assisting his chief interests. Naturally such a dual task—the task of promoting his own most secret and private aspirations without neglecting his actual duties—exacted much strength and health. Now, whether he felt that his private studies were suffering through his efforts to overcome and adjust the foreign material he had absorbed, or whether he thought that his strength was not equal to the strenuous dual task, at any rate, he became possessed by a profound resentment towards that which was imposed upon him from outside. This period of dissatisfaction covers the months between the January and the autumn of 1862. Healthy and strong as he looked, he suffered a good deal during this time from colds, hoarseness and repeated attacks of eye-trouble and headaches. Of course with all these disturbances he was not able to work as well as usual, and this turned his heart against everything connected with the school.

The Fifth Form is proverbially the one in which the majority of boys begin to think themselves misunderstood. In my brother's case this feeling may have been even more acute than usual because, just at this time, his tutor in Pforta, Professor Buddensieg, to whom he had grown very much attached, fell ill and died. During his boyhood and youth my brother found it very difficult to make new friends, and, even when he succeeded, he only opened his heart and gave expression to the flood of thoughts that filled his mind, when his whole soul was possessed with love and he felt confident that his master was full of the best of goodwill towards him. But it took some time for him to reach this point, as he was far from being easily pleased. Before he would believe that any master was honestly well disposed towards him and recognised his gifts, the appreciation had to be shown very plainly indeed; but in a school like Pforta such an attitude on the part of a master was quite at variance with the educational principles of the establishment.

I believe that my brother was often falsely judged by his masters, although they were always very friendly to him; I was once told that they suspected him of some irony towards them—but this was quite a mistake. He was filled with the most enthusiastic admiration for their scientific researches, set great store by the severity and honesty of their methods, and spoke of them only in terms of deep reverence, especially of Corssen, Steinhardt, Keil, Koberstein, and Peter. He did not even attempt to pass judgment upon their weaknesses, whether great or small, but always let them pass; and it was obviously painful to him to discuss them at all. His deferential mind recoiled from coarse jokes about them; for as he says himself in *The Joyful Wisdom*, he was "a reverent animal."

Now this misunderstanding on the part of the masters makes a certain incident, which in itself was quite harmless, perfectly comprehensible. My brother relates the whole affair in a letter to our dear mother:

"Dear Mamma,—

"I am very sorry that I was unable to meet you at Almrich yesterday; but I was prevented from coming by being kept in. I will tell you the little story connected with it.

"Every week one of the newest Sixth Form boys has to undertake the duties of school-house prefect—that is to say, he has to make a note of everything in the rooms, cupboards and lecture-rooms, which requires repair, and to send up the list of observations to the inspection office. Last week I had this duty; but it occurred to me that I might make this rather boring task slightly less distasteful by the exercise of a little humour, and I wrote out a list, in which all my observations were clothed in the form of jokes. The stern masters who were very much surprised that any one should introduce humour into so serious a matter, summoned me to attend the synod on Saturday, and pronounced the following sentence: Three hours detention and the loss of one or two walks. If I could accuse myself of any other fault than that of thoughtlessness, I should be angry about it; but, as it is, I have not troubled for one moment about the matter, and have only drawn this moral from it: to be more careful in future what I joke about . . . ."

At first our mother took the matter quite lightly; later on, however, she seemed more serious about it, and gave expression to her second thoughts in a letter. Fritz replied with some irritation as follows:

"I cannot understand how you can for one moment worry yourself about the consequences of that incident, for you understood it perfectly well, as your letters to me have shown. Of course, I shall beware of such thoughtless behaviour in future; but it is useless to expect me to be miserable about the affair one moment longer. Let others see what they like in it. I know what was at the bottom of it, and I am perfectly satisfied. As I say, I have seldom felt in better spirits than at present, and my work advances splendidly. I have very varied and pleasant surroundings, and there is no question of anybody exercising any influence over me, for in order for that to happen I must first of all get to know people whom I feel to be my superiors. Even the cold weather is quite pleasant to me—in fact, I feel very well, and nurture no bitter feeling against anybody, not even against the masters. Maybe,

as masters, it was impossible for them to regard the matter in any other light, etc, etc."

This humorous weekly report was afterwards read in Berlin before the Pforta Old Boys' Club, to the general amusement of everyone present. I can myself remember some of the remarks to which exception had been taken, and they were extremely harmless; for instance: "In such and such a lecture-room the lamps burn so dimly that the boys are tempted to let their own brilliance shine."

"The forms of the Fifth Form room have recently been painted and manifest an undesirable attachment for those who sit upon them," etc.

The part of his letter in which my brother denies that his schoolfellows exercised any influence over him, was a mistake; for his companions did so in many, though, perhaps, superficial ways. My brother had a tendency to overestimate the value of his school friends and spoke of their gifts with extraordinary admiration. I know that in those days I used to feel that with these eminently superior youths, of whom my brother was able to say in terms of enthusiasm: "If only I were as gifted as so-and-so is, what should I not do!" an absolutely new order of the universe ought to begin. It was for this reason that his appreciation of himself came to consciousness, only when he was accused, as I have described above, of letting himself be influenced by one or other of his friends;—then he would rebel, discover to his own surprise that in spite of everything he remained very much himself, and expressed in vigorous language how fundamentally untouched he really was.

Much more painful and much more detrimental to his school career was the following incident, which struck him very deeply. In April, 1863, he wrote to our mother as follows:—

"Dear Mother,—

"If I write to you to-day it certainly is about one of the saddest and most unpleasant incidents that it has ever been

my lot to relate. For I have been very wicked, and do not even know whether you will or can forgive me. It is with a heavy heart and most unwillingly that I take up my pen to write to you, more particularly when I think of our pleasant and absolutely peaceful time together during the Easter holidays. Well, last Sunday I got drunk, and have no other excuse than this, that I did not know how much I could bear, and was rather excited that afternoon. When I returned I was taxed about the matter by Mr. Kern, one of the senior masters. He had me called before the synod on Tuesday, when I was degraded to the third division, and one hour of my Sunday walk was cancelled. You can imagine how depressed and miserable I feel about it, and especially at having to cause you so much sorrow for such a disgraceful affair, the like of which has never occurred in my life before. It also makes me feel very sorry on the Rev. Kletschke's account, who had only just shown me such unexpected confidence [he had just made Fritz his assistant]. Through this affair I have spoilt the fairly good position I succeeded in winning for myself last term. I am so annoyed with myself that I can't even get on with my work or settle down at all. Write to me soon and write severely, for I deserve it; and no one knows better than I, how much I deserve it.

"I do not need to give you any further assurances as to how seriously I have pulled myself together, for now a lot depends upon it.

"I had once again grown too cocksure of myself, and this self-confidence has now, at all events, been very unpleasantly disturbed.

"To-day I will go to the Rev. Kletschke and will have a talk with him. By-the-bye, do not tell anyone anything about it if it is not already known. Also please send me my muffler as soon as possible, for I am constantly suffering from hoarseness and pains in the chest. Now goodbye, and write to me very soon, and do not be too cross with me, dear mother.

"Your very sorrowful

"Fritz."

It is true that Fritz was very unhappy over what had happened. Certainly he had done nothing disgraceful during his drunkenness, and had only talked a little excited nonsense, stumbled about and fallen down; but the condi-

tion of a drunkard who loses all mastery over himself was repulsive to him. This experience was followed by a severe cold, and he had to spend a long time in the sick-room, during which he had more than enough leisure to think over the unfortunate affair. He writes in his next letter to our mother as follows: "I need not assure you any more that I have made the best resolutions for the future, that this last incident has set me thinking about many things, and that I have pondered more particularly over all that you have written to me, and allowed it to work upon my mind. I trust that my future behaviour will prove all this to you."

He eventually recovered his old spirit, looked courageously and confidently into the future, and began to concern himself about plans for his University career. In May, 1863, he writes: "Now, more than ever before, do I frequently think about my future; external and internal reasons seem to make it very vague and uncertain. I feel I might specialise in any subject if only I had the strength to cast all other interests from me. Write and tell me your views about this; I am pretty certain that I shall study hard; Oh! but if only bread-and-butter study were not everywhere in demand!"

Our mother seems to have written to tell him to worry less about the future than the present, but at the same time to bear practical ideas about the future in mind. To this Fritz replied:

> "As regards my future, it is precisely my practical doubts about it that concern me. The decision as to what subject I shall specialise in will not come of its own accord. I must, therefore, consider the question and choose, and it is precisely this choice which causes me so many difficulties. Of course it will be my endeavour to study thoroughly anything that I decide to take up, but it is precisely on this account that the choice is so difficult; for one feels constrained to choose that branch of study in which one can hope to do something complete. And how illusory such hopes often are: how often does one not allow oneself to be transported by a momentary

prepossession, or by an old family tradition, or by one's own personal wishes, so that the choice of a calling seems like a lottery in which there are a large number of blanks and very few prize numbers. Now I happen to be in the particularly unfortunate position of possessing a whole host of interests connected with the most different branches of learning, and though the general satisfaction of these interests may make a learned man of me, they will scarcely convert me into a creature with a vocation. The fact, therefore, that I must destroy some of these interests is perfectly clear to me, as well as the fact that I must allow some new ones to find a home in my brain. But which of them will be so unfortunate as to be cast overboard by me—perhaps just the children of my heart!"

In view of all this he once more resumed his general work and studies with particular eagerness. He again became the exemplary scholar of former days, and very soon regained the goodwill of his masters, which was expressed in excellent reports. Privy Councillor Volkmann, who was afterwards Rector of Pforta, but who in those days was only a junior master there, told me later that at this time the masters used to express their admiration of my brother's work among themselves. But Fritz was never allowed to suspect a word of all this, for Pforta was not a school for softness, and under no circumstances flattered its gifted scholars. If my brother was afterwards able to speak with such whole-hearted appreciation of the beneficial effect of a hard school upon young men, he always thought gratefully of good old Pforta in so doing. Twenty-four years later he wrote:

"The most desirable thing of all, however, is under all circumstances to have severe discipline *at the right time*, *i.e.*, at the age when it makes us proud that people should expect great things from us. For this is what distinguishes hard schooling from every other schooling, namely, that a good deal is demanded; that goodness, nay, even excellence itself, is required as if it were normal; that praise is scanty, that leniency is non-existent; that blame is sharp, practical, and has no regard to talent and antecedents. We are in every way

in need of such a school; and this holds good of physical as well as of spiritual things; it would be fatal to draw distinctions here! The same discipline makes the soldier and the scholar efficient; and, looked at more closely, there is no true scholar who has not the instincts of a true soldier in his veins."

CHAPTER IX

LAST YEARS AT SCHOOL

After all we have said and described, it may well be asked whether my brother in those days gave one the impression that he would one day develop into the man of worldwide renown he afterwards became. One or two of his friends have declared that he did, but I am always a little suspicious about these recollections of remote days, as one involuntarily judges early experiences by a much later standard. My mistrust of these testimonies, written in later years by intimate friends, was to some extent confirmed by the Memoirs of that schoolfellow of Fritz's named Garnier, to whom I referred in the last chapter. This boy ultimately became a doctor in Berlin, and lost sight of my brother from the time that he left Pforta until, as he himself declared ten years ago, he "saw him again in unexpected glory." Garnier then proceeds to give an account of his recollections of my brother:

"In Pforta, Nietzsche, as is well known, was an exceptionally good pupil. Mathematics, if I remember rightly, was the only subject in which he did not shine. He took no prominent position among his schoolfellows, because he was always so engrossed by his school-work, more particularly by classics, and his own particular studies. Among those who showed great intellectual activity he cannot be said to have played a leading part. This rôle fell to two other boys who died long before Nietzsche did. He showed no inclination to share in the noisy games that used to be played in the school garden, but with the rest of us he, as a Sixth Form boy, would readily walk to the village of Attenburg (Almrich) close by; he would not drink beer there, however, but greatly preferred chocolate. Even during his schooldays he was extremely shortsighted,

and his deep-set eyes had a peculiar gleam. His voice was at times very deep, but as a rule it was like his whole being, very gentle. The fact that he would one day accomplish the Transvaluation of all Values could not have been foreseen at that time."

Somewhat different is the evidence given by young Baron von Gersdorff, whom my brother afterwards described as "the friend of his heart"; and with whom he remained on intimate terms until his death. Gersdorff writes about his Pforta reminiscences as follows:

"I have unfortunately no written notes concerning my life at Pforta; nevertheless I still have the most vivid recollection of how very much Nietzsche attracted my attention as early as my days in the Lower Fifth Form, to which I was promoted at Easter, 1861. He was half a year ahead of me, so that we were never able to spend more than six months together in any one class. As an out-boy I lived with an old Professor, August Koberstein, the well-known literary historian, who also taught German in the Lower Fifth. On one occasion Nietzsche had quite of his own accord written a critico-historical essay on the Ermanarich saga, and had presented it to Koberstein. The latter was highly delighted with it, and was full of praise for the scholarship, the gift of construction, the penetration, and the excellent style of his pupil. As a rule, Koberstein did not talk much at meals; as, however, on this occasion, he expressed himself in such a delighted manner to me, I seized the opportunity of communicating what I had heard to Nietzsche. I did this the more readily, seeing that, as I have already pointed out, I had felt the very moment I entered the Lower Fifth that this schoolmate of mine was infinitely superior to the other boys in intellect and general bearing, and that one day he would do something great. This incident about Koberstein did not, however, lead at once to any intimacy between us; we only began to see and talk to each other frequently when we were both in the Sixth, and music played no small part in bringing us together. Every evening between 7 and 7.30 we used to meet in the music room. Never in my life shall I forget his impromptu playing. I should have no difficulty in believing that even Beethoven did not play extempore in a more moving manner than Nietzsche, more particularly when a storm was threatening."

Privy Councillor Paul Deussen notes in his Memoirs of Nietzsche:

> "What would have become of me if I had not had him it is difficult to say. It is true that it was in my nature to value—nay, to overvalue—everything great and beautiful, as well as to feel a corresponding contempt for everything which served only material ends. But the glowing spark was fanned into a flame of whole-hearted enthusiasm for everything ideal by my daily intercourse with Nietzsche, and was never to be extinguished even after my own road and that of my friend had diverged."

From these and other descriptions, this at least may be taken for granted, that my brother, even at this time, was the leader who conducted his friends to a whole host of interests of the most exalted kind. But I doubt whether even these companions ever dreamt of the power and force that the name of Nietzsche would one day have at the beginning of the twentieth century. This boy who was usually so correct and reserved, so tenderly and childishly subject to his mother, and so honestly depressed when he caused her sorrow, did not give one at all the impression of being an infant prodigy. Had I not preserved the greater part of the things he wrote in secret, a habit of mine which led to many a playful struggle between us, we too would now have to ask with surprise: where are the germs out of which the great philosopher and poet was afterwards to develop? But these writings, of which a small selection has been printed in the Appendix to the large edition of my biography of him, give far too eloquent a testimony. Nevertheless, the writings we actually possess constitute only a portion of all his compositions, as his notes prove. He often felt the wish to set down some sort of accurate statement about his private intellectual activities. Thus, for instance, we find him writing:

> "My musical efforts in the year 1863. In the first part of the year I played many of Beethoven's Sonatas and twelve of Haydn's Symphonies. Later: Schubert's Fantasia, *Divertisse-*

ment à l'Hongroise, Lebenstürme, the Pastoral Symphony, and above all, the Ninth Symphony.

"In January I composed 'In a Shady Nook' (melodramatic).

"In the summer holidays I wrote 'O! Laugh for Once.'

"In my mind I thought out the Allegro of a sonata to be played as a duet; this I forgot; also the Adagio of this piece, which I did not forget.

"In the Christmas holidays I composed 'A New Year's Eve,' for violin and piano.

"Wrote the following verses: 'Faithless Love,' 'Before the Crucifix,' 'On the Shore,' 'Sounds from Afar,' 'Above the Graves,' 'Now and Yesterday,' 'Now and Long Ago,' 'Rhapsody,' 'Homeward Bound,' five songs, 'An overture on a Rose Petal,' 'The Old Hungarian,' 'Fifty Years Ago,' 'Beethoven's Death.'

"In the Easter holidays I wrote: 'Concerning the Demoniacal Element in Music,' I. and II.

"In the summer holidays: Annotations to the 'Nibelungenlied.'

"In the Michaelmas holidays: Annotations to the 'Hildebrandslied.'

"Autumn, 1863: Essay on 'Ermanarich.'

"Read chiefly: Emerson, Bernhardy, 'A History of Literature,' Gervinus, Shakespeare, 'The Edda,' 'The Symposium,' 'The Technique of Drama,' 'The Nibelungen,' Lachmann, Tacitus' 'Tiberius,' 'The Clouds,' 'Plutus,' Æschylus, and works on him."

Two very amusing and rather surprising poems, called "Faithless Love," are to be found among these notes. From these poems one might suppose that my brother had some kind of love trouble at this period. But, as a matter of fact, these verses were composed, so to speak, through the soul of his friend, Paul Deussen. He took the most lively interest in a touching love affair of his friend's, and when the object of Deussen's passionate devotion was not able to wait for the Sixth Form boy, and got engaged to someone else, my brother was so strongly moved by his friend's sorrow (perhaps as a Sixth Form boy himself he felt that in his friend the dignity of the Sixth had been assailed), that he wrote the two poems "Faithless Love."

But Fritz seems to have come to the conclusion, not merely by means of similar experiences on the part of his friends, that the emotions which constitute the passion of love in addition to their bitterness, also include a good deal of sweetness. For instance, when the sister of one of his juniors, Anna Redtel, came to pay a visit to her grandparents the Backs, in Kösen, Fritz also lost his heart. She was a small, charming, ethereal girl from Berlin, very good-natured, cultured and musical. By the side of her my brother appeared a very big, broad-shouldered, vigorous, and rather solemn, stiff young man. His idea that we women are really delicate birds, very highly organised, and fragile creatures, may perhaps be traced to this first youthful love affair. Fritz played duets with Anna, dedicated verses and a musical rhapsody to her, and considered himself, I believe, very lucky to have fallen a victim for once to those feelings about which his schoolfellows made such a fuss.

Fritz was, moreover, very gratified that I should take the affairs of his heart and the moods that resulted from them so seriously. His love, however, never exceeded a rather moderate and poetical attachment. This was thoroughly in keeping with the fact that throughout his life he never once fell into the clutches of a great passion or of a vulgar love. His whole heart was absorbed by the world of knowledge, and for this reason everything else only aroused temperate feelings. Later in life, he was really sorry never to be able to reach the heights of a regular *amour-passion;* but any feelings he ever had for a woman were very soon transformed into a delicate and warm friendship, however bewilderingly beautiful the object of his attraction might be. It was with great surprise that he watched the passionate joy and the upheavals and ravages love caused among his friends. He was particularly sympathetic with unlucky lovers, whom he used to comfort in their moments of misfortune. When his friend Paul's affair took place, for instance, he tried

to console him with every kind of philosophical argument, and Deussen remembers to this day how they would walk together of an evening through Pforta's shadowy cloisters, while Fritz would seek to strengthen his friend by quoting all the comforting arguments which lay hidden in the dust of books and in the scholastic wisdom of the ancient Greeks and Romans. But he was never able completely to conceal his astonishment that love should be taken so seriously, and with a grave shake of the head he would always ask his friends, "Why all this for a little girl?"

The year 1864, at least until the autumn, was not so prolific in private work as former years had been, because Fritz's spare time was chiefly filled in preparing for his examination, and in getting together the material for the great work it was customary at Pforta, in those days, to produce on leaving the school. At the suggestion of Dr. Volkmann, who took a very friendly interest in my brother, for which the latter was very grateful, Fritz chose Theognis of Megara as the subject of his great Latin essay: *De Theognide Megarensi.* The treatment of this material was full of significance for my brother. Theognis, the moralist and aristocrat, who describes mob rule with contempt and spurns it from him, had interested and attracted him for many years, and was certainly the foundation upon which he afterwards built up his daring, original and proud edifice: the description of Greek culture as *he* understood it.

The last long school holidays arrived, and were to be devoted to preparing for the examination, and to the composition of the above-mentioned Latin essay; but it must not be supposed that they were entirely occupied in this way. Imagination does not allow itself to be chained by arbitrary fetters. Fritz describes his daily programme to Deussen as follows:

"On Monday, with much misgiving, I began my work, and on this day wrote seven large sheets. On the second day by the

evening I had written sixteen, on the third, twenty-seven. Is there not a fine progression in these figures: I.—7, II.—8, III.—9? Thursday and to-day I wrote the rest: altogether there are forty-two large narrow pages, which, when copied out, would easily make sixty or probably more. There is an introduction covering one page, and three chapters:

"I. *De Megarensium Theog. ætate rebus. De Theog. vita.*
"II. *De Theog. scriptis.*
"III. *Theog. de deis, de moribus, de rebus publicis opiniones examinantur.*

"Then follows a short conclusion. As to whether I am satisfied with it all—No! no! But I could hardly have done better, even if I had taken very much more trouble. One or two portions are tedious. Others are clumsy from the point of view of style. Here and there are passages which are far-fetched, as for instance, when I compare Theognis with the Marquis Posa.[1] All my previous notes about Theognis I have to a large extent copied out. I was awfully annoyed at having to copy out so much. I have given so many quotations from Theognis that certainly the greater part of the fragments are introduced into my work.

"Now hear how I spend my day. Early, but not too early, I get up and take coffee. Then I go to my room. A table stands there completely covered with books, for the most part lying open; there is also a comfortable grandfather chair, and I am dressed in my beautiful dressing-gown. I now proceed to write. At about one o'clock I join my mother and sister at table, drink hot water, play the piano a little, and have coffee. Then I write again. At six o'clock my tea and supper are taken to my room. I drink, eat and write. It gets dark. I get up and look at the clock; it is half-past eight. I dress quickly, and, leaving my room, hurry in the gathering gloom of the falling night into the Saale. This is cool and cold, and therefore refreshing: the river rushes on, everything else is still, while the mist and I lie on the water. The wind blows as I return; I am in thoroughly good spirits; up to the present I am not showing any evil results from my somewhat strained manner of life . . .

"My musical activity is confined to practising 'Gretchen,' the second part of the Faust Symphony (by Liszt of course).

[1] A character in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, who talks Liberalism.—TR.

Amazingly good and refreshing is this Gretchen. On the other hand Faust is too bombastic for me and Mephisto too grotesque and cranky.

"Melodies enter my head and vanish, for I have no time to work them out. I have also tried to write some verses, but nothing came of them. Now and again my sister sings a nice song to me.

"Moreover I am so peaceful and well looked after and so entirely master of my own time, that I have relegated my desire to be alone to the lumber-room of old fads. Much that is pleasant and cheerful occurs in life. These things broaden the spirit incalculably, much more than brooding isolation does."

Soon after this, when the great Latin work was finished, all kinds of poetically productive moods forced themselves to the top in spite of every obstacle, and discharged themselves in verses, poetical notes, and compositions. These holidays were on the whole very enjoyable, for Fritz and I eagerly studied music together and read good books, such as Emerson, with each other. But it would have been better if, instead of occupying himself with music and literature, Fritz had given more attention and industry during these weeks of freedom to the subject of mathematics. Yet even at this eleventh hour, when so much depended upon it, he could not bring himself to give any serious thought to this science, which he had neglected throughout almost the whole of his school career. His indifference in this respect only vanished when he had done his written work. As it was, if Fritz had not done extraordinarily well in three of the principal subjects upon which he was examined, he would have failed in his leaving examination, owing to his total indifference to and dislike for mathematics. I was afterwards told of painful scenes which occurred in the master's synod, when the mathematical master, Professor Buchbinder, gave vent to a long and bitter complaint over Nietzsche's indifference to mathematics. He was, however, interrupted by the famous Corssen, with the following sarcastic question:

"Perhaps you would like us to plough the most gifted pupil that Pforta has ever had as long as I can remember?" Whereupon the mathematical master ceased his plaint, as Corssen's question was supported by a murmur of indignation from the most important members of the staff. My brother however, could not be excused the oral examination.

But at last even that was over, and on the 4th of September in a state of blissful joy he fell suddenly into our arms with the words: "Got happily through. Oh, the glorious days of freedom have come!"

It is the custom in Pforta for a pupil before leaving the institution, once more to give an account of his life, and to leave this written statement behind him. Accordingly Fritz, before quitting the narrow walls of Pforta to enter the new and strange world, looked back again upon the experiences through which he had passed. For us as well it is a recapitulation of everything we have already described. We have seen upon what things he laid the greatest stress, but we are forced at the same time to feel some surprise at the somewhat superior tone he allows himself in this essay. It reveals that in Pforta he suffered more, inwardly, from many an incident than appearances led us to suppose:

"My Life.

"The objects of a description of one's life are exceedingly multifarious, and therefore demand very different kinds of treatment. In the present case it is a matter of bequeathing to a school, to whose influence I owe the greatest and most characteristic part of my intellectual growth, a picture of precisely this intellectual evolution. And this I have to do at a moment when I am on the point of giving my mind a new direction, and am on the eve of a fresh development, through leaving behind me a method of existence to which I have grown accustomed, in order to enter a new life in broader and higher spheres of culture.

"Of the turning points in my life, which divide it into definite parts, I must refer more particularly to two: the death of my father, the country parson of Röcken near Lützen, and the consequent removal of our family to Naumburg, an event

which closes my first five years of life; and secondly my transfer from Naumburg Grammar School to Pforta, which took place in my fourteenth year. Of my earliest childhood I know little, and what I have been told about it I do not feel inclined to repeat. In any case I certainly had excellent parents, and I am convinced that precisely the death of such a splendid father, whereas on the one hand, it deprived me of paternal help and guidance, on the other laid the germ of seriousness and contemplation in my soul. It is possible that it was a misfortune for me that my whole development was not superintended by a manly eye, and that curiosity and perhaps, too, the thirst for knowledge led me into the most confusing variety of paths to culture. This was what might have been expected in the case of a youthful mind which had scarcely left the parental nest, and whose spirit was confused by manifold interests which jeopardised the foundations of sound learning. Thus the whole period of my life between my ninth and fifteenth year is characterised by a thirst for general knowledge, as I used to call it; on the other hand childish games were not neglected but pursued with such doctrinaire eagerness that I used to write little books about almost every one of my games, and would lay them before my friends for their edification. Through an accidental inspiration I began, when I was nine years old, to take a passionate interest in music, and started composing as well almost immediately, if one may be allowed to call the efforts of an excited child to transfer chords and sequences of tones to paper, and to sing Biblical texts with a fanciful pianoforte accompaniment, "composing." I also wrote dreadful poems, but always with the greatest zeal. Nay, I even drew and painted.

"When I reached Pforta I had dabbled to some extent in every science and art, and felt an interest in almost every subject, except perhaps such sciences as were a little too exact, and tedious mathematics. In the course of time, however, I began to feel a certain repulsion to this erratic wandering over all the departments of knowledge; I wished to force upon myself some definite limits, in order to be able to probe individual subjects more deeply and thoroughly. I was able to carry this desire into effect by means of a little scientific club which I formed with two friends who shared my views, for the purpose of promoting our development. The monthly contribution of essays and compositions, and the

criticism passed upon them, as well as the quarterly meetings, forced our minds to consider smaller but more stimulating branches of knowledge, and also helped us to combat the detrimental effect of mere impromptu playing by the thorough study of harmony and counterpoint.

"At the same time my devotion to classical studies grew by leaps and bounds. I have the most delightful recollections of my first impressions of Sophocles, Aeschylus and Plato, more particularly in my favourite dialogue, 'The Symposium,' and also of Greek lyricists. In this striving to attain to a greater profundity of knowledge I still find myself engaged to-day, and it is quite natural that I should think as little of my own productions as of those of others, because, in almost every subject to be treated, I always find either a background which defies investigation or one which it is very difficult to investigate. If I might mention the only work written during my schooldays with which I was almost satisfied, it would be my essay on the Ermanarich Saga. Now that I am on the point of going to the University I regard the following law for my further advance in knowledge as absolutely binding: to combat my tendency towards the detrimental acquirement of many subjects, and also to encourage and promote my taste for probing a matter to its uttermost depths, and for tracing it to its remotest causes. Should these tendencies seem to cancel one another, this would certainly be no objection in some cases, and I sometimes see in myself some such phenomenon. In my fight with the former and my hope to promote the latter I trust I may triumph."

His leaving certificate gives a general survey of all his achievements; the attention of the reader is called more particularly to the galaxy of famous and scholarly names which are written beneath it.

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY

for

the scholar of the Royal School of Pforta,

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE,

Born in Röcken on the 15th of Oct., 1844.

Religion: Protestant (*Evangelical*).

Son of the late Pastor Nietzsche, under the guardianship of the lawyer Dächsel, of Sangerhausen.

He was six years in the Royal School, of which he spent two in the Sixth Form.

I. General Behaviour and Industry.

After having during the middle of his career at the school roused some indignation by various breaches of the school rules, he has kept himself free from reproach throughout the latter part of his stay at Pforta, and earned the universal commendation of his masters by his seriousness and intelligence. He has also succeeded in maintaining a very praiseworthy attitude toward his schoolfellows. In addition to this he has always shown a particularly active and lively desire to increase his scientific knowledge, more especially in the study of languages. In mathematics, on the other hand, it must be confessed that he was often deficient in application and regular industry.

II. His Knowledge and Accomplishments.

(a) *Religion.*

In class he showed an active and lively interest in the Christian doctrine of Salvation; in this subject he acquired knowledge with ease and certainty, and united it with a good understanding of the original text of the New Testament, which he could, moreover, discuss with clearness. He is therefore given *excellent;* for, even in the oral examination, he gave excellent answers.

(b) *German Language.*

The work he did for examination, both in thought and style, was very successful, and his school compositions during the last few years were of a quality that permits us to characterise his proficiency in style as *excellent*. In the history of literature and in the Introduction to Philosophy he has acquired *good* knowledge.

(c) *Latin.*

He shows wonderful skill in the translation of the classics, and his Latin composition is correct, clear, and good; so that although his oral examination left something to be desired he is nevertheless given *excellent* in this subject. In Latin conversation he also shows considerable proficiency.

(d) *Greek.*

Seeing that he always showed a very praiseworthy interest in the subject in class, to which an extraordinary essay, written

for examination, on a Platonic theme, bears witness, both in his written and oral examination he was accorded the comment of having *good* knowledge.

(e) *French.*

Satisfactory on the whole.

(f) *Hebrew.*

Owing to his deficient knowledge of the grammar he is at present not very proficient in this language.

(g) *Mathematics.*

As he has never shown any regular industry in mathematics, he has always gone backwards, so to speak, both in his written and in his oral work in this connection ; so that he cannot even be called *satisfactory* in this subject, and this deficiency on his part was only balanced by his excellent results in German and Latin.

(h) *History and Geography.*

He showed great interest in class for these subjects, but his knowledge is not very thorough. *Satisfactory.*

(i) *Natural Sciences.*

Satisfactory.

(k) *Drawing.*

He attended the drawing class for a short time only. He did nothing satisfactory there.

As he is now on the point of leaving the Royal School of Pforta in order to enter the University of Bonn for the study of

Philology and Theology

we grant him the certificate of

Proficiency

and wish him farewell with the hope that by the aid of serious and thorough industry he will one day achieve something really creditable in his calling.

Pforta, 7th September, 1864.

The Royal Examination Commission.

Daneil, Privy Councillor, and Peter, Niese, Koberstein, Steinhart, Jacobi, Keil, Buchbinder, Corssen, Kern, Kretzschmer, Kletschke, Volkmann, O. Benndorf.

On the 7th September Fritz, together with eight of his schoolfellows, left Pforta for good. In accordance with an old custom, he addressed a few solemn words to those whom the inmate of Pforta had to thank for his sojourn in that excellent institution, namely, God, the King, Pforta, and the respected Masters; finally he took his leave of his schoolmates:

> "What can I say to you, my dear schoolfellows, and to you particularly, my dear friends, now that I am going to leave? You can understand that the plant which is torn from its native soil can strike new roots only with great difficulty and very slowly in a strange soil: shall I be able to tear myself from you? Shall I ever be able to accustom myself to another environment?
>
> "Think of me: be sure that I shall know when you think of me. Fare ye well!"

At the door, the carriage covered with garlands and with its gaily-clothed postillions was waiting, surrounded by a crowd of schoolfriends. Every detail was just as Fritz had described it five years previously, in his diary, but this time he himself was one of those who with tear-stained eyes bade farewell to the old familiar scene. His heart beating with emotion, he stands on the threshold which is to lead from narrowness and confinement to self-reliant freedom.

PART III

STUDENT LIFE, 1864—1869

CHAPTER X

BONN

My brother spent the first part of the happy time following his departure from Pforta in the company of his friend Paul Deussen, with us at Naumburg. These weeks were one long spell of cheerfulness and high spirits, and even the grief we felt at parting with our Fritz, and at letting him go to Bonn so far away from us, really found expression only when he had gone. Feeling that he was somewhat of a stranger to the practical world, my brother resolved to keep his eyes open, and to note everything of importance—even down to the matters of eating and drinking. And in this resolve he was keenly supported by our mother. His letters show that he carried out this plan. In pious Elberfeld, for instance, he observes that the devout girls are less beautiful than the smart young women; he also comments upon the differences of diet, and when finally he reached the house of his friend's parents, in the village of Oberdreis (Westerwald), he declares that his knowledge of the life and customs of the people is growing richer and that he is observing everything,—their peculiarities, their occupations, their husbandry, etc. He describes the people whom he has met, and writes with particular warmth about Deussen's mother: "I should like you more especially to know Frau Deussen; she is a woman of such culture, refinement of feeling and speech, and of such activity, as is seldom met with. People of the

most different natures are unanimous in their praise of this woman."

After leaving us at Naumburg, and before going to Oberdreis, the two friends made a very enjoyable tour down the Rhine, which Deussen describes so brightly in his Memoirs. A third person, a distant relative of Deussen's, called Ernst Schnabel, had joined the couple on this tour.

> "Witty, highly intellectual, and lively to excess," thus does Deussen describe him; "but also frivolous to the tips of his fingers—this was the Ernst Schnabel who joined our touring party, and he knew how to lead us into many a mad adventure. The three of us went to Königswinter, and, drunk with wine and friendship, we allowed ourselves, despite our limited means, to be persuaded to hire horses and to ascend the Drachenfels. It was the only time I ever saw Nietzsche on horseback. He was in the sort of mood in which a man takes more interest in the ears of his mount than in the beauty of the scenery. He would persist in measuring them, and declared that he could not be quite certain whether he was riding a horse or a donkey. We behaved more madly, however, late in the evening. The three of us strolled through the streets of the little town, in order to serenade the girls whose presence we suspected behind the windows. Nietzsche was whistling and cooing, 'Pretty darling, pretty darling,' Schnabel was talking all sorts of nonsense to a poor Rhenish lad who begged for a night's shelter, and I stood by absolutely at a loss to make head or tail of the new situation; when, suddenly, a man burst out into the street from a neighbouring door, and drove us away with a volley of abuse and threats. As if in expiation of this event, which, by-the-bye, was quite exceptional, on the following day we gathered in the music-room of the 'Berliner Hof,' ordered a bottle of wine, and purified our souls with Nietzsche's wonderful improvisations. At last we all reached my parents' house in Oberdreis, and here, for weeks, we enjoyed the simple life in the pure mountain air of the Westerwald, surrounded by my parents, brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances, who kept coming and going, and filling the country parsonage with animation. On the 15th October we celebrated my mother's and Nietzsche's birthday, and then crossed over the hills of the Westerwald into the valley of the Rhine to Neuwied, where a steamer took us to Bonn in a few hours."

On the following day my brother writes: "It is from Bonn, from my rooms in Bonn, that you have news of me for the first time; and I send it to you full of good cheer and bright hopes, as well as with the deepest gratitude; for it was your hands which, in the most charming way imaginable, delighted my first hours in my new world, it was your dear wishes and prayers which consecrated my entry into a life of greater independence."

He then describes the last days of his stay at the friendly parsonage, as also the journey to Bonn, and finally makes a statement of the absolutely necessary expenses which awaited him. The most indispensable and ordinary things, such as rent, hire of piano, breakfast, lunch and supper, washing and boot cleaning, amounted to 75 marks a month; my brother's guardian had, however, fixed 90 marks as the total of expenses for the month—a sum with which it would have been impossible for my brother to manage. My brother's guardian ultimately granted him 120 marks, which, in those days, was a very decent allowance for monthly expenses; but although Fritz certainly spent less in eating and drinking than other students, the satisfaction of his artistic tastes, his little journeys, his music and his visits to the theatre, must have cost him more than most of the men. In his early days, too, he was very unpractical, and thus it happened that in the end he spent half as much again as he was allowed. At last, towards the end of the first Session, there was a deal of grumbling on both sides, and in his letters he complained that all correspondence was quite spoilt for him by these money troubles. His desire was to write us only pleasant and stimulating letters. Later on his chief cause of annoyance was the expense into which he was dragged in connection with a certain club he had joined. It was with joy and deliberation that he first took this step which, subsequently, was to cause him such deep regret; and on the whole he was very satisfied with the first six months

of it. At the end of October he wrote to us about it for the first time, as follows:

"Dear Mamma and Lizzie,—

"After bowing in all directions in the most courteous way possible, I introduce myself to you as a member of the German Students' Association, the Franconia.

"I can see you already shaking your heads in the most curious manner, and giving vent to exclamations of astonishment. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of an extraordinary nature involved in this step, and I cannot therefore take this attitude amiss in you. For instance, at about the same time as I joined the Franconia, seven Pforta fellows became members as well; indeed, but for two men, the whole association consists exclusively of Pforta men, who came together in Bonn; and among them there are several who are in their fourth year. Let me name a few whom you will know: Deussen, Stöckert, Haushalter, Töpelmann, Stedtefeld, Schleussner, Michael, and myself.

"Of course I have given the step careful thought, and, taking my tastes into consideration, have concluded that it is almost a necessity for me. We are, for the most part, all philologists as well as lovers of music. A generally interesting tone prevails in the Franconia, and the older members have pleased me mightily.

"My experiences on all sides have until now been of a particularly gratifying and delightful nature. A few days ago I paid a visit to the Musical Director Brambach, with the view of becoming a member of the local Choral Society. I have made an excursion to Rolandseck. It is a beautiful part of the country, and we spent a few lovely days there. Yesterday the Franconians went to Plittersdorf, where a fair was in full swing; there was plenty of dancing and new wine was drunk at a peasant's house. In the evening, in the company of a Franconian of whom I am particularly fond—my special chum—I walked back along the Rhine to Bonn. The hills sparkled with the lights of the vintagers. You cannot imagine how beautiful everything is."

Whether the step of joining the Students' Association was really deeply considered or not may be to some extent doubted; but I cannot admit that it was a sudden inspira-

THE "FRANCONIA" STUDENT CORPS IN BONN UNIVERSITY. SUMMER, 1865.
(Nietzsche in the middle, leaning on his hand.)

tion, as Deussen says it was. Even before he left for Bonn, Fritz had discussed with his guardian the *pros* and *cons* in regard to joining an association of the kind in question. And on this occasion he referred to the very same reasons in favour of the step as occur in the letter quoted above. For what he wanted was to know life, and not only life as he found it within the narrow circle of his friends, but the life of the world. To this end he thought that the Students' Association, with the variety of young men it contained, hailing from all the four corners of Germany, would surely help him. And, as we see from all the letters he sent us during this period, at first he entered into the student life in a thoroughly ingenuous manner. It is true that the gorgeous months of autumn, with all the festivities they entailed, were particularly fitted to shed a certain poetical glamour over the life of the association, and somewhat to dazzle a romantic young nature for a while. This is the description he sent me of "the incomparable days" of an inaugural festival:

"I write this the first thing in the morning after having just torn myself from bed, thus flatly disproving the notion that I may have a thick head. Maybe the expression 'thick head' conveys nothing to your mind. Yesterday we had a great drinking bout and sang the solemn *Landesvater*,[1] and there were endless torrents of punch; guests from Heidelberg and Göttingen; several professors were invited, among whom Schaarschmidt was one, and they all made very nice speeches. Deussen made an excellent freshman's speech, and innumerable telegrams were received from all corners of the globe and all the Students' Associations, Vienna, Berlin, etc. We numbered over forty men; the public-house was beautifully decorated. I made a very pleasant acquaintance in Dr. Deiters, who is a passionate friend of Schumann. We promised to visit each other; so I have at last found a thorough connoisseur of music. The festival yesterday was of a very splendid and elevating nature. On such evenings, believe me, there is a general spirit of enthusiasm which has little in common with

[1] An old German student's song protesting loyalty to the reigning prince.—TR.

the mere conviviality of the beer-table. This afternoon we are all going to march through the High Street in parade garb, and there will be a good deal of shouting and singing. Then we go by steamer to Rolandseck, where we have a big dinner in the Hotel Croyen; but what will come after that is left to our own free choice. The bout began on the evening of the day before yesterday; we drank until two o'clock in the morning, assembled yesterday at 11 a.m. for a morning pint, then went on the spree in the market-place, and had lunch and coffee together at Kley's. You observe that the activity and the strain is great—and I am quite right in saying with lofty consciousness that I have not got a thick head. . . .

"This morning I continue the letter, and you will thus have a complete description of our drinking bout. The weather has been beautiful; our march out, headed by a fine hussar band, attracted great attention; the Rhine was a beautiful blue, and we took wine with us on board. As we reached Rolandseck a salute of guns was fired in our honour. We then feasted until about six o'clock; we were extraordinarily merry, and sang many an original and ingenious song. Outside twilight had come; the moon lay on the Rhine and illuminated the peaks of the Siebengebirge, which loomed hazily through the blue mist. After the meal I sat by Gassmann, who is the editor of the *Beer Journal* and the head of the commissariat, and is probably the most interesting man in the Franconia; we remained faithful to the good old Rhine wine while the others drank champagne punch. The neighbourhood round about is really worthy of three notes of exclamation, more particularly the little island of Nonnenwörth, on which there is a girls' school; and behind towers the Drachenfels, that great perpendicular wall of rock. The spot gives me the impression of profound repose."

As a matter of fact the whole of student life was somewhat foreign to my brother's tastes, and in his lectures on *The Future of our Educational Institutions* he admirably described the extraordinary state in which he spent the year 1864—1865:—

"Let us now imagine ourselves in the position of a young student—that is to say, in a position which, in our present age of bewildering movement and feverish excitability, has

become an almost impossible one. It is necessary to have lived through it in order to believe that such careless self-petting and comfortable indifference to the moment, or to time in general, are possible. In this condition I, and a friend of about my own age, spent a year at the University of Bonn on the Rhine—it was a year which, in its complete lack of plans and projects for the future, seems almost like a dream to me now—a dream framed, as it were, by two periods of growth. We two remained quiet and peaceful, although we were surrounded by fellows who in the main were very differently disposed, and from time to time we experienced considerable difficulty in meeting and resisting the somewhat too pressing advances of the young men of our own age. Now, however, that I can look upon the stand we had to take against these opposing forces, I cannot help associating them in my mind with those checks we are wont to receive in our dreams, as, for instance, when we imagine we are able to fly and yet feel ourselves held back by some incomprehensible power."

My brother's time in Bonn did indeed resemble that state of sleep and dreaminess in which one is continually asking how one can possibly have entered this strange imbroglio, though one does not cease from striving to adapt oneself to one's conditions. I do not think my brother gave people the impression at that time of a man who was some day to rise so very much above his contemporaries. No, he was a student like the rest, whose ambition was to be a full-fledged member of his class, as his letters of the period prove. But as our best powers are said to develop unconsciously in sleep, it may be that this year, in which his real personality was to some extent slumbering, was very beneficial to him. It is true that later on he thought differently about his "lost year" as he called it.

Fritz originally matriculated in theology and philology; he himself was from the first quite resolved to devote himself to philology alone, and it was only to please our mother that he also entered for the Divinity Degree, in order to attend lectures on that subject. But he gratified

his deepest tastes at Ritschl's and Jahn's lectures; and in addition to this he attended Springer's discourses on the History of Art, Sybel on History, and Schaarschmidt on Philosophy. As he had, with the view of entertaining us, sent us many details about his eventful and enjoyable life as a student, our good mother began to think it necessary to write to him some words of admonition, in which she counselled him to attend to his studies. He sent a very indignant reply to this letter, and expressed surprise that we could possibly have suspected him of neglecting his work under the stress of the gay student life, which was already beginning to prove irksome to him. It was certainly not his intention that the Students' Association should hinder him from pursuing his principal studies; but that it ultimately did so cannot be doubted.

In any case he took advantage of his stay in Bonn to attend as many concerts and theatres there and at Cologne as he could possibly afford. And he was very lucky, for he heard the most famous singers and actresses of the period. For instance, he heard Patti in a wonderful concert, then Bürde-Ney in her principal parts in *The Huguenots* and *Oberon*, etc. He also saw Seebach in a series of her most beautiful parts, and finally Friederike Grossmann in several little comedies. "We Franconians," he writes, "were naturally in love with her to a man, shouted her songs of an evening at the beer table, and would drink general toasts in her honour."

During this winter he gave a good deal of his time, privately, to the study of Schumann, whose *Manfred* he had received as a Christmas present from our Aunt Rosalie. This conduced greatly to cheering his lonely Christmas holidays, as he suffered rather severely from homesickness. In addition to sharing the general appreciation of Schumann, Bonn, where the musician lies buried, showed a particular local enthusiasm for this magnificent composer, and thus my brother heard a good deal of excel-

lent Schumann music this winter; and, as the spirit of his compositions of this period shows, it seems to have influenced him. For instance, he sent us as a Christmas present eight charming musical settings to poems by Petöfi and Chamisso, which are all stamped with the character of Schumann's music:

"Glad and Gladder," by Chamisso.
"The Tempest," by Chamisso.
"To all Eternity," by Petöfi.
"Faded," by Petöfi.
"She Beckons and Bows," by Petöfi.
"The Child with the Extinguished Candle," by Chamisso.
"A Serenade," by Petöfi.
"An Epilogue," by Petöfi.

In the letter accompanying this present on the 20th December, 1864, he wrote:

"My dear Mamma and Lizzie,—

"I should like you not to open the parcel until Christmas Eve, so that you may have a little surprise, maybe only a disappointment. All I ask you to do, is not to expect too much. I give you the best I am capable of, but that is not much. You will be able to appreciate at least the pains and industry expended on the work. During its production I thought continually of you, and wished only that I might be with you to witness your joy over it.

"'But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.'

Thus saith Ferdinand in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and thus say I: refreshing labours and laborious refreshment!

"What should I give you, if not a part of myself—something in which I see myself reflected? That is why I have stuck the silhouette of my present self on the outside of the gift, so that you may want to hold it in your hands, and to do so frequently. You already perceive that I speak with a certain touch of vanity about my little work, and yet it will have completely failed of its object if it does not please you."

This present, which he had written out most carefully, and which he had had bound in lilac-coloured morocco,

pleased us beyond bounds, and on Christmas Eve I played and sang one or two of the songs. Fritz thought that I would practice them in order to be able to sing them to him in the Easter holidays, and with the manuscript he therefore sent a few directions in regard to expression.

"The easiest to sing is 'The Child with the Extinguished Candle.' It should be sung as tenderly, as simply, and ingenuously as possible. The same applies to the last song, which must also be sung simply, and with much lofty resignation. It ought to please you. Do not forget that the passages 'in a beautiful, wild and secluded spot of the woods' and 'and finally to perish with her,' should be sung full, loftily and grandly. The 'Serenade' is low in compass, the accompaniment is a little more difficult, the melody is easily sung. The 'Tempest,' by Chamisso, will please you; play and sing it seriously, mournfully, and with determination until the middle verse, which presents a contrast to that which precedes and follows it. 'She Beckons and Bows' allows of full crescendo chords being struck, and of giving the voice endless modulation. 'Faded!' is similar but easier. The conclusion is frigid; I wonder whether you will notice that. The best and also the most difficult songs are 'Glad and Gladder' and 'To all Eternity!' The first must be sung with energy, a little flourish, and some grace, the other with great passion. Take the middle verse more slowly. For the song to please, the accompaniment must be played to perfection."

Later on these directions were the occasion for many a joke, more particularly when I sang "The Tempest" to him "seriously, mournfully, and with determination," until we both cried with laughing. As a matter of fact my delicate, fair, rosy, and smiling appearance, in those days, was ill-suited to such a mood. After all our joking, however, Fritz always insisted, "but your inner being, your soul, could easily sing seriously and with determination, even if it could not do so mournfully."

In the winter of 1864—1865 his life as a student bore a marked musical stamp, and music was to some extent a counterpoise to a good many coarse and unsympathetic features of which he soon began to be conscious in the life

of the Association. His nickname at his club was "*Ritter Gluck*,"[1] and he was entrusted with the direction of many a little musical performance organised by the Franconia. Thus he writes to us:

> "I pass here among the students, etc., for something of a musical authority, and as a queer customer besides, as, by-the-bye, all Pforta old boys in the Franconia are. I am not disliked at all, even though I am thought a little scornful and ironical. This estimate of my character according to the opinions of other people will not be without interest to you. For my part I must add that I do not agree to the first particular, that I am frequently unhappy, and that I have too many moods and am rather inclined to be a nagging spirit (*Quälgeist*), not only to myself but also to others."

I have often been asked what my brother could have meant by this word "*Quälgeist*," and it was only long afterwards that I realised what he wished to imply by this expression —namely, that he had been somewhat of a thorn in the side to his friends. He always urged them to demand the highest of themselves, and to attain it. To be content with oneself, and to fold one's arms complacently in the midst of one's strivings, was an abomination to him; or rather, it was incomprehensible to him, and made him impatient and, at times, unjust. He was always seeking out that speciality in which he thought they would be able to distinguish themselves best, and thus he tormented both them and himself. Let anyone read his letters to Deussen during the period of student life; and see how discomforting he could be as a friend —or at least, as long as he thought his fellow-student was on the wrong road.

At Easter Fritz came to Naumburg for the first time as a student. I can still see him vividly as he stood there, a picture of health and strength. He was broad-shouldered and brown-skinned, with very thick chestnut hair, and exactly the same height as Goethe—a fact which we proved by the measurements in the Goethe house at Frankfort; but his body was perfectly proportioned, whereas Goethe's

[1] Literally: Knight Gluck.—Tr.

trunk was too long in comparison with his legs. Like Goethe, Fritz also possessed the quality of appearing taller than he really was. His dignified and erect bearing was the cause of this illusion. The holidays were long and enjoyable, but their tenor was not as even as it had been of old. In the interval Fritz had developed extraordinary self-reliance; in his inmost soul, of course, he had always been self-reliant, much more so than one would have thought from his kindly and courteous nature. Now, however, his independence of spirit came prominently to the fore, and this led to many differences of opinion with our good mother. (The differences of opinion were chiefly in the sphere of religion, of which more details will be given later.) From that time forward she was continually beset by the fear that we were both too independent and too inclined to be idealistic, and she did all in her power to bring our minds back to the practical aspect of things, and to make us respect the opinions of other people. After the holidays Fritz apologised for the fact that he had often asserted his convictions with too much warmth. This may perhaps have been so from time to time, in spite of his excellent and courteous manners, but he had much too much humour not to give a cheerful tone even to these differences of opinion.

I can still remember one of Fritz's jokes at this period. In Naumburg a sort of fair was being held, which had played a prominent part in our childhood, and for the sake of old times we went to have a look at it for a little while. There was a man in a certain corner selling red and green balloons; a gust of wind came, and the man did his utmost to keep his light-winged goods from flying away. "Our dear mother," Fritz whispered to me with a smile. At this moment the wind wrenched many of the strings out of the man's hands, and one or two of the red balloons soared high into the air and vanished.

"That which would fly, flies indeed!" Fritz cried, delighted at the happy omen.

Until Easter, 1856, my brother was studying theology and philology at Bonn; but during the following summer term, he studied only the latter subject. As his tastes, even in the late Pforta days, had been always on the side of philology, he had paid attention to theology only in so far as he felt drawn to it by its philological interest. Towards the beginning of 1869, he writes: "My studies, in which I often used to take refuge with all my heart, were strenuously directed towards the philological side of Gospel criticism and to the investigation of the sources of the New Testament; for at that time I imagined that history and its researches were able to return a direct answer to certain religious and philosophical questions." It was at this period, as he said later, that "like every young scholar, with the cautious slowness of a cunning philologist," he "ruminated over *The Life of Jesus*, the work of the incomparable Strauss."

It will readily be understood that, by means of these critical studies, he soon left our mother's Christian standpoint far behind, and that he consequently declined to go with us to Communion during the Easter Festival. There was a stormy discussion, which reduced our dear mother to tears, but to which an end was soon put by our dogmatic and well-informed Aunt Rosalie. She explained that in the life of every great theologian there had been moments of doubt, and that it was much better at such moments to avoid anything in the way of a discussion. This made things quite clear to our mother, and she therefore expressed the wish that no further mention should be made of all these spiritual difficulties, and also promised that Fritz should not be compelled to do anything to which he could not persuade his conscience.

The religious and philosophical views which my brother had expressed during these Easter holidays began, however, after a while to trouble me a good deal. I therefore resolved to pay a visit to two of my pious uncles who were parsons, in order "to allow myself to be re-confirmed in my

faith" as I said somewhat childishly. I informed my brother of my troubles; for I was too modest to take it for granted that views which in his opinion were great, fine and glorious, must be the same for me. Fritz's estimate of me was not so modest; but what he was least able to grasp was, how extremely difficult it was for me to differ in opinion from the brother whom I respected above everything. He writes:

"Dear Lizzie,—

"After such a charming letter, full of girlish poetry, as your last to me, it would be wrong and ungrateful to keep you waiting any longer for a reply.

"In the first place, however, I must refer to a passage in your letter which was written with as great a dash of the parson as of the Lama's heart. Do not worry yourself, dear Lizzie. If your will is as good and as decided as you say it is our dear uncles will not have much trouble. As to your fundamental principle that the truth is always on the side of the most difficult things, I may say that I more or less agree with you. By-the-bye, it is difficult to believe that twice two are not four; but is it therefore truer?

"On the other hand is it really so difficult simply to accept everything to which one has been brought up, everything which has gradually struck deep roots into one's being, which passes for truth not only amongst one's relatives but also in the minds of many good men, and in addition to this, really comforts and elevates man? Is it more difficult to do this than to fight with habit and custom, to face the insecurity of an independent direction, and amid all kinds of spiritual qualms and even pricks of conscience, to keep the goal which is truth, beauty and goodness always in one's eye, and often with despair in one's heart to open up a new road?

"Should it then be our endeavour to get that standpoint concerning God, the World, and Redemption, which makes us feel comfortable? For the genuine investigator, is not the result of his investigation rather a matter of indifference? Is then the object of our investigation, repose, peace, happiness? No, but the truth—however frightful and ugly it might be.

"A last question: If from our childhood onwards we had believed that all our spiritual life proceeded from another than

Jesus, let us say, Muhammed; is it not quite certain that we should have become equally attached to the blessings of Muhammed? Certainly faith alone saveth, not, however, the thing behind the faith. I write this to you, my dear Lizzie, simply with the view of meeting the line of proof usually adopted by religious people, who appeal to their inner experiences, and demonstrate the reality of their faith therefrom. Every true faith is real if it accomplishes that which the person adopting it hopes to find; it does not offer the smallest grounds, however, for the demonstration of an objective truth.

"It is here then that man comes to the cross-roads. Do you desire spiritual peace and happiness?—very well, then, believe! Do you wish to be a disciple of truth?—so be it; investigate! But between the two main-roads there are a host of turnings. What counts, however, is the principal object of your desire."

This letter made a profound impression upon me, more particularly as my clergymen uncles already mentioned told me nothing which could in any way meet the clarity and seriousness of this argument. As, however, our mother forbade all written or spoken discussions on religious questions, my brother and I could refer to these matters only in secret. I have often thought since that it is more proper for a mother to try and share the religious doubts of her children, and not to separate herself from them; for it was in this way that my brother's and mother's spiritual lives gradually fell asunder. Fritz moreover regarded it as rather a relief not to speak to her of his profoundly moving changes of opinion; for he was always afraid of being rude. I was also afraid of his being rude, and besought him always to be as good and as kind to our dear, respected mother as possible. From our earliest childhood, we had had it impressed upon us that to be at all disrespectful towards our parents and grandparents was something execrable. From that time onward the most difficult task of my life began, the task which, as my brother said, characterised my type—*i.e.*, "to reconcile opposites."

The summer of 1865 brought my brother another crop of great musical joys, among which there was a great Lower Rhineland Musical Festival at Cologne, of which he gave me the following exhaustive description:

"On Friday, the 2nd of June, I went to Cologne in order to attend the Lower Rhineland Musical Festival. The International Exhibition was opened there on the same day and Cologne really looked like a world metropolis. There was an unspeakable confusion of languages and costumes, a huge number of pickpockets and sharpers; all the hotels were full to the attics, and the whole town was gaily decorated with flags—so much for the external impression. As a singer I was given a red and white striped silk ribbon to wear on my breast, and I went to the rehearsal. Unfortunately you do not know the Gürzenich Hall; but during our last holidays I gave you an excellent idea of what it was like by comparing it with the Exchange at Hamburg. Our choir consisted of 180 sopranos, 154 altos, 113 tenors, and 172 bass-singers. In addition to this our orchestra was composed of 160 players, among whom there were 52 violins, 20 violas, 21 cellos, and 14 contrabasses. Seven of the best soloists and female singers had been engaged for the Festival. Hiller conducted the whole performance. Among the ladies several were conspicuous for their youth and beauty. At the three principal concerts they all appeared in white, with blue scarves over their shoulders, and natural or artificial flowers in their hair. Each of them held a lovely bouquet in her hand. We men were all in evening dress and white waistcoats. On the first evening we remained together until very late into the night, and in the end I slept in an armchair at the house of an old Franconian. In the morning, I was as well folded up as a pocket knife. In addition to this, let me tell you incidentally, that since the last holidays, I have been suffering greatly from rheumatism in the left arm. On the following night I slept in Bonn. On Sunday the first great concert took place. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed. We sang with inimitable enthusiasm when the temperature was 100° Fahrenheit. For all three days every seat in the Gürzenich was booked. The ticket of admission to each concert cost from six to nine marks. The general opinion was that the performance was a perfect one. There were some scenes which I shall never forget.

When Staegemann and Julius Stockhausen—'the king of all bass-singers'—sang their famous heroic duet, an extraordinary storm of applause burst forth; the singers were recalled eight times, there was a flourish of trumpets, *encore* was cried from every corner of the hall, the whole of the 300 ladies hurled their 300 bouquets into the faces of the singers; and they were, so to speak, enveloped in a cloud of flowers. This scene was repeated when the singers gave their *encore*.

"In the evening we men from Bonn began to carouse together, but we were invited by the members of the Cologne Men's Choral Society to join them in the Gürzenich restaurant; and we remained there drinking Carnival toasts and singing songs—which the people of Cologne do to perfection—and quartettes amid waxing enthusiasm. At three o'clock in the morning, I and two friends left the company, walked through the town and rang at all the doors, but we could find no shelter; even the Post Office would not take us in—we wanted to sleep in the mail cart—until at last at the end of an hour and a half a nightwatchman opened the Dom Hotel to us. We fell like logs on to the benches in the dining-room, and in two seconds we were fast asleep. Outside the day was dawning.

"At the end of an hour and a half, the house servant came along and said that the room had to be cleaned. We, therefore, decamped in a desperate mood; went by way of the station to Deutz, where we had breakfast, and then, with very weakened voices, we went to the rehearsal, where I fell asleep with great enthusiasm to an obligato of trombones and kettledrums. But thanks to this little rest I was all the more awake during the performance in the evening, between six and eleven o'clock, in which my favourite pieces, Schumann's Faust music and Beethoven's Symphony in A major, were played. That night I was exceedingly anxious to get to bed, and called at about thirteen hotels, all of which were full to overflowing. At last in the fourteenth, after the host had assured me that there was no room, I coolly exclaimed that in any case I should stop there, and asked him kindly to find me a bed. This he did in one of the dining-rooms, where a camp-bed was made, and for two marks I spent the night there.

"At last on the third day, the final concert took place, in which a large number of smaller things were performed. The finest moment of the whole day occurred when Hiller's

Symphony, entitled *Spring must surely be here soon*, was produced. The musicians were all extraordinarily enthusiastic, for all of us admired Hiller immensely. At the end of every part there was unheard-of applause, and, after the conclusion, there was a similar scene, only 'more so,' as it were. His throne was covered with wreaths and bouquets, one of the musicians put a crown of laurel on his head, the orchestra played a fanfare in his honour, and the old man covered his face and wept—at which the ladies were deeply moved."

The following fragments from letters written between the 10th and the 12th of July, 1865, bear witness to his good-natured disposition and to many of his feelings as a brother and a musician.

"My Dear Lizzie,—

"What I wrote to Wilhelm Pinder a few days ago is also true of your birthday: once it was a day of general rejoicing, and of the happiest and most cheerful moments together. Now it is a day of memories, of the most lovely memories of that beautiful past.

"It is at times such as these that girls grow sentimental and that I feel stimulated to compose, and rummage among old papers, old poems and writings.

"In the midst of all this there came into my hand your dear letter in which I find two nice verses from a Mendelssohn song; I cannot do better than point to those lovely words: 'We have remained the same in spite of all.'

"But, in order, notwithstanding, to wish you something on your birthday—something which has not already been included in the well-known doggerel verse: 'I hope that each of us may be as good and as happy as the other could wish, and that the picture, the delightful picture which each of us bears in his breast of the other, may be as like the truth as possible.'

"For this is only as it should be. I do so hope you do not think of me as an ideal personage, for this would be a shocking error, though I know my name must be written in your heart with pretty lines and tender colouring. You may be sure that your name holds the same place in my heart, though my talents as a painter are not so great, and I am very often inclined to use black ink, and, in certain unfortunate moments to paint everything that I see before me—persons, angels, men and devils—rather dark and unattractive. It still remains

a fact that nobody is so good as he appears in the eyes of those who love him. But it is precisely on this account that goodness may act as a spur; for we do not wish those who like us most to be disappointed in us.

"But there is another reason for this loving deception, and that is our great distance from each other. You get only fragments of my life before you, and these fragments are my letters. And letters, as evidence of an exalted moment, are prone to throw a transfiguring light upon him who writes them—that is to say, when they do not deal with money matters. And that is the reason why in the holidays you express your astonishment that I am not nearly so good and kind as you had pictured me. This is indeed sad, but I have explained it to you psychologically.

"Now as to the practical application of these wearisome words of mine: my dear Lizzie, I feel particularly fond of you to-day, and my one wish is that neither you should be deceived in me nor I in you. We are somewhat severe judges of each other, for everything unpleasant that either of us hears about the other tends to spoil the picture each bears in his soul." . . .

"12th July. On the afternoon of your birthday, which you must have celebrated by a large girls' party, I composed for the first time this year. And I did so with such energetic vigour that I soon finished the work. As your birthday must have been the stimulus for this composition it follows very naturally that it should be dedicated to you. It is a song conceived in the most extreme Futurist style. It contains a natural cry and other ingredients of latent foolishness. It is based upon a poem that I wrote as a Lower Fifth Form boy, in Gorenzen of all places in the world. A fishermaid yearning for her lover—*voilà le sujet?*"

The half year, from the April to the autumn of 1865, was a most remarkable one for my brother's inner development. During this period, he freed himself from many ideas and points of view which had formerly governed him, and to his joyful surprise discovered in himself a great critical faculty which he thought would be best employed in philology. About this he writes as follows:

"What I longed for was a counterweight to the changeful and unrestful nature of my tastes hitherto; I yearned for a

science which could be pursued with cold reflection, with logical coolness and steady work, and with results that would not touch one's soul. All this I thought I should find in philology, and the first prerequisites to its study are the very things which a pupil of Pforta has ready to hand. In this school philological exercises are periodically set, such, for instance, as critical commentaries of certain choruses in Sophocles or Aeschylus. In addition to this, one of the special advantages of Pforta, which is of particular value to the future philologist, is that among the pupils themselves a wide and strenuous reading of Greek and Roman classics is considered *the* thing; but the most fortunate point of all is the fact that I there came in contact with teachers of philology from whose personality I was able to form some opinion of their science. If at that time I had had masters of the type which is met with in Grammar Schools, narrow-souled, cold-blooded precisians, who know nothing of science save its learned dust, I should have thrust far from me the thought of ever belonging to a scientific body served by such hopeless wretches. In Pforta, however, I had before my eyes such philologists as Steinhart, Keil, Corssen, Peter, men whose outlook was free, who had a breeziness about them, and who to a certain extent imparted even their tastes to me. Thus it came about that even during my last two years at Pforta I was busily engaged on two original philological works. In the first I wished to examine the sagas on the Ostrogoth King, Ermanarich, in all their ramifications and from their various sources (Jordanes, Edda, etc.). In the other I tried to give an account of a particular form of Greek tyranny—that which existed in Megara. It is the custom on leaving Pforta to present the school with some kind of written memento; it was with this end in view that I prepared the second essay, which in my hands soon became a psychological study of Theognis of Megara.

"When after six years' study at Pforta I had bidden that severe but useful instructress farewell I went to Bonn. It was here that I first realised to my great surprise how exceedingly well instructed, yet how badly educated, a pupil of such a royal school is when he goes to the University. He has thought out a good deal for himself and yet he lacks the skill to express these thoughts. He has not yet experienced any of the cultivating influences of woman's society; he fancies he knows life from books and from traditional hearsay, and yet everything

appears to him strange and unpleasant. This is what I felt at Bonn. The means to which I had recourse in order to mitigate this evil state of affairs were not perhaps all of them carefully chosen; and vexations, unpleasant intercourse, and obligations carelessly undertaken made this first year of University life very burdensome to me."

Professor Raoul Richter gives a very happy and concise account of the reasons which really made student life ever more and more difficult for Fritz:

"At first Nietzsche joyfully entered into all the students' ways. He joined their convivialities and took part in their duels. But the man whose heart even in those days lay solely in spiritual things, who would have loved above all to read Greek Tragedies with his friend Deussen or to listen to Schumann's Faust music, who carried a wreath to the composer's grave and himself wrote some Manfred music, and was in consequence of all this regarded as a freak by the rest of the students, could not fail in the course of time to feel himself a stranger among his comrades (Letters, V., 98). It was in this spirit that he wrote to Gersdorff, who just at this time was going through the same conflict at Göttingen: 'One has already lost a good deal when one has lost one's moral indignation at the bad things which daily occur in one's circle. This is more particularly true of drink and drunkenness, and also of disrespect and scorn of other men and other opinions' (Letters, I., 12). And how deep was the gulf which separated him from those who were inferior to him in character, but unfortunately not in numbers and other advantages—his fellow students—the following account given by Deussen in his Memoirs will prove. Nietzsche once paid a visit to Cologne by himself and was shown over the city by a servant. He asked the man to take him to a restaurant; his guide, however, misunderstanding his request, took him to a house of ill fame. 'Suddenly,' said Nietzsche to Deussen, 'I found myself surrounded by half a dozen creatures in tinsel and gauze who gazed at me expectantly. For a moment I stood absolutely dumbfounded in front of them; then, as if driven by instinct, I went to the piano as to the only thing with a soul in the whole company and struck one or two chords. The music quickened my limbs and in an instant I was out in the open'

(Deussen's *Erinnerungen* p. 24). The fact that such sensitiveness of soul and singleness of aim and interest must have led to a breach with a Students' Association, in which, as in all such bodies, baser elements were mingled with those of a higher nature, is obvious enough."

My brother urged reform and, in so doing, set such a high and severe standard of moral demands, that the majority of his fellow students revolted against this arrogant and disconcerting young comrade. It must not be thought, however, that the Franconia was particularly wild. On the contrary, its high moral tone had been praised by others; but my brother really expected too much.

It was not to the fighting and fencing that he objected; on the contrary, he rather favoured these pastimes, as he did all the arts of chivalry. To this day his acquaintances still speak of the amusing and unconventional way in which he involved himself in his first duel. When he felt that he had grown sufficiently dexterous in the use of the sword to challenge someone to fight with him, he went one day for a walk with a certain Herr D., who belonged to an association which was on duelling terms with the Franconia. It suddenly struck Fritz what a clever and pleasant adversary this man would be, and turning to him in a friendly and courteous manner he said: "You are a man after my own heart, could we not have a duel together? Let us waive all the usual preliminaries." The other fellow agreed in the most obliging way, but is said to have afterwards given to his friends a very comical description of his surprise at this incident.

The circumstance which above all aroused my brother's wrath was the detestable "beer materialism" with which he met on all sides, and owing to these early experiences in Bonn he for ever retained a very deep dislike to smoking, drinking, and the whole of so-called "beer conviviality." He gave expression to the bitterness of his feelings in a retrospect of his first year as a student, which he wrote at

the end of August, 1865, from Naumburg to his new friend Mushacke in Bonn :

"You will, perhaps, be able to understand that I cannot think of Bonn save with unpleasant feelings. The vicissitudes and experiences I had there are still, it is true, too fresh in my mind, and the bitter husk of the present and of reality forbids me to have any joy in the kernel. I hope that some day at any rate I shall be able to look back upon this year from the standpoint of memory cheerfully, as a necessary link in the chain of my development. For the moment this is not possible. I feel that in many respects I have squandered this period most shamefully, and my membership of the Association, to tell the honest truth, strikes me as a *faux pas*, especially as regards the last summer term. It made me transgress my principle, not to conform to institutions or individuals longer than it took me to learn what they were like.

"Such things bring their own punishment with them. I am very cross with myself, and this feeling has somewhat spoilt my summer for me, and even disturbed my objective judgment of the Association. I am not a heart-and-soul supporter of the Franconia, and I can well imagine a more attractive body. I regard its political judgment as very inferior, and depending merely on a few heads. With respect to its attitude to the outside world, I consider it both plebeian and revolting. As I have not held my tongue concerning my unfavourable opinions about it, I have somewhat spoiled my position among its members.

"At this point, my dear friend, I must think gratefully of you. How often have I not lost in your company, and in your company alone, that vexatious spirit which was so habitual to me at Bonn ! That is why the pleasant pictures of my happy times there will always be associated in my mind with you.

"At bottom, too, I must also express myself dissatisfied with my studies, although I hold the Association largely responsible for this, because it thwarted my beautiful plans. I have only just learnt how restful and uplifting it is for a man to be continually at work on some profound task. I so seldom experienced this pleasure at Bonn. I cannot help looking with scorn upon the work I did in the Bonn days. There was a composition for the Gustavus Adolfus Club, another for an Association evening, and yet another for the Professor.

Atrocious! I blush when I think of the drivel! Every one of the things I wrote in my Grammar School days was better than these.

"As regards lectures, with the exception of one or two things, I learnt nothing. I am thankful to Springer for certain joys he gave me, and I might also be grateful to Ritschl, if I had used him industriously. But on the whole I am not dissatisfied in this respect. I believe a good deal in self-development—and how easy it is to be fixed for ever by men like Ritschl, or actually uprooted—and planted, perhaps, precisely on roads which lie at some distance from one's real nature.

"The fact that I have gone a long way towards understanding myself I regard as the greatest blessing of this year. And also the gaining of one friend who is heartily sympathetic to me is not to be underrated."

The vexation which he felt about this wasted year was not mitigated till long afterwards; for, two years later, he describes his departure from Bonn in very gloomy language:

"I left Bonn like a fugitive; and when at midnight I stood on the quay of the Rhine, accompanied by my friend Mushacke, and waited for the steamer from Cologne, I did not feel the slightest twinge at leaving a place so beautiful, a countryside so flourishing, and a band of young companions. On the contrary, it was precisely they who were driving me thence. I do not wish to begin to judge them unjustly, as I have often done. I was still too timidly wrapped up in myself, and I had not the strength to play an independent part amid all the influences which surrounded me then. Everything obtruded itself upon me, and I could not succeed in dominating my environment. At first I tried to conform to the conventions, and to become what is called a full-fledged student. As, however, I failed ever more and more in this endeavour, and as the touch of poetry which seemed to hang over this life had vanished as far as I was concerned, and I realised clearly the coarse, Philistine spirit, reared in this excess of drinking, of rowdyism and running into debt, whispers of revolt began to sound in my heart. I withdrew from these empty pleasures, and with ever greater affection turned to those peaceful joys to be found in Nature or in the study of Art, with some sympathetic companion; for every day I felt a greater stranger in

these circles, although to escape them was not yet possible. In addition to all this I began to feel persistent rheumatic pains, and I was also weighed down by the realisation that I had done nothing for science, little for life, and had only acquired a host of debts. The steamer came and bore me away. I remained on the bridge in the damp wet night, and as I watched the little lights which lined the river bank at Bonn slowly disappear, everything conduced to give me the impression of flight."

In spite of his irregularities the Franconia had given him an honourable send off with a band. But Fritz regarded it as his duty not to conceal from his old Association his real opinion of it. On the 20th October, 1865, he sent back his sash, with the accompanying note:

"To The Students' Association, The Franconia.

"I beg to inform the Association, the Franconia, that I herewith return it my sash, and in so doing send in my resignation. By this I do not mean to imply that I cease from valuing the principle of the Association. All I would frankly declare is that its present features are not very pleasing to me. This may be in part my own fault; in any case it has proved a great effort for me to endure my membership over the year. Nevertheless I regarded it as a duty to become acquainted with the Society, and now that no narrow bonds unite me with it I bid it a hearty farewell.

"May the Franconia soon grow out of that stage of development at which it now stands, and may it ever claim high-minded moral men for its members.

"Friedrich Nietzsche."

The Association was indignant at this letter, and crossed my brother's name from its annals. And thus his first year as a student ended in a somewhat melancholy fashion.

CHAPTER XI

LEIPZIG

My brother spent his long vacation from the University with us at Naumburg. He cured the rheumatism contracted at Bonn, and gradually developed a better frame of mind, so that he was able to look forward to his new academic life with a cheerful and hopeful spirit. As he had suffered so much in Bonn from the effects of uncomfortable lodgings, I proposed at first that we should all move to Leipzig. Fritz was delighted at the idea, but our dear mother not only feared the move and all the difficulties it involved, but also thought that it was better for a son to get accustomed to depending on himself. It was of course Ritschl's transfer from Bonn to Leipzig that led Fritz to choose this University. During the great dispute between the two Professors, Ritschl and Jahn, at Bonn, Fritz had not shown himself in the least a blind partisan; for he had a great personal respect for Jahn, who had been very friendly to him; but, whether Ritschl was right or wrong in this quarrel, my brother considered him by far the more distinguished man of the two.

Before he went to Leipzig he spent a fortnight in Berlin with the parents of his excellent friend Mushacke, and in later years he often thought of the beautiful excursions he made from this city, especially to such places as Potsdam and Sans Souci.

Thus his sojourn in Leipzig began under very different auspices from those of his last days in Bonn, and if his acquaintance with Schopenhauer's principal work at first seduced him to the cause of pessimism, it was, in his case, after all only that kind of youthful pessimism which my

brother afterwards declared one might well allow oneself if one were young and full of courage and strength. He wrote an exhaustive description of the two Leipzig years 1865—1867 in the autumn of the latter year, and the small book which contained this account was only saved from the flames by earnest entreaty on my part.

"I reached the Berlin station at Leipzig with my friend Mushacke on the 17th October, 1865. We first of all wandered about in the centre of the city quite aimlessly, and rejoiced at the sight of the lofty houses, the lively streets and the activity everywhere. Then we adjourned for a little rest about midday to the Reisse Restaurant (in the Kloster Gasse) and thought things quite tolerable, although the atmosphere was not free from black-red-and-gold[1] youths. It was on this occasion that I first read the newspaper at midday, which became a custom with me from that time forward. But that morning all we did was to note down the various advertisements of respectable or comfortable rooms with bedchambers, etc. Then we set out, up and down streets and stairs, to view the commodious apartments advertised, and found them generally extremely uninviting. What smells would meet us, and what opinions some people held of our standard of cleanliness! Suffice it to say that we very soon became annoyed and suspicious, and that it was only with some hesitation that we followed an old curiosity shop man who had rooms to let which seemed likely to suit us. We were already beginning to think the way too long and complained of feeling tired, when he led us into a small side street called the Blumen Gasse, where he stopped, took us through a house into a small garden, and from there into a neighbouring building, where he showed us a small room adjoining a little sleeping box, which gave one a pleasant impression of retirement and seemed admirably suited for the shelter of a scholar. We agreed to terms, and my address became No. 4, Blumen Gasse, c/o the antiquarian, Herr Rohn. My friend Mushacke found diggings in the house next door. As we remarked later, I certainly had the best of the bargain over the choice of the rooms. After our business had been despatched on that day we went to a neighbouring *café* and, in spite of the inclement autumnal weather, we sat in

[1] The colours of the German *Burschenschaft*.—Tr.

the open and drank our afternoon cup of chocolate, while our hearts beat expectantly at the thought of all that would enter our lives in this new home.

"On the following day I announced myself to the Academic Board. It happened to be a day on which the University was holding some sort of celebration and conferring Doctor's Degrees—the day on which, one hundred years previously, Goethe had entered his name in the register. I cannot say how delightfully stimulated I felt by this coincidence; it was clearly a good omen for my year in Leipzig, and the future certainly saw to it that its promise should be fulfilled. Kahnis, who was then Rector, tried hard to make us freshmen, who formed a considerable number, understand that a genius often chooses extraordinary paths to his goal, and that Goethe's life as a student should not in any way be regarded by us as an example. We replied to this address of the rotund and active little man with covert smiles, and each of us as we passed his black-robed form extended our hands for the customary hand-shake. Later in the day we received our papers.

"The first pleasant event so far as I was concerned was the arrival of Ritschl, who landed safely at his destination. Academic etiquette required him to give an inaugural public lecture in the great hall. Everybody was in a tremendous state of excitement at the appearance of the famous man whose behaviour in the affair at Bonn had brought his name into every paper and every home. The hall was therefore packed to overflowing with members of the University, but large numbers of the townspeople, who were not in any way attached to the academic body, stood in the background. Suddenly Ritschl made his way into the hall in his large felt slippers, though otherwise he was faultlessly attired in evening dress, with a white tie. He looked goodhumouredly and cheerfully into the new world before him, and soon discovered faces which were not strange. While going from group to group in the back of the hall he suddenly cried: 'Hullo! there is Herr Nietzsche too!' and he waved his hand gleefully at me. He soon had the whole circle of Bonn pupils around him, with whom he talked in the most animated way, and all the while the hall grew more and more crowded until at last the dignitaries of the University entered. As soon as he saw this he cheerfully and unceremoniously ascended the platform and delivered his beautiful Latin address on the value and use

of philology, while his independent look, the energetic youthfulness of his language, the playful fire of his facial expression provoked general astonishment. I heard a friendly old Saxon say afterwards: 'Bless me, what a "fire" the old man had!' When he delivered his first lecture in Lecture Room No. 1 the crowd was also oppressively great. He began his course by a lecture on Æschylus's Tragedy *The Seven against Thebes*, the most important part of which I heard and wrote down.

"I will now say a word about my attendance of lectures. A significant circumstance in this connection is that I do not possess one single complete lecture note-book, but only sad fragments. For this irregularity on my part I sometimes felt some anxiety and distress, but very soon I was able to find a satisfactory explanation of it all. As a matter of fact what happened was this. I was not in the least attracted by the matter of the greater part of the lectures. All that interested me was the form in which the Professor conveyed his wisdom. It was the method which fired my enthusiasm; for I realised how very little substantial knowledge is acquired at Universities, and how these studies have, nevertheless, the highest importance attached to them everywhere. It thus became clear to me that the principal and only effective point was the method employed in treating a text, etc. Thus I limited myself to the observation of how men taught, and what method they employed to convey a science to young minds. I persistently imagined myself in the position of a don, and from this standpoint conferred either my approval or my disapproval upon the efforts of well-known lecturers. Thus I devoted my energies far more to discovering how one should teach, than to learning what is usually taught, at Universities. Meanwhile I was fortified by the consciousness that in the end I should not lack the knowledge I required, and which was demanded of a qualified scholar; for I depended for the acquisition of this matter upon my own particular nature, which knew by means of individual work and a system of its own, how to garner all that was worth knowing. And hitherto my experience had only endorsed this self-confidence. The aim that lies before me is to become a really practical teacher and to be able to awaken the necessary reflection and self-examination in young people which enables them always to keep the why, the what, and the how, of their science ever before their eyes.

"No one can fail to see that there is a philosophical strain in this way of looking at things. The young man should first of all fall into the state of surprise which has been called *φιλόσοφον πάθος κατ' ἐξοχήν*. Once he has seen that life is a host of riddles he should consciously, and with a resigned severity, confine himself to that which is knowable and, according to his faculties, select his own subject from this vast field. I shall now relate how I reached this standpoint. It is in this connection that the name of Schopenhauer will appear for the first time in these pages. Bad spirits and vexations of a personal kind easily assume a general character with young men, especially if they are prone to *δυσκολία*. At that time I stood absolutely alone, full of the most painful experiences and disappointments, without either help, fundamental principles, hopes, or even pleasant memories. From morning to night my one aim was to make a fitting road for myself in life. To achieve this end I severed the last links that chained me to my past at Bonn; I tore the bond asunder which united me with the Association. In the delightful seclusion of my lodgings it became possible for me to gather myself together and, if I did happen to meet friends, they were always Mushacke and von Gersdorff, who for their part lived with similar ideas in their minds. Now let anyone try to imagine how the reading of Schopenhauer's masterpiece must have affected me in such circumstances. One day I came across this book at old Rohn's curiosity shop, and taking it up very gingerly I turned over its pages. I know not what demon whispered to me: 'Take this book home with thee.' At all events, contrary to my habit not to be hasty in my purchase of books, I took it home. Once in my room I threw myself into the corner of the sofa with my booty, and began to allow that energetic and gloomy genius to work upon my mind. In this book, in which every line cried out renunciation, denial, and resignation, I saw a mirror in which I espied the whole world, life and my own mind depicted in frightful grandeur. In this volume the full celestial eye of art gazed at me; here I saw illness and recovery, banishment and refuge, hell and heaven. The need of knowing myself, yea, even of gnawing at myself, forcibly seized me. Evidences of this sudden change are still to be found in the restless melancholy of the leaves of my diary at that period, with all their useless self-reproach and their desperate gazing upwards

for recovery and for the transformation of the whole spirit of mankind. By drawing all my qualities and my aspirations before the forum of gloomy self-contempt I became bitter, unjust, and unbridled in my hatred of myself. I even practised bodily penance; for instance, I forced myself for a fortnight at a stretch to go to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning and to rise punctually at six. I became the victim of nervous irritability, and who knows to what degree my foolishness would have taken me, if the very allurements of life itself, of vanity, and the discipline of regular studies, had not stood in my way.

"It was at this period that the Philological Club was formed. One evening several of the old Bonn students, of whom I was one, were invited to Ritschl's house. After dinner our host urged us warmly to consider the idea of founding a Philological Club. The ladies had just retired to the adjoining room. Nothing therefore remained to disturb the outpourings of the vivacious little man, who had a good deal to say from experience about the effectiveness and the influence of such clubs. The thought took root in four of us—that is to say, Wisser, Roscher, Arnold and myself. We discussed the matter among our friends and invited those we selected to meet us one evening at the 'Deutsche Bierstube' to consider the foundation of the Club. A week later we held our first regular meeting. We got through the first year without a President, and always elected a chairman at the beginning of each meeting. Oh, what excited, uncontrolled debates we used to have! In the midst of the general uproar, how difficult it was to rescue anything which might be called the opinion of the assembly! It was on the 18th January, 1866, that I gave my first lecture there, and that in a way I made my *début* in the philological world. I had announced that I would speak in the Lion Restaurant in the Nikolai Strasse on the last edition of the Poems of Theognis. There in the vaulted room, once I had overcome my first feelings of shyness, I was able to let myself go with force and emphasis, and succeeded so far that my friends expressed the greatest respect for what they had heard. Wonderfully refreshed, I returned home very late to write bitter words in my diary, and do as much as I could to wipe my gratified vanity from the tablet of my consciousness.

"This success gave me courage to take my work just as it

was, in folio, and written over in the margin with endless notes, to Ritschl one afternoon, and in the presence of Wilhelm Dindorf, I shyly handed him the manuscript. I afterwards learnt how unpleasant and disagreeable such unsolicited contributions were to Ritschl. Suffice it to say, he accepted the work, probably because Dindorf was present; and a few days later he summoned me. He looked at me thoughtfully for a while and asked me to be seated. 'For what purpose,' he asked, 'have you done this work?' I replied with the first thought that came into my head—that, as the basis of a lecture delivered at our Club, it had already fulfilled its object. He then enquired my age, how long I had been a University student, etc., and when I had answered all these questions, he declared that never before had he had any similar work—so severe in method and sure in construction—handed to him by a student of the third term. Thereupon he urged me most strongly to re-write the lecture in the form of a small book and promised me his help in providing me with some material. After this my self-esteem soared with me into the clouds. In the afternoon I took a walk with my friends to Gohlis; the weather was beautiful and sunny and my heart overflowed with happiness. At last, when we were in the inn drinking our coffee and eating our cakes, I could no longer restrain myself, and told my astonished, but absolutely unenvious friends, what had happened to me. For some time I went about quite bewildered; this was the period in which I was born again to the calling of a philologist, for I anticipated the glory which was to be won by me in this walk of life.

"From the day on which Ritschl formed such a favourable opinion of my papers, I became much more closely related with him. I went twice almost every week to see him at lunch-time, and on every occasion found him ready to indulge in serious or frivolous conversation. As a rule he sat in his arm-chair and had the *Kölnische Zeitung* before him, which, together with the *Bonner Zeitung*, he had long been accustomed to read. As a rule, amid the vast medley of papers there stood a glass of red wine. When he was at work, he always used a seat which he had upholstered himself by cutting off the embroidery from a cushion he had had given him, and nailing it on to a wooden stool that had no back to it. In his talks he showed no restraint; his anger with his friends, his discontentedness with existing conditions, the faults of the

University and the eccentricities of the Professors—everything fell from his lips; so that in this respect, at least, his nature was certainly the reverse of a diplomatist's. He likewise poked fun at himself, at his elementary idea of managing his affairs, and would tell, for instance, how formerly he had been in the habit of concealing the money he received, in notes of ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred thalers, in books, so as to be able to enjoy the surprise of their discovery later on. The fact that at times extraordinary complications would arise through the loan of books, and that many a poor student was astonished by what he thought to be a gift, for which it would be scarcely tactful to offer any thanks—all this we were told by Frau Ritschl, while Ritschl himself, with a shamefaced expression, would be obliged to confirm all she said. As a matter of fact his eagerness to help others was simply splendid; and for this reason many young philologists, in addition to being indebted to him for their advance in scientific knowledge, also felt themselves bound to him intimately and personally by a debt of gratitude. It is true that he greatly over-estimated his special subject, and therefore showed some disapproval of philologists approaching philosophy too closely. On the other hand he tried to make his pupils do useful work as soon as possible, and thereby often went very near to over-stimulating the productive talents of one or two of them. In addition to this he was absolutely free from any scientific dogma, and was never more upset than when people showed an unqualified and uncritical adherence to his results."

In spite of Schopenhauer's influence there is a very cheerful spirit prevalent in these notes, which was certainly the principal result of my brother's sojourn at Leipzig. Still it must not be forgotten that this description of his experiences was only written down after the close of his time at Leipzig, when the feelings of his first period of Schopenhauer discipleship had perhaps somewhat toned down. I remember that in the autumn of 1865 he had behaved in a most tragic manner, and it is greatly to be regretted that his diary, *The Book of Contemplations*, which has already been mentioned, was destroyed by him when he wrote the above descriptions in 1867. The cover of the book alone survived. In November and December

1865, his letters were full of Schopenhauerian pessimism, and he even sought to convert us to the doctrine; for instance, he wrote in a letter of 5th November, 1865, as follows:

"We have once more fallen into the rut of our daily tasks, thoughts, troubles and recreations; how important the day seems to me now and what a number of things are decided or have to be decided in the narrow chamber of the brain! Do you really take so light-heartedly this contradictory existence, in which nothing is clear save the fact that all is obscure? It always seems to me that you get over all this by joking about it. Or am I mistaken? How happy you must be if I see aright. 'Do thy duty!' Very well, my friends, I do perform my duty, or I strive to do so, but whither does it lead? And supposing I fulfil my duty satisfactorily in every way, is the beast of burden higher than man because it performs more dutifully that which is demanded of it? Has one paid enough attention to one's manhood if one satisfies the demands which are made upon it by the circumstances in which one is born? What power is it, pray, that bids us be determined by our environment?

"But what if we refuse to do this, what if we are resolved to consider ourselves and to force men to acknowledge us just as we are—what then? What is it that we desire now? Were it the thing to carve for oneself the most tolerable form of existence possible? Dear friends, there are two roads: either we accustom ourselves to be as narrow as may be, and to turn the light of our wits as low as possible, and then seek riches and to live on the pleasures of the world; or we know that life is miserable, we know that we are the slaves of life the more we enjoy it, and so we discard the goods of this world, practise abstinence, are mean towards ourselves and loving to all others—simply because we pity our comrades in misery - in short we live according to the strict precepts of primitive Christianity, not of the modern sugary and formless Christianity. Christianity does not allow itself to be 'taken up,' either *en passant* or because it happens to be the fashion.

"And does life then become bearable? Certainly, because its burden every day becomes less heavy and because no fetters bind us any longer to it. It is endurable because it may be renounced without any pain."

At first we gathered from this letter that his gloomy mood had been induced by the disappearance of his box of books and manuscripts, for we knew nothing then of his reading of Schopenhauer. But the mood persisted even after the recovery of the important box, and therefore our mother forbade any such gloomy epistolary discussions in the future, and told him that it would be better if he related some of his experiences. For our dear mother could write the most beautiful letters about all she did, and wished us to do the same. In Bonn, Fritz had certainly complied with this wish of hers, but during his time in Leipzig, when he used to see us very often, he thought such letters were superfluous. My French governess always used to say that I was a little *espiègle*, and when Fritz came for his Christmas holidays I maintained a sombre mien, and indulged in all sorts of profound observations concerning the difficulties and obscurities of existence. Fritz did not know what to make of this, and racked his brain to try to discover what had really taken place. When, however, he learnt that it was all the result of his admonitions to take life seriously, he confessed to me that he would be ever so much better pleased if I would stay as I used to be as "our laughs together were such a boon to him." After that we really had very enjoyable Christmas holidays. Indeed Fritz's clouds almost disappeared, and he really had ample grounds for being happy and contented—as he himself shows in his diary. Of course at intervals there were always less cheerful moments when philological work did not go smoothly, and when he believed that Ritschl, on whose good will he relied so much, was a little vexed by his refusal to enter his class, or when his friend Deussen caused him annoyance by deciding in accordance with his parents' wishes to study theology instead of philology, a science for which Fritz thought him better fitted. His sensitiveness made him susceptible to any attacks on his ideals, and made him feel it very deeply when he had offended

worthy people by his tactlessness. Speaking of his friends, he says :

"I immediately think of Hüffer, who continually tormented and teased our two acquaintances Romundt and Wisser—so much so that he won the hostility of the one and the friendship of the other. He was a talented man from whom Nature had withheld all sense of proportion ; he pursued the liberal arts, more particularly music, with eagerness, was a skilful translator of French, and as he was very wealthy, calmly foresaw the time when he would swim up the stream of literary life. We were always at loggerheads about musical matters, especially concerning Wagner, about whom we never ceased disputing and pouring forth our venom on each other. Now, somewhat late in the day, I must admit that his musical tastes were much more healthily developed than my own. But, at that time, I was unable to see this and very often suffered by the flatness of his contradictions. In fact he easily hurt people's feelings by his unceremonious manner. Once, for instance, when we were visiting some mutual friends, Hüffer, who had thrown his heavy person into a chair, exclaimed when the legs of it cracked beneath the unusual weight, 'Oh! this chair is not kosher' – a remark which was obviously very offensive to our hostess, who was a converted Jewess. Very much the same thing happened on one occasion when we were in the dress circle of the Leipzig Theatre, and were talking gaily about a singer who had made her first appearance the day before. We praised her singing and deplored her extraordinarily ugly features all the more, and Hüffer in loud and forcible tones described the latter with all manner of imagery. What were our feelings, however, when a lady three feet in front of us turned quietly round and showed her face – that same extraordinarily ugly face – to its public decriers! Grieved at having gratuitously wounded anybody, we did not improve matters when, after the performance, we sent her a bouquet with the inscription 'These roses to the nightingale!'"

My brother's inmost nature developed in the freest way possible during his stay in Leipzig. He no longer felt, as he had in Bonn, the desire to be a thorough-going student—a thing for which he had small aptitude ; he was not obliged now to conform to the regulations of any asso-

ciation—regulations which seemed to him both unpleasant and plebeian; nor was he required to defend his severe moral principles against his scornful fellow students, nor shyly to conceal his real nature; but could at last exercise that influence over his environment which he had always desired to have, but for which he had been unable to find an opportunity in Bonn.

Although he often came over to us from Leipzig, either alone or with friends, each time that he spent his holidays with us in Naumburg we had more or less of a surprise at the remarkable manner in which he had developed meanwhile, and at the great plans concerning his work with which he returned every time to his home. For instance, at Easter, 1866, he was assiduously engaged upon turning his studies of Theognis into a small book. During these holidays, which were full of occupation, he wrote to Baron von Gersdorff:

> "Three things are my consolations—rare consolations!—my Schopenhauer, Schumann's music, and, lastly, solitary walks. Yesterday a heavy storm hung in the sky, and I hastened towards a neighbouring hill, called Leusch (maybe you can explain the word to me). At the summit I found a hut and a man, who, watched by his son, was killing two kids. The storm broke in all its power, discharging thunder and hail, and I felt inexpressibly well and full of zest, and realised with wonderful clearness that to understand Nature one must go to her as I had just done, as a refuge from all worries and oppressions. What was man to me then with his restless will? What mattered to me the eternal 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not'? How different are lightning, storm and hail; free powers without ethics! How happy they are, how strong they are—pure will without the troubles of the intellect."

The autumn of 1865 was one of very great interest to him, owing to all kinds of literary, musical, and political events, foremost among which was the war between Prussia and Austria, which drew him into the atmosphere of politics and made him once more an enthusiastic Prussian. "Who

would not be proud to be a Prussian in these days?" As may well be imagined, the student associations were on the side of the Liberals during the hostilities, but this attitude was more or less disavowed owing to the extraordinary turn of events in the war of 1866. As a matter of fact Fritz might at that time very easily have done more than remain a "mere dummy," as he called it, in all these great movements. Twice he offered himself to the authorities, and although, when examined, he was declared to be thoroughly healthy, he was refused with regret owing to his excessive short-sightedness. He would, however, have been quite ready to serve as a soldier and to proceed to the seat of war. In May, 1866, he concludes a letter to us as follows:

"Greet all our friends most heartily
For me, alone out here;
And if our dear old aunts you see,
Tell them that I may shortly be
A Prussian Grenadier."

"One who is Ready for War."

Nevertheless it would have been very painful for him to be wrenched from his studies. It was precisely in the week of Sadowa that he wrote his work on Theognis for the *Rheinisches Museum*. Leipzig was occupied by the Prussians, and my brother gave the most amusing description of the town in its Prussian garb, and of the secret opposition of the Saxon Philistine.

Despite these warlike events, music and science, but above all the stage, played, as they always did, a great part in Leipzig affairs. Fritz was a member of the Riedel Choral Society, which in those days used to give wonderfully beautiful concerts. During the anxious week of war, in which Dresden closed the doors of all its theatres owing to the lack of audiences, Hedwig Raabe was cheered in the most enthusiastic manner by full houses at Leipzig, and that city forgot all about the gravity of the present beneath the spell of this enchanting artiste. My brother simply raved about her, and wrote a beautiful little album

HEDWIG RAABE, ACTRESS.

of original poems and compositions in her honour. This volume has, unfortunately, not been recovered to this day.

Much to his regret, he had only a very slight personal acquaintance with her, and this fact he deplored, more particularly as it would have been very easy for him to have seen her frequently, since she was staying with a family, the members of which we called uncle, aunt and cousins, though we were not related to them in any way. Fritz, however, had not called on them at the proper time, and had thus failed to make himself at home with them as a sort of relative. It now pained him deeply that the most he could do was to pay a hasty visit there in order to secure an invitation whilst this charming creature was still in the house. Fritz was honestly in love with Hedwig Raabe, and Maximillian Harden is quite right when he says that she fulfilled the ideal of womanhood which my brother admired throughout the whole of his life. It was only necessary to hear him describe the piece "*Sie hat ihr Herz entdeckt*" (She has discovered her heart) and to see how he represented her in it with ravished eyes in order to know how he also had discovered his heart.

Leipzig enjoyed other and even higher theatrical amusements in the summer of 1866. My brother saw the artiste Seebach once more in a series of her best parts, and was deeply moved by her great art. It was hard for him to tear himself away from Leipzig, and not by any means only on account of the libraries there, which were essential to him in his philological work. At last, however, a gruesome guest made its home for a while in the city. Cholera, which had spread over the other parts of Saxony and Thuringia and reached even Naumburg, entered Leipzig. Only a few watering places, such as Kösen, remained untainted, and my mother and brother therefore went thither for the midsummer holidays, while I paid a visit to relatives in the Voigtland. My brother retained dreadful memories of the cholera. He declared that he had twice been attacked by the epidemic, and that on both occa-

sions he had cured himself only by continually drinking hot water and inducing heavy perspiration. One night which he spent in the same house with a cholera corpse remained indelibly and gruesomely stamped upon his memory.

He employed his stay during the autumn in Kösen in active work, in which he found the library at Pforta of great use. The Leipzig University opened its doors rather late, for the authorities had thought it desirable to wait for the cholera epidemic to subside. Fritz looked forward to his lovely plans for the new term with a cheerful heart, and wrote to Mushacke as follows:

"This winter (1866—1867) we shall do all we possibly can. Above all, we are thinking of giving a special impetus to our Philological Club, so that, like a ball, it may roll forward over other terms, through which we, its founders, will not be able to accompany it. Our aim will be to form a union of all the really strenuous philologists of Leipzig. With this object in view we have decided to elect twelve extraordinary members, and I, for my part, have a large number of Pforta fellows particularly in view. My next lecture will treat of 'A Theory Concerning Interpolations in the Tragedians.' I have also arranged an evening with Romundt and two Pforta fellows, who are all three in the philological moulting stage, on which we shall read Æschylus' *Choephoræ* together, and if possible κριτικῶς. We know from personal experience how hard it is to endure this period, when we become aware of the endlessness of our study and the momentary lack of success attending our labours. Maybe we shall be able to give each other mutual support.

"Finally, I may tell you that, with the majority of the more serious members of our club, I am also a member of Ritschl's society, so that these two institutions now go almost hand-in-hand together. In Ritschl's society we shall read the *Thesmophoriazusæ*, to which I am looking forward with great joy."

The month of January, 1867, brought us a sad loss. Our dear Aunt Rosalie, who, as my brother had often said, came next to his mother and sister in his affections and reverence, was taken from us. She was always most

devotedly concerned about our welfare, and had to some extent sought to replace our father, her beloved brother Ludwig, in our midst. But what she did above all was to keep alive and to maintain the family tradition, so that in this respect, as my brother rightly declared, her loss was irreparable. This was the first time that we experienced, with our full consciousness developed, the days of sorrow at the death of a beloved and intimate relative, and this loss therefore made the most profound impression on us both. She was quite ready to die, and it was truly touching to see how happy she was until the last in the thought that, as we were her next-of-kin, we should be the gainers. "Now Fritz can pursue his academic career," she said at last, with an affecting brightness in her eyes, after a prolonged silence, just before she died. "Oh, auntie dear!" I cried, with deep affection, "Fritz would not mind being an ordinary school teacher if only you could remain with us!" "Ah! you are good children," she said lovingly, "but God knows best."

She was very much concerned about my brother's religious and philosophical views, but always confidently declared that he would be certain to find the right road soon. She made him promise, however, never to impart his philosophical views to me, or at least only when I was older and more capable of judging for myself. Fritz kept this promise, but suffered a good deal from not being able to pour the whole torrent of his enthusiasm for Schopenhauer into my breast, and particularly during the year 1867—1868, which he spent in Naumburg, he complained very often that he had no one with whom he could discuss his most important affairs.

He gave four important lectures in his Philological Club:

1. The latest edition of the Poems of Theognis.
2. The biographical sources of Suidas.
3. The πίνακες of Aristotle's works.
4. The poetical contests of Eubœa.

In connection with this he writes :

"These themes constitute approximately my principal subjects of study. Incidentally I must point out that I wrote the *Fontes Laertii* as a background to the third lecture. From the first I began the study of this subject purely from inclination, and as early as my first term in Leipzig I began collecting a fair amount of material for it. I also talked a good deal to Ritschl about it, with the result that one day he asked me very mysteriously whether I would undertake an inquiry into the *Fontes Laertii* provided I received a certain stimulus from another direction. For a long time I puzzled over the meaning of these words, until by a sudden inspiration I began to feel certain that the next theme to be proposed by the University for a prize essay would be this very subject. On the morning when the subject of the theme was published, I hurried to Kintschy and eagerly snatched at a copy of the *Leipziger Nachrichten:* as I expected, my eye fell on the words 'De Fontibus Laertii.' During the time that followed, I was occupied almost day and night with the problems appertaining to this subject ; combination followed combination, until finally, in the Christmas holidays, which I employed to make a recapitulation of all the results I had attained hitherto, I suddenly realised that a certain relation existed between the question of Suidas and Laertius. The evening on which this idea occurred to me, I marvelled at the curious fact that I should have been led, as it were by some sure instinct, to make my way as an investigator first through the sources of Suidas and then through those of Laertius, so as suddenly to get the key to both questions in my hand. The more quickly and energetically I pressed my scheme forward from day to day, the more difficult it became for me to make up my mind to work out my results. Time pressed ever more threateningly, and yet the lovely months of the summer passed away in the most pleasant enjoyment in the company of my friend Rohde ; indeed, fresh scientific interests even began to occupy my mind and force me to prolonged reflection. The most important of these was the question of Homer, towards which I had sailed under full canvas in my last lecture to my Club. Finally, when I had not an hour to spare, I sat down to my Laertius essay, and wrote my results down as simply and as clearly as possible. The terrible 31st of July, 1867, dawned ; I drove my spurs into my steed with all my might,

and got so far that on the evening of that day, at ten o'clock, I was able to run round to Rohde in the dark and rainy night with my completed manuscript. I found my friend ready, waiting for me, and with wine and glasses prepared for my refreshment."

His last year (1866—1867) in Leipzig was certainly the most enjoyable of all for my brother. How often has he not told me of wonderful fairy-like rowing parties up the river to Connewitz, of splendid evenings at the Club with his companions Roscher, Romundt, Windisch, and Kleinpaul; but above all of his intercourse with Rohde, with whom in his last year in Leipzig he had contracted a deep friendship. On many points they did not agree at all: "As soon, however, as the conversation sunk into the depths, their discordant opinions subsided and complete and quiet harmony resounded." It was delightful to hear my brother and Rohde speak of their Leipzig reminiscences in later years. Rohde could imitate the Leipzig dialect so comically in the midst of his poetical descriptions that he made us die of laughter. The two friends did a lot of riding and pistol shooting in those days. They had taken riding lessons at Herr Bieler's School, which stood exactly opposite Ritschl's College. In later years a young scholar told me how profoundly Nietzsche and Rohde had impressed their fellow-students in those days. When they entered Ritschl's College, beaming with intellect, health and youthful spirits, dressed for riding and with their stocks in their hands, they were stared at with open-eyed wonder "as two young gods." All who remember this period recollect Nietzsche as a wonderful young man, and do not fail to refer to a certain austere chastity about him which always made Rohde compare him with the magnificent youths whom Adalbert Stifter depicts so sympathetically. Twenty-three years later, in a letter to Overbeck, Rohde said that Nietzsche at that time seemed to him "a splendid man and a new revelation of humanity!"

As soon as the prize essay was delivered, my brother arranged a holiday tour with Rohde into the Böhmer Wald, where they had all kinds of romantic and amusing experiences. One or two notes about the journey are still extant, as well as all kinds of comic quotations from the Visitors' Books at the various places of interest. I shall only give one example of these, which Rohde said afterwards had been written by my brother and which was aimed at him (Rohde), because he had felt a great admiration for two charming young ladies belonging to a party of extremely unsympathetic fellow-travellers:

> "In the Bible stands the order
> That we all must love our neighbour.
> Yet you Holy Book distorters
> Only love your neighbours' daughters!"

He concluded the tour by a visit to Meiningen, where the "Musicians of the Future" were holding a musical festival for four days. "The Abbé Liszt presided; this school has plunged passionately into Schopenhauer; a symphonic composition by Hans von Bülow, called *Nirvana*, was provided with a programme containing a number of quotations from Schopenhauer. The music, however, was horrible. On the other hand, Liszt, in one of his own sacred compositions, had struck the character of the Indian Nirvana to perfection, more particularly in his *Beatitudes*, '*beati sunt qui*,' etc."

When he returned to Naumburg we spent an extraordinarily jolly time during the last weeks of the summer, at the end of which my brother straightway threw himself into a new philosophical theme "Concerning the apocryphal writings of Democritus." This essay was intended to form one of a cycle of compositions by Ritschl's special Leipzig pupils, which was to be presented to him as a testimonial; but, as Fritz wrote to Baron von Gersdorff, "Fate intervened."

CHAPTER XII

A YEAR'S SOLDIERING

As I have already said, my brother had frequently applied to the army officials to serve, and on each occasion he had been found strong, healthy, and fit, though he had been rejected owing to his extreme short-sightedness. He accordingly began to think that he would be exempt from military service. When, however, on the 30th September, 1867, he set out in good spirits to the Philological Congress at Halle, on the Saale, he met Colonel von Jagemann on the platform at the station. This officer, who was commanding a divison of the Fourth Horse Artillery, then stationed at Naumburg, informed him that a new regulation had just been passed, according to which young men who were both healthy, and otherwise fit for service, would be compelled to enter the army if the number of their glasses did not exceed 8. Now it happened that on the occasion of his last application in Naumburg, on the 26th September, Fritz had worn No. 8 glasses. This number was much too weak for his eyes, but the authorities had not examined his sight at all, but only his pince-nez. And thus Fate intervened. He was suddenly declared fit for service, and was obliged to make up his mind to enter the army as soon as possible. He naturally wanted to serve in a University town. Von Jagemann accordingly advised him to proceed quietly on his journey to Halle, and promised him that he would in the meanwhile prepare a form, in which he would state that Fritz desired to serve in Berlin, owing to the nature of his studies, and that there was nothing to prevent him from doing so. With this certificate in his possession

my brother went to Berlin on 4th October, in order to present himself to one of the Guard Regiments. Unfortunately all these were full to overflowing with volunteers, and it had been decided not to accept any more. He was therefore obliged to return to Naumburg in order to serve there, despite the fact that service in the Horse Artillery was very arduous. The only thing that induced him to take the step was the riding, which he had already practised in Leipzig, and enjoyed very much.

The contrast between his time in Leipzig, with its scientific and artistic joys, and its happy companionship with the friends whose leader he was, and the hard period of service in the Artillery, was terrible. I must confess that when in the early dawn I saw my brother, dressed in his drill clothes, go to his horse in the Artillery Barracks, I felt positively humiliated. As a matter of fact he only had to see to his horse himself for the first six weeks, after which he was able to keep a servant, who saved him the most unpleasant side of his duties. My brother, however, managed the change and the difficulties of the situation with courage and humour, a fact which is brought out very vividly in a letter to Rohde. After having described his visit to the Philological Congress of Halle, he continues:

"Daily,—yea, hourly, we waited in Halle for good old Ritschl's arrival. He had promised to come, but was prevented by the bad weather. How we longed for his presence, more particularly I who owed him so much! It is thanks to him that I am now in possession of the whole of the *Rheinisches Museum*, without having done anything for it as yet, and constrained, moreover, to the absolute impossibility of doing anything for its Index for many a day to come. I did not apply the first few weeks after our return to this labour of duty, but worked in the most cheerful manner upon my essay on Democritus, which was destined to be written *in honorem Ritscheli*. Thus the draft, at all events, is ready, although in order to demonstrate carefully all my mad assertions, and to complete the construction of the whole, a lot still remains to

be done—far too much, indeed, for one who in other directions is extremely busy.

"Now you will naturally enquire: if he does not smoke, if he does not play, if he neither compiles an index, nor completes his essay on Democritus, nor makes researches about Laertius and Suidas, what is he doing?

"He is drilling.

"Yes, my dear friend, if ever the spirit leads you early one morning—somewhere between five and six o'clock, to Naumburg, and accidentally guides your steps to me: do not be overcome by the spectacle which will present itself to your senses. Suddenly you will breathe the air of stables. In the dim light of a lantern you will perceive a few forms. Scraping, neighing and brushing will go on all round you, and in the midst of it all, in the habit of a stable boy, actively engaged in removing unmentionable and undesirable matter from the place, or busy grooming a horse with a curry-comb—I shudder at the sight of this instrument—you will, upon my word, see myself. A few hours later you will perceive two horses galloping round the ring, not without riders, and one of these will look remarkably like your friend. He rides his fiery prancing steed, and hopes one day to be able to ride well, although, or rather precisely because, he rides for the present on a rug, with spurs and without stirrups, but without a riding whip. He was also compelled quickly to forget all he had learnt in the Leipzig Riding School, and above all to acquire with all possible despatch a more certain and more regimental seat. At other times he stands diligently and attentively beside a large gun, and fetches shells from the limber, or cleans out the barrel with a cleaning rod, or carries out minute calculations. But above all he has a good deal to learn.

"I assure you that my philosophy now has ample opportunities of being of practical service to me. I have not for a moment felt depressed, but on the contrary I have often smiled as though I were living in a fairy tale. At times too when I am concealed beneath the belly of my steed I whisper, 'Schopenhauer, help!' and when, exhausted and covered with perspiration, I return home, I am refreshed by the sight of the picture which stands on my writing table, or I throw open the *Parerga*, which, together with Byron, is more sympathetic than ever to me."

Meanwhile a great joy, about which he writes to Gersdorff, was awaiting the young warrior:

"This summer, the last—that is to say, the second—which I have spent in Leipzig, kept me very busy. You know that I worked hard at the prize essay, *De Fontibus Laertii Diogenis*. I have succeeded every bit as well as I hoped; quite a number of excellent, and to some extent important—that is to say, important in our opinion—results have come of it, and finally the longed-for verdict of the Faculty has been pronounced. Will you allow me to quote you a few lines out of Ritschl's *judicium* concerning it? I am very pleased about it, because it will encourage me to continue along a road from which scepticism at times sorely tempted me to diverge. Well, then, after the mention of my name and my motto (γένοι οἷος ἐσσί) it proceeds: '*ita rem egit ut ordinis expectationi non tantum satisfecerit, verum eam superaverit. Tanta enim in hac commentatione cum doctrinæ e fontibus haustæ copia tum sani maturique judicii subtilitas enitet, conjuncta ea cum probabili et disserendi perspicuitate et dicendi genuina simplicitate, ut non modo insigniore laude scriptoris indoles et industria dignæ videantur, sed plurimum emolumenti in ipsas litteras, philosophorum potissimum Græcorum historiam et plenius et rectius cognoscendam, ex illius opera redundare existimandum sit,*' and this judgment was pronounced before the crowded hall. Unfortunately, I was not able to be present, and this was particularly painful to me because the Philological Club wished to give me, their Founder and Ex-President, a symposium, at Simmer's, to which dear old Ritschl had promised to come.

Throughout the whole of the winter Fritz endeavoured to combine his military service with his scientific work, but he gradually perceived that the double task was almost impossible. To his friend Rohde he complains:

"Miserable man, I say to myself, you have not two hours to spare in the whole day and even these you must sacrifice to Mars, who otherwise refuses to grant you your lieutenant's commission. Ah, my dear friend, what a child of misfortune is a horse-artillery man when he has literary tastes into the bargain. Our old god of War loved young women, not shrivelled old Muses. A bombardier, who often enough in his barrack room sits upon a dirty stool meditating upon

Democritean problems, while his boots are being polished for him, is really a paradox, on whom the gods must look with scorn."

The work which he tried to do in spite of all this did not satisfy him. From the end of January to the end of February I was away from Naumburg, and when I returned I found my brother in a thoroughly miserable mood. He greatly missed the friends with whom he used to share his philosophical and philological studies; for in accordance with the promise he had made to our deceased Aunt Rosalie, he could not discuss Schopenhauer with me. We therefore arranged that his friends should visit him either at Easter or Whitsuntide. "If only the spring would come round!" he exclaimed with a sigh.

In winter, service in the Horse Artillery is very arduous. Fritz fulfilled his duties, however, with great zeal, and on all sides, from the captain and lieutenant down to the non-commissioned officers, one heard only praise of him. I would not dare swear that the praise of the non-commissioned officers was quite impartial. Fritz always treated them to breakfast, a thing which very much warmed their hearts and prompted them to pay the gentleman volunteer many a compliment, though sometimes in a rather comical manner. When, for instance, one of them was explaining for the hundredth time the construction of the gun to a bombardier, who had already served two years, he concluded with the following words: "You blockhead, you are really too stupid for words, even the volunteer Nietzsche has already understood it." As the non-commissioned officer added quickly, "to whom I only explained it once," it was rather a left-handed compliment.

One evening, while my mother and I were at a friend's house, the lieutenant of my brother's company came to us in a rather agitated frame of mind, and told us that Fritz had fainted twice during the hour of instruction. We hurried home and found him very ill and weak. Two days previously he had failed in attempting to mount his

horse (one of the most restive and fiery animals in the battery). He had given his chest a severe blow on the pommel of the saddle, and had felt a sharp twitching pain in his left side. Nevertheless he had quietly gone on riding, and had endured the increasing agony for two whole days. On the evening of the second day, however, he had fallen down in those fainting fits, and on the following day he lay tortured with the most terrible pains, with a high temperature, and could not even move. The doctors declared that he had torn two muscles in his chest by the blow on the saddle. In consequence of this the whole system of muscles and tissues was inflamed, and serious suppuration set in through the bleeding of the severed muscles. My brother suffered incredible torture, had to be helped in rising and in lying down, and grew so weak that, when at last he did get up, he had to learn to walk again.

Gradually his condition improved, his youthful strength overcame the illness, and with great eagerness he plunged once more into his manifold philological and other studies. He felt so happy and strong that he forgot the suppurating wound which the accident had left behind.

Finally, however, it was discovered that the wound would not close because the ribs themselves had been grazed by the blow against the saddle. His military doctors began to feel rather uneasy, and had fears of an operation. They therefore advised my brother to go to the famous surgeon, Volkmann, of Halle, who, as a matter of fact, at first made a very unfavourable diagnosis of the wound. My brother then went to the brine baths of Wittekind, close to Halle, in order to place himself in Volkmann's hands. The healing process was somewhat painful, but after three weeks of applications of iodine and of taking the waters, etc., the wound was healed without an operation becoming necessary. All that remained was a deep scar above the bone, where the wound had been, which for five months had given my

brother such endless pain and us such great trouble. It was only afterwards that Volkmann informed us that the suppuration had gone so far that he had at first feared it had attacked the lungs, in which case a recovery would have been out of the question. He congratulated my brother very heartily upon his thorough good health, and upon the excellence and purity of his blood. It was only thanks to this that his dangerous wound had healed so well. His stay at the brine baths of Wittekind had, even in respect of the people he met there, turned out exceedingly pleasant, and he returned very much refreshed from his visit. In the midst of his philological studies my brother was busy throughout the spring with plans for the future. As the next step to be taken was to get his Doctor's Degree, he thought of using his work on Democritus for this purpose, as the testimonial to Ritschl had fallen through. Those who were to join with him in this testimonial had devoted their work to other ends also. With regard to his Doctor's thesis he writes to Erwin Rohde:

> "As a matter of fact both my essay on Democritus and that on Homer are too good for this purpose; that is to say, I should like to lay them by, so as to be able to work them out at my leisure, a thing that I shall be able to do perhaps in the *Quartier Latin*; but I should not care to spoil this beautiful material by tearing it to bits. Both these themes, moreover, are too long-winded and too German for a thesis. Now it happens that for some time I have had a philosophical scheme ὡς κωλίζων (*i.e.*, to write on the concept of the organic since the time of Kant), and I have indeed collected enough material for the task. On the whole, however, this theme does not suit the object in view, more particularly if one does not want to set to work in a more frivolous spirit than a butterfly. In the end, therefore, I shall have to treat a narrower, more definite, philological question."

The first notes of the philosophical essay, "Teleology since Kant," with which my brother had been busy during the March and April after his illness, are still in existence.

It is possible that the stimulus to this work was derived by him from Albert Lange's *History of Materialism*, which he read as soon as it appeared in 1866, and studied afresh in February, 1868. At that time he thought very highly of the work, and wrote to Gersdorff about it as follows: "It is a book which gives very much more than its title promises, and one can read it through again and again as a real treasure."

After taking his Doctor's Degree, his idea was to become a *Privat Dozent* (fellow), a plan to which he sought to persuade even Erwin Rohde:

> "By-the-bye, dear friend, let me implore you sincerely to keep your eyes fixed upon the thought of entering an academic career; for some day, at all events, you will have to come to a sound resolution on this matter. It is not needful in our case to indulge in any anxious self-examination on this point. We must do it simply because we cannot do anything else, because we have no other fitting career before us, because, moreover, we have left the paths which might have led to other more useful posts, and because, finally, we have no other means of applying our accumulation of powers and opinions usefully to our fellow-creatures, save by this road. Lastly, we should not live only for ourselves. Let us, in our own way, see to it that young philologists are reared with the necessary scepticism, free from pedantry, and the over-valuation of their profession, and behave as genuine promoters of classical studies. *Soyons de notre siècle*, as the French say—a standpoint which no one forgets more easily than the skilled philologist."

My brother had a horror of "those notorious State Examinations—that jading of the memory, of the powers of production, of individual development,—that instrument of a superannuated Government which ordains that everything should be levelled." "I am quite convinced," he writes in a letter to Rohde, "that I shall never pass this examination, because I shall never be able to do it. Therefore let us strike this also out of the programme of our 'music of the future': surely it is not essential to our University career."

At the beginning of August he writes with the high spirits of a convalescent: "To-day I am able to congratulate both yourself and myself—you as the happy and much admired winner in the academic race, myself as one who is at last convalescent and of whom the angels sing:

"'Quite rescued is that noble bone—
His rib—from evil's way;
No longer does it strive alone
To suppurate away.'"

He then tells his friend that they are both marked out by Dame Fortune to be *Privat Dozenten* in Kiel and Leipzig respectively, and are awaited in those cities; then he continues jokingly: "But nothing must prevent us from spending a year together in Paris: after which each of us will be allowed to disseminate optional false doctrines, at optional Universities, to optional suckling souls." He regarded his student life as ended. Perhaps it would be as well at this point to look back at my brother's University studies. From the evidence of his lecture note-books during the six terms constituting his life as a student, he attended the following lectures: In Bonn, winter 1864—1865: Politics by Sybel, History of German Art by Springer, Michael Angelo's Life and Works by Springer, Plautus' *Miles Gloriosus* by Ritschl, Church History by Kraft, The Gospel of St. John by Schlottmann. Summer, 1865: General History of Philosophy by Schaarschmidt, Archæology by Jahn, Latin Grammar by Ritschl, History of German Literature by Springer. In addition to these he attended Ritschl's courses on Philology, Jahn's on Archæology, and Springer's on The History of Art. In Leipzig, winter 1865—1866: Latin Epigraphy by Ritschl, History of Greek Tragedy and Introduction to Æschylus, *The Seven Against Thebes* by Ritschl, History of Greek Literature by Curtius, First Principles of Practical Politics as an Introduction to the Science of Statecraft and Law by Roscher. Winter, 1866—1867: Greek Grammar by Curtius, Interpretation of the Fragments of the Greek Lyricists by Curtius, Greek

Palæography by Tischendorff, Latin Grammar by Ritschl. Summer, 1867: Latin Grammar by Ritschl. From the beginning of his second term at Leipzig he was a member of the Philological Class. It is quite possible that in addition to the above he attended other lectures, as some of his lecture note-books may have gone astray. This at least is certain, that the most important part of his studies from the period of his Leipzig student days did not consist in his attendance at lecture but rather in his private work at home—work which he continued during his military service and more particularly during his illness after his severe accident.

Fritz still had to take great care of himself and could not think of resuming his military duties. Although he had really only completed five months training he was entered as having done his military service on the 1st of April, and also received the rank of Lieutenant of Reserve on condition that he served one month in the spring in order to acquire the necessary knowledge for commanding a battery. At the close of his military year he allowed himself to be photographed in a more or less burlesque military attitude with a drawn sword in his hand, —an act which was later to lead to many a joke and many a misunderstanding.

August, 1868, brought the long expected visit of his friend Erwin Rohde. On the 8th October, looking back upon the whole year and especially this visit, my brother writes:—

> "Now that I have to look back upon a whole year so full of changes, a year packed with pleasant and unpleasant emotions, ascetic and eudæmonistic experiences, a year begun in the stable, continued on the sick bed, and completed with the servile work of an index; now that I can count up the good moments, the beautiful hopes and the peaceful hours of reflection this year has brought, I think again with profound delight of the sensations of those refreshing days during which we were together in August."

During the whole of September Fritz was busily engaged upon the Index, which I have already mentioned often enough, and which was to be made for the *Rheinisches Museum*, after twenty-four years of publication—a work which had been handed over to him through Ritschl's recommendation and in which he allowed me to have a share. We used to grow so cheerful over the task, that people passing by our verandah can certainly never have imagined that we were engaged upon such scholarly and tedious work.

Thus Fritz was able to bring this year of military service cheerfully, energetically and courageously to a close, though it had been a heavy twelve months during which his life had at one moment hung by a single hair. But strangely enough this serious illness, despite its danger, had brought my brother a valuable present: six whole months of perfect liberty, during which he was thrown entirely upon his own resources without being influenced either by the University, its teachers, or its lectures, free from being obliged to squander his time either on studies or in intercourse which was of no use to him, and unencumbered by the oppressive military service, able to live for himself alone and his own special aspirations. How eagerly did he now turn to philosophical problems and how soon was even his philological work involuntarily given a philosophical background!

Can it be that a man always has the experience which is typical of himself? For, once again in my brother's life, illness appears as the great liberator from an oppressive yoke, as the cruel and dangerous guide to "Nietzsche with himself alone."

CHAPTER XIII

INFLUENCES

An important question which recurs under the most different forms and in connection with the most different men and books, in all that has been written about my brother, is that concerning the personalities and literature which exercised an influence over him during his youth, and later in life. This is certainly a question of the utmost subtlety, which it is extremely difficult to answer, and which cannot be dealt with exhaustively here. Who can tell accurately all that has ever exercised any influence or made an impression upon a young soul? It is like trying to analyse the human body into parts in order to discover accurately what was the result of atmospheric, solar, or nutritive influences in it, and to deduce therefrom the exact extent of the individual energy for growth; for it is all these things together that have conduced to the development, the bloom, and the prosperity of the human body. For a whole surging world of spiritual influences storms upon the fiery young spirit, more particularly when it is animated by a profound thirst for knowledge, as was that of my brother, who hastened towards these influences with open arms. He did not, however, allow them to overpower him without showing some resistance; he tested the spiritual tendencies of his age, and those he selected and rejected are certainly characteristic, as is also the time during which he allowed them to rule him, the strength with which they did so, and the precise period at which the mature spirit threw off these trammels in order to seek its own individual path.

Those who study my brother's life carefully will be

surprised at the number of writers of the past and present of whom he already had a very sound knowledge before his twentieth year, when he became a University student. Professor Max Heinze once expressed his astonishment at the really extraordinary range of his information at that time. "Where on earth did he find time to acquire it?" he cried, and we both came to the conclusion that it was Pforta, with its strict division of time, and the use of it, which had given him the chance of plunging so deeply into these multifarious interests. But this left unexplained his perspicacity, and his judgment with regard to the most remarkable and generally unknown books which he found entirely of his own accord. It would be an interesting task to make a collection of the works for which my brother so early in life felt the warmest interest and read with passionate love. These books were my brother's teachers and educators, and out of all these elements he derived the strength which helped the great proud tree to grow, that to-day we recognise as his personality. My brother was very fond of talking about all those men and works that had had an influence upon him. He was quite at one with Goethe on this point. "People are always talking about originality. But what does that mean? If I could only say how much I was indebted to my great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be little left over." If in later years my brother laid stress with a certain pride upon his own importance and the originality of his treatment of certain problems, it was only in self-defence against the malevolent misunderstandings of his fellow-countrymen. Moreover, from the results of his philosophy we gather that it is not the novelty of the thought upon which he insists so much as upon the effects of the union of an original personality with this thought.

The strongest influences which came into his life sprang from three different sources: first, the study of antiquity, in which connection the important part played by classical

history and archæology in my brother's development cannot be overrated; secondly, Schopenhauer, of whom we have already heard; and finally Richard Wagner, whom we shall mention for the first time in this chapter.

The influence of antiquity—that is to say, of Hellenism—was the first to affect him, and lasted the longest, and even when the values of ancient Rome took the front rank, his old yearning "which with the power of an instinct leads our senses and our desires like a charming fairy conductress to the Greeks" remained with him. Certainly one of the most important starting points for my brother's interest in psychological and scientific problems was his admiration for this wonderful people, the Greeks, who though so small in numbers were able to win the most prominent place in the history of intellect and of art. He tried to find the roots of the power which gave birth to Hellenism, and made it the ruler of our culture. In any case it was the love of Grecian antiquity which led him to philology, though he was able to adduce other subtle and convincing reasons for the choice of this study. The most profound reason of all, however, was (as I know from many an intimate conversation with him) that philology was precisely the science which allowed him the most profound intercourse with the spirit of antiquity. But his sole object was the hope of ultimately obtaining a general view of the whole of it, and philology, with its excellent method, was to him only a means to an end. Thus it was always a painful experience to him to meet among his fellow students with any philological pedantry. In the spring of 1867 he writes to Baron von Gersdorff: "It cannot be denied that the inspiring general view of antiquity is entirely absent in the majority of philologists because they stand too near the picture and examine a mere spot of paint instead of admiring, and, what is more, enjoying, the great outstanding features of the whole canvas. When, I ask, have we ever had, even for one moment, that pure joy in our

studies of antiquity of which we unfortunately so often talk?"

In his attitude towards philology he very early showed independence. Encouraged by Ritschl, by his success in philological work, and by his lectures before his Philological Club, and spurred on by the general recognition he received, my brother, as we gather from all his notes on the subject, threw himself with tremendous zeal into the study of philology. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the year 1866 to the autumn of 1868 we find a host of notes which prove how sceptical was his attitude towards the whole of philogical study as it was then pursued; and we see how again and again he puts this question to himself in his solitude: "Are the present objects of philology worth all the lives and intellectual strength which are being applied to their pursuit?" The only answer all my brother's capacities and aspirations could have given to this question would have been a flat negative. It is therefore almost touching to see what he made out of this dry science, how he extended it, how he deepened it and brought it into relation with infinitely lofty and great missions, in order to elevate it to some vital object, so that he himself could endure its study. For instance, he writes: "In what does the fruitfulness of philology lie, which can reconcile us to some extent to yield to it and become reconciled with the study of it? Some seeds must certainly have sprouted from all the infinite industry and pains expended in its service! It is fruitful wherever its study is concerned with general human problems. Thus its most glorious triumph is in the critical comparison of languages, if viewed from a philosophical point of view."

One might ask how my brother ever lighted upon philology at all, and why, despite all his doubts on the subject, he remained faithful to this study. I have already suggested that the deepest reason was certainly his prepossession in favour of antiquity, while, as former chapters

have shown, the exceptionally perfect philological schooling provided by Pforta taught him so soon to master the instrument that philology lays in one's hand, that he came to regard this science as a counter-agent to his thirst for universal knowledge. Henri Lichtenberger[1] very rightly says that:

"The chief one was beyond doubt the desire to be 'Master' of a well-defined speciality. Nietzsche was well aware of the amount of danger that lay in the desire for universal culture He came to understand early in life that if he acquired a superficial knowledge of every science without having the courage to limit his curiosity, he would infallibly become a *dilettante*. Now, his scrupulous and conscientious nature could never be satisfied with a heap of incomplete and badly-digested knowledge. From his early youth he felt an aversion —which continued to increase—from 'the representative of modern education,' the journalist, 'the literary man who *is* nothing, but *represents* almost everything, who plays the part of connoisseur, and who, in all modesty, sees that he gets all that money, glory, and honour that belong to the real connoisseur.' The knowledge he wished to acquire was the real, solid knowledge of the 'master' who, in a restricted sphere, arrives at definite results; it was his ambition to become a good workman in some corner of the vast field of science. From this point of view philology attracted him by the rigour of its method, by the minuteness of its detailed researches, by that dryness and sterility which made it an unpopular subject with the great public.

"What further pleased him in philology was that it was 'out of season,' 'un-present' (*unzeitgemäss*) to use the expression which he himself popularised. The vulgar mob usually reproaches the antiquary with losing his time in studying far-off things, something dead and useless, instead of giving his attention to questions of the day. Now, Nietzsche is grateful to philology, just because it is not a utilitarian science, but rather an occupation for aristocrats, mandarins of the spirit; he is grateful to it because it exacts from its followers meditation, silence, judicious and patient slowness: all of which are unknown to the busy, hustling, superficial man of the present day."

[1] See his *Gospel of Superman*, pp. 37, 38, 39 (translated by J. M. Kennedy, T. N. Foulis).—Tr.

Many years later when my brother had long given up his Philological Professorship he writes of it in warm acknowledgment:

> "Philology is that venerable art which exacts from its followers one thing above all—to step to one side, to leave themselves spare moments, to grow silent, to become slow—the leisurely art of the goldsmith and of the connoisseur applied to language: an art which has nothing to do but carry out fine careful work, and attains nothing if not *lento*. For this very reason philology is now more desirable than ever before; for this very reason it is the highest attraction and incitement in an age of 'work': that is to say, of haste, of unseemly and immoderate hurry-scurry, which is intent upon 'getting things done' at once, even every book, whether old or new. Philology itself, perhaps, will not get things done so hurriedly: it teaches how to read *well: i.e.*, slowly, profoundly, with consideration for that which is to follow, and that which is past, with *arrières pensées*,—the mental doors ajar, with delicate fingers and eyes."

I believe that my brother was most attached to philology when he was a soldier in Naumburg, when it must to some extent have been a comfort to him in the midst of duties which lay so remote from his intellect. And when the joyful feeling of convalescence was combined with his return to philological study, my brother certainly believed himself that he was a philologist heart and soul. When, however, in the autumn of 1868 he returned to Leipzig, which was then in the very vortex of philological activity, and found his friend Rohde very shabbily attacked, philologists and philology struck him in a somewhat different light. Any disrespectful treatment of his friends or of their intellectual work was more painful to him than if the attack had been levelled at him personally. In a letter to Rohde he says:

> "Now that I have once more seen the teeming brood of philologists of our day at close quarters, now that I have observed daily the whole of the mole-hill activity, and the animals with their cheek-pouches full, their eyes blinded,

rejoicing over the captured worm and showing absolute indifference to the true and the pressing problems of life; now that I have seen these things not only in the young brood but in their elders as well, I become ever more clearly convinced that we two, if we wish to remain true to our genius, will not be able to pursue our life task without many a conflict and many an obstacle. When the philologist and the man cannot be completely one, the whole tribe above mentioned gapes in wonder at the miracle; it grows angry and finally scratches, growls and bites. You have an example of this in yourself. For I am quite certain on this point, that the trick you have been played was not directed particularly at your work but at your person; and I also foster the definite hope very soon to have a foretaste of that which awaits me in this infernal atmosphere."

Up to that time, however, his superiors and fellow students at Leipzig had been very friendly to him. According to the testimony of Ritschl's wife he had the general reputation of being as genial as he was clever, and in addition to this was regarded as an extraordinarily gifted philologist.

His attitude to Schopenhauer was just as independent as his attitude to philology, although in the case of this philosopher there was an extra element of personal feeling and admiration. Schopenhauer was not a book for him, but a friend. He was already dead when my brother first learnt to know his work, otherwise he would have gone to him immediately to greet him as a friend and father; for during the whole of his childhood and youth he had yearned for the paternal friend he had missed so bitterly through our father's all too early death, and whose place our grandfather was only temporarily able to fill in his early years. And it was for this reason that he always sought to form a mental image of Schopenhauer the man, which was very different from the one his disciples had of him. "How can these shallow-pates, these watery intellects, know anything of Schopenhauer the man!" he often cried in indignation.

Even during the period of his most whole-hearted

enthusiasm for Schopenhauer, he did not accept all his views without criticism. A fragment of a "criticism of Schopenhauer's philosophy" is very important in this respect. As early as the autumn of the year 1867 his critical faculty was already secretly at work upon the doctrines of the revered philosopher, even though his respect forbade him to speak his views aloud. If the time at which these notes were written were not fixed beyond a doubt, nobody would ever have dreamt of attributing them to this early period during which he was apparently such an uncritical believer in his master; but from internal evidence they would be placed in a later period, when he was beginning to grow estranged from Schopenhauer. In after years, when he wrote fresh prefaces to previously published works, my brother frequently referred to these fundamental views and feelings which were only expressed later, and by so doing incurred the superficial reproach of ignorant critics that he ante-dated opinions of his later period by reading them into earlier works. His manuscripts in this and many other cases prove the reverse. It is characteristic of my brother's development, that almost all his ideas began to be formed exceedingly early in life, though they found expression in his works only very much later, after they had for a long while lain concealed beneath floods of other interests or beneath delicate scruples.

In order to understand my brother in this respect it must be remembered that two natural bents, which generally stand opposed to each other, were united in him to form a beautiful harmony, namely, a warm poetical sensitive heart, inclined to reverence, and a sharp, critical ruthless understanding ploughing only towards truth. But his warmness of heart preponderated and his almost painful scruples urged him in many respects to the most extreme reserve.

In order to understand my brother and his relations with his friends it is necessary to bear these two tendencies of his in mind. He was not blind to the qualities of his

friends, but the word "Friend" was so holy in his eyes that in his letters to them, and in his attitude towards the outer world, the only thing he revealed was his transfiguring love; for he would completely stifle all criticism, and only allow this to find expression when it was no longer possible to conceal his inner change. But, oh! what pain his warm, reverent heart had to suffer when his relentless love of Truth lifted the veil from his friends or his ideals—then his friendships often came to a sad end.

On his return to Leipzig my brother absolutely refused to resume any of the ties of student life. The most dreadful feature of his existence there was the hotel cooking, which in those days must have been really shocking. Even in the year 1888 he writes: "It was through the cooking in vogue at Leipzig, for instance, together with my first study of Schopenhauer (1865) that I earnestly renounced my 'Will to Live.' To spoil one's stomach by absorbing insufficient nourishment—this problem seemed to my mind solved with admirable felicity by the above-mentioned cookery." In the holidays he always used to bring home fresh complaints about the uninviting food. After having spent a whole year in Naumburg with our dear mother (this was the longest period he had ever spent with us at home since his childhood) he felt he had become too pampered ever again to be able to endure hotel food. He therefore engaged some rather luxurious rooms in the Lessing Strasse and boarded with the family of one of the Professors. At the end of October, 1868, he wrote to Erwin Rohde as follows:

"I have come back to Leipzig with utterly different views and have completely doffed the garb of the student and all the life connected with it. A friendly spirit, through the medium of the excellent Windisch, helped me to find a home which, up to the present, satisfies my needs and prevents a relapse into student unrest, together with all the restaurant and theatre fever which it involves. My rooms are at the entrance of the

Lessing Strasse in a garden there; they have a really charming and varied prospect and give me the pleasure of being able to sit within my own four walls of an evening and to warm myself at the brazier of philology."

This was indeed a great thing for Fritz, who formerly felt the desire of frittering away all his evenings at the theatre.

Moreover, this winter he wished more than ever before to be a "society man," and therefore paid a number of calls. Above all, however, he concentrated his attention upon preparing for his academic career, and tried to find out whether he really was suited to become a University lecturer. He describes one of these attempts to his friend Rohde as follows:

"The first lecture of our Philological Club this term was fixed to take place in the evening and I was courteously approached and asked whether I would undertake it. I who stand in need of opportunities for practice in academic work was only too glad to accept on the spot and was delighted on entering Zaspel's to see a black mass of about forty people. I had charged Romundt to keep an eye upon me so as to be able to tell me afterwards how the theatrical side, *i.e*, the delivery, voice, style and arrangement went, and what effect they had upon the audience. I spoke quite extempore, and had only a very diminutive slip of paper to assist me, and my subject, you must remember, was The Satires of Varro and Menippus the Cynic: and behold every thing was καλὰ λίαν. I shall be able to enter an academic career after all!

"I ought to tell you that until Easter I intend to go through with all the annoyances of habilitation[1] and at the same time to take my Doctor's Degree. I shall be allowed to do this, all that is required being a special permit, as I have not the usual five years course behind me. Now the formality of habilitation and the work it entails are quite distinct; but I think it only right that when I have thrown the fetters from my hands I should do some travelling about the world for the last time as a private person! Oh, dear friend, my feelings will be those of a bridegroom, joy and vexation mixed, humour, γένος σπουδογέλοιον, Menippus."

[1] The formality through which the German graduate acquires the right of giving university lectures.—TR.

As a matter of fact, although he does not admit it to Rohde, he often went to the theatre and to concerts, subscribed to many entertainments and at times wrote criticisms of concerts and lectures for the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. About one of these concerts he wrote to Rohde at the end of October:

"This evening I was at the Euterpe Society, which has started its winter concerts, and I refreshed myself with the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* as well as the overture to the *Meistersinger*. I cannot get myself to regard this music coldly and critically; every tissue and every nerve vibrates in me, and for a long time I have not had such an enduring feeling of rapture as when listening to the last-mentioned overture. My permanent seat as a subscriber is surrounded by critical spirits: immediately in front of me there sits Bernsdorff, the abomination I have spoken to you about; on my left Dr. Paul, the present hero of the Tageblatt; two places to the right of me is my friend Stede, who turns out critical opinions for *Brendel's Musical Journal*; it is a thorny corner, and when we four all shake our heads together, it means disaster."

It will readily be understood that my brother, with his profound admiration for Richard Wagner, was very keen to become acquainted with the latter's relatives in Leipzig. As early as the beginning of October he had written to Rohde from Naumburg: "I have one woman more particularly in view, of whom wonderful things have been told me; she is the wife of Professor Brockhaus and a sister of Richard Wagner's, and my friend Windisch, who has just called upon me, gave me a surprising account of her capacities. What pleases me about all this is that it confirms Schopenhauer's theory of heredity. Wagner's other sister, who was formerly an actress in Dresden, is also said to have been a very distinguished woman."

The circumstances of his first visit to the Brockhaus's and the feeling he had on that occasion are described in a letter to his dear friend Rohde on the 9th of November, 1868:

"When I reached home yesterday I found a card addressed to me with this note upon it: 'Do you wish to make the

acquaintance of Richard Wagner? If so meet me at a quarter to four in the Theatre Café, Windisch.' This news I can assure you so turned my head, that I quite forgot what I was doing before it came, and was thoroughly bewildered.

"I naturally ran thither and found my friend, who gave me a lot of fresh information. Wagner had come to Leipzig to his relatives in the strictest incognito; the press had no inkling of his visit, and all Brockhaus's servants were as dumb as graves in livery. Now Wagner's sister Frau Brockhaus, that well-informed and clever woman, had introduced her brother to her friend Frau Ritschl, and on this occasion she was able proudly to boast of the friend to the brother and of the brother to the friend, the lucky creature! Wagner played the Meisterlied, which you must know, to Frau Ritschl, and this good lady told him that she already knew the song very well, *mea opera*. Imagine Wagner's joy and surprise! And with the utmost readiness in the world he declared his willingness to meet me incognito. I was to be invited on Friday evening. Windisch, however, explained that I was engaged by my official duties and obligations; Saturday afternoon was accordingly fixed. Windisch and I ran to the Brockhaus's, found the Professor's family, but no Wagner. He had just gone out with an enormous hat on his huge head. It was thus that I made the acquaintance of the excellent family and received a kind invitation for Sunday evening.

"On this day I felt as though I were in fairyland, and you must allow that in view of the inaccessibility of the great man, the circumstances leading up to this acquaintance were somewhat extraordinary.

"As I was under the impression that a large company of guests were likely to be there, I decided to dress very ceremoniously, and was glad that my tailor had promised me a new dress suit precisely for the Sunday in question. It was a beastly day with continual showers of rain and snow; one shuddered at the thought of going out into the open, and I was therefore very glad when little Roscher paid me a visit in the afternoon to tell me something about the Eleatics . . . . It was getting dark, the tailor did not turn up, and Roscher left me. I accompanied him, called on the tailor myself and found his minions busily engaged on my clothes, which they promised to send round in three-quarters of an hour.

"I went home in a jolly mood, looked in at Kintschy's on the

way, read the *Kladderadatsch*, and was particularly amused to find a paragraph saying that Wagner was in Switzerland and that a fine house was being built for him in Munich, while I knew all the while that I was going to see him that evening and that the day before he had received a letter from the little monarch addressed to 'The Great German Tone-poet, Richard Wagner.'

"But at home there was no tailor awaiting me, so I sat down to read the report of the Eudokia at my ease, but kept on being disturbed at intervals by a shrill sound which seemed to come from the distance. At last I felt certain that someone was standing at the old iron gate; it was shut, as was also the door of the house. I shouted across the garden to the man to enter: but it was impossible to make oneself heard through the pouring rain. The whole house was disturbed, the door was ultimately opened for him, and an old man bearing a parcel was ushered in. It was half-past six; time for me to dress and make ready, as I lived rather far from the centre of the town. It was all right, the man had my things. I tried them on, and they fitted. But what was this strange development? The man actually presented me with a bill! I took it politely; but he declared that he must be paid on delivery. I was surprised, and explained that I had nothing to do with him as the mere servant of my tailor, but that my dealings were with his master to whom I had given the order. The man grew ever more pressing as did also the time; I snatched at the things and began to put them on. He snatched them too and did all he could to prevent me from dressing. What with violence on my part and violence on his there was soon a scene, and all the time I was fighting in my shirt, as I wished to get the new trousers on.

"At last, after a display of dignity, solemn threats, the utterance of curses on my tailor and his minions' minion, and vows of vengeance, the little man vanishes with my clothes. End of the Second Act. I sat on my sofa and meditated while I contemplated a black coat and wondered whether it would be good enough for Richard.

"Outside the rain was pouring.

"It was a quarter past seven: I had promised to meet Windisch at half-past seven at the Theatre Café. I plunged into the dark and rainy night, in a beatific mood; for happiness is favourable to everything, even the scene with the tailor's

man had something tremendous, something out of the way about it.

"At last we entered Frau Brockhaus's exceedingly comfortable drawing room. There was nobody there save the most intimate members of the family, Richard and us two—I was introduced to Wagner and muttered a few respectful words to him; he asked minute questions as to how I had become so well acquainted with his music, complained bitterly about the way all his operas were produced with the exception of the famous Munich performances, and made considerable fun of the conductors, who tried to encourage their orchestras in friendly tones as follows: 'Gentlemen, now let it be a little more passionate! Dear friends, just a trifle more passion, please!' Wagner was very fond of imitating the Leipzig dialect.

"Now let me give you a brief account of what happened that evening; really the joys experienced were of such a rare and stimulating nature that even to-day I am not back in my old humdrum existence again, but can think of nothing better to do than to come to you, my dear friend, and tell you these wonderful tidings. Wagner played to us before and after supper, and got through every one of the more important passages of the *Meistersinger*. He imitated all the voices and was in very high spirits. He is, by-the-bye, an extraordinarily active and fiery man. He speaks very quickly, shows considerable wit, and can make a private company of the sort assembled on that evening quite jolly. I managed to have a somewhat lengthy talk with him about Schopenhauer. Oh, you will understand what a joy it was for me to hear him speak with such indescribable warmth of our master,—what a lot he owed to him, how he was the only philosopher who had recognised the essence of music! Then he inquired as to how the Professors were disposed towards him; laughed a good deal at the Philosophers' Congress at Prague, and spoke of the 'philosophical journeymen.' Later on he read me a piece out of the autobiography he is now writing, a thoroughly amusing scene from his Leipzig student days which I still cannot think of without a laugh. He writes extraordinarily well and intellectually. At the close of the evening when we were both ready to go he shook my hand very warmly, and kindly asked me to visit him in order that we might have some music and philosophy together. He also left it to me to make his music

known to his sister and his relations, a duty which I undertook very solemnly to fulfil. You will hear more about this when I have succeeded in looking at this evening more objectively and from a greater distance. For the time being, a hearty farewell and best wishes for your health."

In his personal acquaintance with Richard Wagner my brother came under the strongest influence which was ever exercised over him. Ever since the publication of Bülow's piano arrangement of *Tristan und Isolde*, many years previously, he had been a passionate admirer of Wagner's music, even though he rejected *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Walküre*. But when Wagner, the man, came before him with all the fascination of his strong will, he felt at once that he was in the presence of a person who in his volitional power was of all his contemporaries most like himself. My brother was the first person who, with one enthusiastic impulse, loved both Schopenhauer and Wagner, and he was the first of that band of young men, who now number so many, who write the two names side by side upon their banner.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CALLING

When my brother had returned to Leipzig in the autumn of 1868 I began to read Schopenhauer's works in secret, as I felt that I was old enough to do so. Although Fritz may not have intended it he had already indirectly prepared me for this study; nevertheless the great philosopher exercised an enormous power over my inmost spiritual life. In him I found a philosophical confirmation of the ideal which in my early youth I had with passionate religious feeling already conceived as my goal, *i.e.*, personal salvation through renunciation and sacrifice for others. Now my feelings were stronger than ever, and I could not go far enough in this direction. When my brother paid us a short visit between autumn and Christmas, it struck him that my opinions on many subjects were very different from what they had been; but he was positively moved, when, in the days preceding Christmas, our dear mother being busy with preparations for the festival, I confided my inmost feelings to him, as they reminded him so much of his own profound emotions when he had first learned to know Schopenhauer three years before. Of these sensations of his, however, I knew nothing then, for at that time I had not seen his Leipzig Memoirs of the years 1865—1867. His subsequent experience, however, led him to warn me against an excess of feeling in this matter, and to try and revive in me the happy mood which was in keeping with our youth. But this fresh basis to the feelings we had in common was a new bond which united us, although my brother understood perfectly well that, as

a Christian, my understanding of Schopenhauer was very different from his; for instance, I scarcely realised Schopenhauer's atheism at all.

Thus in spite of Schopenhauer these holidays were as pleasant and as happy as ever. Fritz's visit to France gave rise to endless jokes and chaff. But suddenly, at the end of the Christmas holidays, he was called to Leipzig. His departure was clothed in unusual mystery. He set off in great haste and came back in the evening with an extraordinary light in his eyes. He was quite changed after this excursion; references to his Paris trip were no longer met with a cheerful smile, but at most with a deep sigh: "Oh, Lizzie, life is really hard!" I did not understand the reason of this, as only just lately he had confided to me his happier view of life as compared with Schopenhauer's pessimism. What then had happened? Was Fritz hopelessly in love, and had he met with difficulties about the betrothal? "What did you do in Leipzig?" I asked him one day with some caution. "I went for a walk," he replied. "Alone?" I inquired. "Oh, Lizzie!" cried Fritz. "What a poor joke! Do you imagine I am going to get engaged? God forbid!"

No, in this direction there was little hope; since Fritz had learnt to know and honour Schopenhauer he had often expressed most dreadful views against women, views which left me utterly amazed. As a matter of fact he did keep rather aloof from women, though he was full of the tenderest regard for them. These extraordinary views of his, therefore, seemed to be directed at a perfectly abstract being who had nothing whatever to do with us as a sex. The fact that he spoke of his highly honoured friend, Frau Ritschl, in terms of the highest admiration was perfectly conceivable in connection with such a distinguished woman; but even in other respects his really fervent reverence for women was not at all in keeping with a disciple of Schopenhauer. I well remember his anger when on one occasion some

one dared to express a doubt as to whether Hedwig Raabe, who was worshipped by the people of Leipzig, and whom he himself adored at a distance as a "fair angel," was really and truly an angel in character and manner of life.

At the beginning of January my brother returned to Leipzig and wrote to us in his usual strain, save for one wonder fulletter in which he sent us his New Year's wishes, despite the fact that we had spent New Year's Eve and the beginning of the New Year together. In this letter he even referred once or twice to his Paris trip. On the 2nd of February he came to Naumburg for our mother's birthday. When the crowd of visitors began to arrive he called me secretly into the dining-room. "Lizzie, you can keep a secret, can't you?" he began rather excitedly. "Of course, you know I can," I replied, somewhat hurt, for indeed, rather than divulge one word of any confidence of his I should have allowed myself to be torn in pieces. "Well, then, listen, I am to be made a Professor of Bâle University." "Oh, Fritz, you must be joking!" I cried breathlessly, "that is impossible!" But no, it was quite possible. It was really true. I was bound to believe it. Fritz described the whole affair to me later on.

Dr. Wilhelm Vischer, the President of the Board at Bâle, and the Head of the Education Department there, had read several articles written by Fritz and had formed a very favourable opinion of him. Of my brother's works the following had been printed in the *Rheinisches Museum*: "Concerning the history of the collected fragments of Theognis," "Simonides' Ode on Danaë" and the long essay "De Laertii Diogenis fontibus," which ran through several numbers. When, therefore, a Professorship for Classical Philology became vacant in Bâle, Vischer applied to Ritschl and inquired whether Herr Fr. Nietzsche, who impressed him as being the product of a very good school, would not be fit for the post. Ritschl summoned my

brother to Leipzig, discussed the matter with him, and then wrote a very enthusiastic letter to Bâle in which he did not conceal the fact that my brother had not yet taken his Doctor's Degree, much less had he been "habilitated," and added that he was at that very moment busy with both. From a later letter of Ritschl's dated 11th January, 1869, the following passage has kindly been put at my disposal:

> "What more can I say? The bulk of his studies lay in the direction of the history of Greek literature (the exegetic and critical treatment of authors naturally included), with perhaps special attention, as it seems to me, to the history of Greek philosophy. But I have not the slightest doubt that if practical demands had to be met, he would, with his great gifts, be able to work up other departments of knowledge with conspicuous success. For he will always be able to do anything he wants to do."

As others were applying for the post and had found supporters in Bâle, the matter lay in abeyance, and there was considerable doubt for some time as to whether he would be appointed. On the day previous to my brother's visit to us, he had received a letter in which everything seemed to be turning in his favour, but he wished to announce the news of the negotiations to our mother only when the definite engagement had been made, and that is why he first confided in me alone.

It seems to me, when I look back, as if in the year preceding 1870 a University Professor was a much more glorious being than he is to-day. All matters connected with the University and the quarrels between Professors then excited quite a different interest from what they do now, and were regarded even by the non-academic world as very important. A young University Professor was one of the favourite figures in novels: he was always noble and knew an infinite number of things, while he was always loved and worshipped in secret by the high-born heroine. Of

course I had never doubted for an instant that my brother was an ideal man, but that he should now, before the whole world, have turned into one of the favourite figures of romance, and this at the age of twenty-four, struck me as rather marvellous. The most incredible part of it all was, however, that Fritz seemed actually on the road to a brilliant career. None of us had dreamt of this being possible. In this respect he was always cheerfully indifferent, and this spirit was naturally infectious. Indeed, to be quite honest, Fritz and I regarded the making of a career as something not quite respectable, as it seemed to us to be associated with a certain modicum of backboneless ness; and now this kind of good fortune had come without Fritz's having made the slightest effort to obtain it. The 2nd of February was always a particularly pleasant memory to all three of us. Our dear mother had not the remotest idea what to make of us. As they say in the old German children's game "We ate not, neither did we drink," and we gave the most confused and cryptic replies to all questions. Fortunately, at the end of two days the solution of the problem arrived and Fritz sent us a visiting card:

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE,
Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Bâle.
(Stipend 3,000 francs.)

Our dear mother's joy and surprise defy description, and the fairy story grew more and more wonderful. Everybody (even the papers) were astonished at this Professor of twenty-four. From all sides praise, honour, and appreciation resounded over Fritz, to such an extent indeed that he felt it was really too much of a good thing, and he wrote quite angrily once: "What, pray, is this marvel that has happened? Why, there is only one Professor more in the world, that's all." From the very first, in this matter of his calling, my brother had shown no vain joy and contentedness. "A great trick has been played upon me," he wrote to Rohde, "and our plans for Paris have been

blown into thin air. With them too have gone my fairest hopes." And later on he writes:

> "I have not told you anything of the first production of the *Meistersinger* in Dresden, of this great artistic orgy which the winter brought me. God knows I must have a great deal of the musician about me, for during the whole of that time I was deeply conscious of being suddenly at home, and in my element, and regarded my other occupations as a distant mist from which I had been delivered. Now a deep heavy mist of this nature once more looms before me. I have announced two lectures for the summer term; private: 'The History of Greek Lyric Poetry, with the interpretation of selected passages'; public: 'Method and Sources of the History of Greek Literature.' In addition to this I have to give the whole of the Greek instruction to the Sixth Form here, while the philological classes will take up a lot of my time and give me a great deal of trouble. But above all I dread that solitude, ἄφιλος ἄλυρος. At the present moment I am living a very distracted life,—ay, seeking for pleasure in a desperate Carnival before the Ash Wednesday of my calling of Philistinism. I feel it deeply, but none of my acquaintances here notice anything. They allow themselves to be bewildered by the title Professor, and imagine that I am the happiest man under the sun."

This premature call to his profession threw an enormous burden of work upon my poor brother's shoulders. Fortunately he did not need to prepare his Doctor's thesis, for at a sitting of the Faculty of Leipzig University it was decided that the essays which he had already written, and which had been published in the *Rheinisches Museum*, were ample qualifications for granting him the Doctor's Degree, and that an oral examination would not be necessary. One of the Professors had remarked jokingly, "We cannot, indeed, examine one of our colleagues." All this was brought to his knowledge, with a good deal besides, by Ritschl. On the 23rd March, 1869, my brother was unanimously granted the degree of Doctor without examination. (Rector: B. B. Brückner, Professor of Theology. Vice-Chancellor: O. L. Erdmann, Professor of Chemistry. Dean: G. Th. Hankel,

Professor of Physics.) Instead of the usual wording of the Doctor's Degree the concluding lines read as follows :—

Fridericus Guilielmus Nietzsche,

Roeckeniensis e provincia Borussiæ Saxonia Professor philologiæ classicæ extraordinarius in universitate litteraria Basileensi et præceptor linguæ Græcæ in pædagogio,
eiusdem civitatis designatus,
ob scriptorum ab eo editorum præstantiam philosophiæ,
doctor et bonarum artium magister creatus,
et hac tabula publice declaratus est.

If, however, he had been spared his Doctor's thesis, the dreadful Index to the twenty-four volumes of the *Rheinisches Museum* remained to be completed. I offered my services as I had done in the previous autumn, and this time was eagerly given a share in the heavy work. Fritz worked out the whole, I cut up the strips and distributed the various references among the different divisions, arranged them in alphabetical order, and stuck them in their proper sequence. Fritz praised me very highly, and declared that I did the thing as well as a student who had already studied philology for several terms, a compliment which made me feel very proud and happy.

We often laughed to tears over the work, and I still wonder what there was that was really funny in it. Fritz had the most delightful and most infectious laugh of anybody I have ever known, and since he had grown to manhood he was very fond of laughing. He declared that in this respect he had a great deal of lost ground to recover, because as a child and as a boy he had laughed so little. And what extremely childish jokes would provoke his mirth—my translations from the Latin, for instance! I only knew a very little Latin, and used to help myself out of any difficulties through the very often deceptive similarity of sound with the French. When, therefore, in our collaboration, I translated either a sentence or a longer passage, and imposed some sort of sense upon the whole—

a meaning which was often very far removed from the right one, Fritz would laugh in the most hearty manner, and declare that I read Latin as though it were a cuneform inscription out of which scholars were able to decipher the most contradictory meanings. Or, amid constant interruptions of boisterous laughter, we would rehearse together the scene of the first student presenting himself at my brother's lectures. On these occasions I would pronounce the most idiotic Latin speeches, introducing every time a new variation; and Fritz assured me that later on, when the students at Bâle really did present themselves, he had had the greatest difficulty in keeping serious, because he could not help thinking of my nonsensical Latin speeches.

Now and again he would play a little trick upon me. For instance, I remember how one day when I was particularly busy he called out to me, "Bring me the references to *Bellum Civile!*" I made a hasty search for this particular division, but could not find the small reference strips. "You must have got them yourself," I said. "No. I am sure you still have them." I returned to the search feverishly—but they had vanished—absolutely vanished! "You must have them!" Fritz cried, with imperturbable calm. At last by chance I happened to pass a mirror, and to my surprise saw myself decorated with a sort of Red Indian coiffure of strips of paper. While I had been doubled up over my work Fritz had stuck the strips of paper like rays round my head, on to the ribbon in my hair. "Fritz!" I exclaimed indignantly, "how can you expect your students to respect you if you are capable of such babyish tricks as this!" He laughed heartily at my indignation. He had no fear of not being respected—and in this he was right, for from his childhood onwards he had possessed a certain graceful and natural dignity which impressed even the coarsest and most uneducated mind.

But a very different fear oppressed his young heart, and that was the thought of the uncompromising, predestined

path which lay before him, and which, however brilliant it might appear, he could not face without a certain painful feeling of resignation. The following notes, written in March, 1869, clearly show us what his feelings were:

"It has always seemed to me worth while to consider the particular way in which anyone is led nowadays to the study of classical philology. For it appears to me that I am only uttering a truism when I say that one or two other sciences, in their blooming youthfulness and extraordinary productive powers, have a greater right to the fresh vigour of striving talent than our science of philology, which, though it does indeed stride forward very gallantly, does as a matter of fact reveal a good deal of the faded features of antiquity. Of course I do not speak of those natures who are attracted to this calling by mere material interests, while even those others who are drawn into it like passive instruments in the hand of the philological teacher have very little in them which pleases me. Many among them go to philology merely to exercise a pedagogic gift which is inborn in them; but, even to these, science is no more than an effective instrument, and not the serious aim of their lives, pursued with ardour and devotion. There is a small community which delights with artistic satisfaction in the beauty of the Hellenic world of form, and a still smaller body of men for whom the thinkers of antiquity are still problems, and are not by any means the final word on all problems. I have no right to associate myself exclusively with any one of these classes; for, the path which led me to philology is just as far removed from that of practical prudence and low egoism, as it is from that along which the enthusiastic love of antiquity marches torch in hand. To say this is no easy matter; but it is honest.

"Maybe I do not belong in any way at all to that specific type of philologist on whose brows Nature has written in letters of brass that they *are* philologists, and who, with the ingenuousness of children, unhesitatingly pursue their appointed path. Now and again one meets with such philological demi-gods, and then one perceives how fundamentally different everything is which is created by instinct and natural forces, from that which is the outcome of instruction, reflection and perhaps also of resignation.

"I will not say that I belong merely and solely to these

'resigned' philologists; but when I remember how I was led from art to philosophy, from philosophy to science, and then again to this much narrower domain, it almost seems to be an act of deliberate renunciation.

"I ought to bear in mind that a man of twenty-four already has the most important things of his life behind him, even though he may bring forth only in later years that which makes his life worth living. For it is within this period of years more or less that the young soul appropriates everything typical from out all the events and experiences, whether of life or of thought which come its way; and it can never again emerge from the world of these typical experiences. When in later years this idealising glance has vanished from our eyes, we stand in the fetters of that world of typical experiences which we received as the legacy of our youth."

If I look back upon that month of March, 1869, and ask myself and all his friends what the general opinion on my brother was when as a man of twenty-four he responded to the summons to become Professor of Classical Philology at Bâle University, every one replies: first and foremost, that he was looked upon as one of Ritschl's best pupils, as one of the most distinguished exponents of classical antiquity with a brilliant career before him, and, secondly, as an ardent votary of both Wagner and Schopenhauer. No one suspected how independent my brother's attitude was towards his chosen science and towards his educators and his ideals. And he deceived both himself and us, when he let himself pass as a "follower" of anybody—as this naturally led one to suppose that he shared all the views of the ideals he worshipped.

And thus, what with work and preparations for his new post, the end of the winter and the hour of his departure came all too soon. The last days were very grave ones for Fritz and myself. Sadly we looked back upon the sunny days of our childhood; we recalled the innumerable happy hours we had spent together, we thought of my brother's boyhood and of all the many aspirations that had animated it. And then we remembered the delightful freedom of his

student life, of the faithful friends who had worked shoulder to shoulder with him, and of those lofty ideals to which hitherto he had been able to aspire with absolute freedom of spirit and with all the impetuosity of youth. Everything that I have recorded in the preceding pages passed in procession before our minds—but now the glorious dream of youth was over. Farewell to Freedom! Solemnly and seriously the official duties drew near with all their honours and heavy responsibilities. How much freedom of choice had he not to give up in his twenty-fourth year! Tremulously we looked into the future, which lay before us like a mysterious shadow of gigantic dimensions, and our warm young hearts shuddered. On the last evening before his departure he wrote to Baron Carl von Gersdorff; and with this letter we also must take leave of my brother's cloudless and sunny youth.

"My dear friend, the last hour has come, the last evening which for a while I shall spend at home. To-morrow morning early I go out into the great world, to enter a new and untried profession in an atmosphere heavy and oppressive with duty and work. Once more I must take leave of everyone; the golden time of free and unconstrained activity, in which every instant is sovereign, in which the joys of art and the world are spread out before us as a mere spectacle in which we scarcely participate—this time is irrevocably over for me; now the inexorable goddess 'Daily Duty' rules supreme. '*Bemooster Bursche zieh' ich aus!*' ('As a moss-grown student I go out into the world').[1] But you know the poignant Student Song! Yes, Yes! '*Muss selber nun Philister sein!*' ('I, too, must be a Philistine now!').[2] Some day or another this line always comes true. One cannot with impunity take up posts and honours—the only question is, are the fetters of iron or of thread? And there is that pluck in me which one day, perhaps, will enable me to burst my bonds, and venture into this precarious life from a different direction, and in a different way. As yet I see no sign of the inevitable humpback of the professor. May Zeus and all the Muses preserve me from becoming a Philistine,

[1] A song which is sung by the German student on leaving the University.—TR.
[2] Another line in the same song.—TR.

an ἄνθρωπος ἄμουσος, a man of the herd. But I can hardly see how I should be able to become one, seeing that I am not one. It is true I stand in greater danger of becoming another kind of Philistine, a Philistine of the 'Specialist' species; for it is only too natural that the daily task, and the unremitting concentration of one's thought upon certain subjects and problems, should somewhat blunt the free receptivity of the mind, and undermine the philosophical sense. But I flatter myself that I shall be able to confront this peril with more calm and security than the majority of philologists; philosophical seriousness is already too deeply-rooted in me; the true and essential problems of life and thought have been too clearly revealed to me by that great mystagogue, Schopenhauer, to allow of my ever being obliged to dread such a disgraceful defection from the 'idea.' To infuse this new blood into my science, to communicate to my pupils that Schopenhauerian earnestness which is stamped on the brow of the sublime man —such is my desire, such is my proud hope. I should like to be something more than a mere trainer of capable philologists: the present generation of teachers, the care of the growing younger generation—all this is in my mind. If we must live, let us at least do so in such wise that others may bless our life as a priceless treasure, once we have been happily delivered from its toils."

PART IV

THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR 1869—1876

CHAPTER XV

BÂLE

Early on the morning of the 13th April, 1869, my brother left Naumburg for Bâle, his future home. It was a fresh and pleasant morning, and through our surging tears, which our pride alone helped us to restrain, we watched his powerful young form vanish in the old-fashioned fly that bore him thence. Even the coachman, who had once driven our parents to their wedding, smiled feelingly at the stately young Professor, and seemed to regard it as an honour to be allowed to drive him to the station. The fact that our Fritz had such a dignified mien, and that his professorial gravity became him so naturally despite his youth, atoned for a good deal as far as I and my mother were concerned. At all events, he had taken great pains in choosing his new outfit, to select only those styles and materials which would give him an elderly appearance; he absolutely repudiated anything in the way of a youthful or smart cut, and he approved only of those clothes, fashions and hats which were patronised by elderly men. These clothes suited him admirably, in spite of his twenty-four years, and they must certainly have been in keeping with the conditions at Bâle.

He reached Bâle on the 20th April in order to assume his

position as a Professor there. On the following day he sent us a short account of his journey :

"A week ago yesterday I left Naumburg, and reached Bâle yesterday. I arrived at Cologne at about 11 p.m. on the first day, which was by far the most insufferable that I have ever spent. On Tuesday evening I left for Bonn, and spent Wednesday there in the most agreeable fashion, looking up old associations and meeting new acquaintances. I spent the whole of Thursday on the steamer in beautiful spring weather, and landed late in the evening at Biebrich, not far from Mayence, whence I travelled by train to Wiesbaden. I explored this place on the following day, and cannot say that it attracted me much. In the afternoon I left for Heidelberg. And in the evening, when the light was at its best, I visited the famous castle ruin with its lovely surroundings. I met a few Leipzig acquaintances here, and spent Saturday at a simple but good local inn, where I worked at my inaugural address. My intention was to travel direct to Bâle on Sunday ; a quarter of an hour before reaching Karlsruhe, however, I changed my mind ; for a number of young men who were going to hear the *Meistersinger* at Karlsruhe had entered my compartment, and as I could not resist this temptation, I alighted at the next station, had my ticket extended over the next day, and refreshed myself in the evening by hearing an excellent performance of my favourite opera. Thus I took leave of German soil. On Monday, at 2 p.m., I reached Bâle, and put up at the 'Krone.'

"At present I am installed in the temporary lodgings of which I can give you no better description than the one you have already had from Vischer. They are somewhat uninviting, but rejoice in the advantage of being only about twenty paces away from the place where I shall ultimately live."

Later on he called these first lodgings either the "Cave" or the "servants' hall." For he had once intended to engage a servant, as at that time he did not like to perform certain trifling domestic duties himself. Indeed, his short-sightedness may have made him essentially unfit for such things. Very shortly after he had been elected to Bâle, he wrote to us from Leipzig : "Meanwhile you can do me a great service, by looking out for a servant whom I might take with me to Bâle. My wants and special conditions

are as follows: The man must not be too young, and he must be clean and honest. If he has been a soldier, all the better. I loathe the vulgar dialect of Naumburg. Anything in the way of crass imbecility I could not abide. There is nothing to prevent him from practising his trade while he is with me, provided it be a clean and fragrant one."

After considering the matter more carefully, however, it was thought that a servant would only prove to be an extra source of annoyance, and thus all that remained of the whole plan, as my brother humorously remarked, was the servant's room which Fritz was obliged to use as his own quarters for two months.

In those days it was extremely difficult to find pleasant furnished rooms in Bâle. Every one seemed disinclined to admit strangers into their homes; every family seemed to be actuated by the one wish to be left alone. It was for this reason that the town was in those days an extraordinary large one in proportion to the numbers of its inhabitants. In the spring of 1869 the authorities were engaged upon demolishing the city wall, laying out gardens, and throwing gate and door open to the new age. My brother always expressed his delight at having known good old Bâle; he declared that by this means he had been allowed a deeper insight into the Middle Ages. The whole community at Bâle, with its deeply-rooted customs and usages, was particularly pleasing to us Prussians, used as we were to seeing the cultured classes among us move from place to place, and easily adapt themselves to different habits. Bâle's magnificent ancient houses, with their quaint ghost stories, reminiscent of old myths forgotten long ago; its staunchly united families who all paraded to church on the best of terms on Sundays; its old servants who worked in the same families from one generation to another; the old fashioned way in which its inhabitants greeted one another in their low-German dialect—all this struck us as belonging to an age long since buried in oblivion.

From the earliest times, Bâle has been both a rich and beneficent city, striving in every possible way to improve its excellent public institutions, and to promote art and science. My brother always thought that the extraordinarily large sums spent by this little town on educational work were deserving of the highest credit. That is why he says in one of his unpublished notes: "I am quite well aware of what kind of place this is in which I am to hold these lectures—*i.e.*, a city which, in a manner so lavish as to be quite out of proportion to its size, and by comparison, a shameful rebuke to much larger cities, endeavours to promote the culture and education of its citizens. Thus, I certainly am not at fault when I assume that in a place where so much more is *done* for these things than elsewhere, they will also be much more *thought* about."

On all sides my brother aroused the deepest interest. A letter sent from Leipzig by Privy Councillor Ritschl which culminated in the sentence, "In a word, Nietzsche is a genius," had roused the most extraordinary expectations, and, like all strong praise, also provoked some suspicion.

On the 28th of May he delivered his inaugural address, and concluded with a small tribute to philology, in which he invoked his listeners to show some gratitude to this science, and with a few personal remarks introducing himself to his new fellow-citizens of Bâle. His listeners attended to his discourse with the greatest interest. His melodious voice, the graceful movements of his powerful frame, his noble features, his gleaming eyes—all this together exercised a peculiar spell over the assembled audience. Musing deeply, the worthy councillors and professors walked homeward. What had they just heard? A young scholar discussing the very justification of his own science in a cool and philosophically critical spirit! A man able to impart so much artistic glamour to his subject, that philology, that once stale and arid study, suddenly struck them—and they were certainly not impressionable men—as the messenger of the gods: "and just as

the Muses descended upon the dull and tormented Bœotian peasants, so philology comes into a world full of gloomy colours and pictures, full of the deepest, most incurable woes, and speaks to men comfortingly of the beautiful and brilliant godlike figures of a distant, blue, and happy fairyland."

"We have indeed got hold of a rare bird, Herr Ratsherr," said one of these gentlemen to his companion, and the latter heartily agreed, for my brother's appointment had been chiefly his doing. Even in Leipzig it was reported that Fritz's inaugural address had created an extraordinary impression. Jacob Burchhardt had said: "Nietzsche is as much an artist as a scholar." Privy Councillor Ritschl told me of this himself, and then he added with a smile: "I always said so; he can make his scientific discourses as palpitatingly interesting as a Frenchman does his novels."

After this start, he wrote to us:

"In addition to this the people are well-disposed towards me, and whoever had any misgivings on my assuming my post at this place, has either had to bow to the inevitable, or has felt the grounds for these misgivings vanish upon becoming better acquainted with me. In this respect my inaugural address was very important. I delivered it before an exceptionally crowded hall only a day or two ago, and chose Homer's personality as my subject. The people here were convinced of a good many things, thanks to this inaugural address, and I see clearly now that my position has been rendered secure by means of it. . . . I have fixed my lecture-hour in the morning, every week-day between seven and eight, and am well satisfied with this kind of work. One also becomes inured to the drawback of having only eight people in one's audience, seeing that they, together with one Divinity student, make up the whole number of those who have entered for the philological course. In the school I rejoice in the possession of an intelligent class, and flatter myself that, though I may not be a good schoolmaster, I am at any rate not a bad one either."

My brother had his Homer address printed for private

presentation at Christmas, 1869, and sent it to me with the following lines:

"Devoid of dress and cover, see!
This brand-new booklet comes to thee.
But let Jakobi once bestow
His skill upon it till it glow
In splendid bindings—I surmise
'Twill win some favour in thine eyes.
Upon the polished table-top
To place it, and when questions pop—
Then, with a proud indifference you'll confess:
'Twas dedicate to me, the Index-scribleress!" [1]

The little book itself contained the following hearty dedication in print: "To my dear and only sister Elizabeth, the industrious helpmate on the stubble-field of philology."

Over leaf, at the back of this printed dedication, stood the following verses addressed to my brother's friends:

"In Bâle I stand, nor fear, nor faint,
But lonely—God may hear my plaint—
And Homer, Homer! crying loud,
I ceaselessly annoy the crowd.
To church or home their way they win
And drown with laughter all my din.

Such things no longer damp my mood:
The public, always kind and good,
Listens to my Homeric roar,
Yet keeps as patient as before.
For this surpassing graciousness
My thanks in print I here express." [2]

In his references to my help, my brother meant the work I had done with him on the compilation of the index to the twenty-two volumes of the *Rheinisches Museum*, which I had to complete, as it was unfinished when my brother went to Bâle. Later on, Fritz himself did some work on the indices to volumes 23 to 25.

[1] Translated by Mr. Herman Scheffauer.
[2] Translated by Mr. Paul V. Cohn.

This dedication is an example of how intensely grateful my brother was for any help he received. Gratitude, of which his friend Wilhelm had already made special mention in referring to him, remained throughout his life his chief characteristic. His friends must certainly feel the same as I do about this matter. When, now, we go through the old letters and book-dedications, we ask ourselves, what were the services for which so much gratitude is expressed? Very often they consisted of quite insignificant trifles, or, as a rule, little acts of assistance which were the greatest joy to one. But my brother transfigured all such things into deeds of personal self-sacrifice. I must therefore warn the reader against drawing any conclusions whatever from such excessive expressions of thanks and praise. Although, as the result of my brother's encomiums, I was for a long time supposed to be the only compiler of the index, the work I did, despite the fact that it was arduous and took up a good deal of my time, entailed only a small amount of individual talent or knowledge.

Contrary to my desire, this private impression of the Homer address, with its dedication to me, fell into the hands of the University circles of Leipzig, and somewhat scandalised them. Probably, however, it was not the dedication alone which roused the narrow hearts of these philologists to suspicion; for the regular, common or garden philologist must have felt an ominous shudder on reading one or two of the passages in the address itself. Must not the following words have sounded rather discordant to their ears?:

> "It is becoming even in a philologist to formulate the object of his ambition and the road thither in a short and condensed article of faith; and I suggest that this be done by transforming a saying of Seneca's as follows:
>
> '*Philosophia facta est quae philologia fuit.*'
>
> And these words should imply that all philological work should be embraced and bounded in by a philosophical outlook, in

which everything isolated and particular is got rid of as something reprehensible, and only that which is whole and unified remains."

Some time elapsed before my brother felt quite at home in Bâle. Much as the exclusive and soundly established life of the community pleased him, and high as his esteem was for the men and women of Bâle ("they all have the courage still to be original characters," he said), it was just as difficult for him as for them to make new friends. He met with much kindness in Bâle, and always acknowledged it with the utmost gratitude; but, during the first year of his Professorship, he suffered greatly from solitude. What he lacked was the familiar mate with whom he could daily exchange the most personal thoughts. Even his journeys through the glorious country of Switzerland did not comfort him then; they only succeeded in making him yearn the more for the old friends. Towards the middle of July, 1869, he wrote to Erwin Rohde: "My dear friend, do you know what '*Bündlitag*' (Travelling-bag day) means at Bâle? Everybody straps up his bag and runs to the railway station; for four weeks the University and all the schools have a holiday, and the meteorologists of Bâle declare that during this period it is physically impossible to remain in Bâle. The cry is therefore, 'Out into the wide world!' But whither? To my surprise I observe that the great ice-clad mountains do not attract me so much after all; and I should love to visit the delightful hill-country of Bavaria and Bohemia again, if only I could do so in your company, dear friend."

And, at the end of the holidays, on the 18th August, he writes:

"The last day of the holidays. Dead and buried old feelings come to life again. I feel just like a fourth-form boy who becomes sentimental and writes poems about the ephemeral character of earthly bliss, when he hears the clock strike the last hour of the last day of the holidays. Oh, dear friend, what a small amount of joy I have in this world, and what a lot of

my own smoke I have to consume! How unsatisfactory letters are! Incidentally, I discovered the following beautiful passage in old Goethe yesterday:

> 'How precious is the dear and certain speech
> Of the immediate friend! The *Solitary*,
> Robbed of its power benign, sinks into gloom;
> Too slowly ripen, then locked in his breast,
> Thought and each firm resolve; but in the presence
> Of the beloved friend they leap to life.'" [1]

And, to his friend Baron von Gersdorff, he writes: "Oh, and how much one needs the consciousness of having real friends! At times solitude is far too dreadful." Still fate offered him a splendid substitute: it had led him into the neighbourhood of that sublime genius, to whom, henceforward, he was going to erect altars in his heart, which he was to adorn with all the most glorious blooms of his intellect, and honour with the sacrificial offerings of self-denial.

[1] Translated by Mr. Herman Scheffauer.

CHAPTER XVI

TRIBSCHEN

"In addition to this I have found a man who has revealed to me, as no other man could, the image of that which Schopenhauer calls 'the genius,' and who is thoroughly permeated by that wonderfully profound philosophy. This man is no other than Richard Wagner, about whom you need not take for granted any opinion which you may find in the press or in the writings of musical experts, etc. *No one* can know him or judge him, because the whole world stands upon a basis different from his, and is not familiar with his atmosphere. He is ruled by such an absolute kind of ideality, by such profound and touching humanity, and by such a lofty and serious interest in life, that at his side I feel in the presence of the divine."

Thus does my brother describe his impressions and feelings after his first visit to Richard Wagner, in a letter written in August, 1869, to Baron von Gersdorff.

On the Saturday before Whitsuntide, the 15th of May, 1869, he went for the first time to the Lake of Lucerne, in order to spend a few days at Tell's Chapel. At Lucerne he wondered for some time whether he might dare to respond to an invitation given him in the previous autumn, and visit Richard Wagner at his country house, Tribschen. It was a beautiful spring morning; full of hesitation he walked along romantic paths to the pretty house of Tribschen, which stands in a beautifully isolated position between the water and the mountains, at the foot of Mount Pilatus, near the Lake of Lucerne. When he reached the country house he stood for some while quite still in front of it, and heard sounds coming from it as of a sad chord repeated again and again. At last a servant came out of

RICHARD WAGNER, 1869.

the garden and said to him that Herr Wagner would be at work until 2 p.m., and no one was allowed to disturb him. My brother then resolved at least to send up his card. Whereupon Wagner quickly sent the servant to inquire whether the Professor was the same Herr Nietzsche whom Wagner had met at his sister's, the wife of Professor Brockhaus, in Leipzig. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, Wagner invited my brother to lunch. Unfortunately he had to decline the invitation, as he already had an engagement which he felt compelled to keep at Tell's Chapel. He was therefore asked to spend the following Monday at Tribschen. He writes in his notes, "Meanwhile spent a jolly time with Ofenbrüggen, Loretius, Exner and his sister, at the Pension Imhof." On Whit-Monday he drove to Lucerne, went to Tribschen, and there, in the company of Richard Wagner and Frau Cosima Wagner, spent the first of those lovely days which later were to prove the joy of his soul and a solace in his loneliness. Wagner presented him with his photograph, accompanied him back as far as his inn, and begged him most warmly to repeat his visit. Concerning all this my brother wrote to Erwin Rohde: "Wagner is really all that we hoped he would be: a lavish, rich, and great mind, an energetic character, and a wonderfully charming personality, possessed of the strongest will-power, etc. I must close, otherwise I should sing a pæan."

Very shortly afterwards, Frau Cosima invited him to Tribschen on the occasion of Wagner's birthday, but he did violence to his heart and declined the invitation "as a virtuous and dutiful University Professor," as he wrote at the time. But he moaned: "An official post is indeed an extraordinary thing!" and "I see very clearly how even the most desirable of occupations may become a fetter at which spirits like us tug impatiently." Instead of going to Tribschen, he wrote Wagner a letter of respectful congratulations, to which he received a most hearty reply, and an invitation to spend the following

week-end at the composer's house. My brother naturally accepted this second invitation for the 5th and 6th June, 1869, with great eagerness; and wrote to us as follows concerning it: "One is supremely comfortable at Tribschen; we have the most lively and entertaining time together there—a delightful family circle, quite removed from the ordinary trivialities of society." Out of consideration for his colleagues he returned to Bâle very early on the Monday morning; and some time later he heard that during that night a son had been born to Wagner—an event which both regarded as a very fortunate omen for their friendship.

After the summer holidays, Wagner and my brother saw a great deal of each other and were always corresponding; and, now, if my brother ever felt oppressed by his loneliness, the thought of a coming visit to Tribschen always cheered him. At the beginning of September, he writes to Erwin Rohde:

> "By-the-bye, I also have my Italy, just as you have; the one difference being that the only time I can keep for enjoying it, consists of my Saturdays and Sundays. This Italy is called Tribschen, and I am already quite at home there. Just recently I have paid four visits there in quick succession, and a letter takes wing in the same direction almost every week. During my first night at Tribschen, a little boy called Siegfried was born. On the occasion of my last visit there, Wagner had just completed his composition of *Siegfried*, and was full of the most exuberant sense of his artistic strength."

In all his letters my brother urged his friends to study Wagner's writings; he assisted them with his own knowledge of the matter wherever he could, and endeavoured to awaken their warmest feelings for Wagner. His reverent heart soon led them to an attitude of reverence as well. Still he did not limit his propaganda to the narrow circle of his friends alone, and to this day I cannot help smiling at the thought that in his passionate admiration for his hero, he almost succeeded in inducing the Grand-Duchess

Constantine to pay a visit to Tribschen. At that time, this would have been considered an altogether unprecedented act; for, although Wagner enjoyed the patronage of King Ludwig II., he was not yet received at the Courts of the Princes and Princesses. The Grand-Duchess (a former pupil of our father's) spent one day in Bâle in July, 1869; my brother, notified beforehand, had met her at the railway station, accompanied her through the city, and spent a most pleasant evening with her at her hotel. She was unusually musical and therefore understood more about Wagner's greatness than did the public of the time.

Wagner lived a very lonely life with his family in Tribschen; for he was greatly misunderstood, and kept very isolated from the world. I do not believe that anyone in Lucerne had a notion of his fame, save perhaps an amiable couple, Count B. and his wife, who, owing to family business, were obliged to stay there for a while. Apart from these, the various hotel-keepers alone had some sort of dim idea that this Herr Wagner must be someone remarkable; for, once, a king had remained incognito at Lucerne, evidently only for the purpose of visiting the mysterious man, and again and again gentlemen of very distinguished appearance had visited Tribschen, of whom it had been whispered afterwards that they were princes and high dignitaries. Taking everything into consideration, it seemed advisable to treat a man who could receive such guests, with respect.

Even Wagner used to complain bitterly at times about his isolation, and referred my brother to the Unique[1] as his greatest consolation. My brother's friends, Professor Rohde and Baron von Gersdorff, were received in a very friendly manner. Later on, Wagner said to me: "Your brother is a member of the Tribschen household, and his friends are my friends," and on another occasion: "Your brother and his friends belong to an absolutely new and wonderful order of men, in the possibility of whose existence I never believed before."

[1] Cosima Wagner.—Tr.

Thanks to all the delightful hours and days they spent together far removed from the outer world, a very deep and strong friendship had gradually grown up between Wagner, Frau Cosima, and my brother. They all shared each other's experiences, pleasant or unpleasant, great or small, and they all suffered together through the premature productions of the *Rheingold*, and the *Walküre* at Munich, and through all the indiscreet publications and malicious attacks on the master. But they rejoiced, too, with all their hearts, at the progress of his great works, the *Götterdämmerung* and the "Autobiography." Both Wagner and his wife manifested the greatest interest in my brother's inaugural address, and in two lectures which he delivered in Bâle before mixed audiences, and which had caused somewhat of a sensation. The three addresses: "Homer and Classical Philology," "Greek Musical Drama," and "Socrates and Tragedy," were most eagerly read and discussed at Tribschen. Then there were also stories told about the simple daily events in the life at Tribschen, particularly of the delightful pranks played by the dear little rascals who constituted the junior portion of the establishment, and who were always a source of great joy to their elders. Fritz became a thorough lover of children—an accomplishment for which he had never before had either the opportunity or the talent. When Christmas, 1869, came round, he undertook to purchase in Bâle the greater part of the presents for Tribschen—not only Dürer etchings, antique treasures and costly art-works for the household, but also dolls and model theatres and other toys. Frau Cosima was always very shamefaced when she approached my brother with fresh requests, and used to declare that the master would have been quite indignant if he had known she bothered my brother with such matters. She said that she found the courage for demanding these favours only in trying to forget that my brother was a Professor, a Doctor, and a Philologist, and in remembering that he was twenty-five. Moreover, in view of his un-

practical nature, she tried to make things as easy as possible for him, and told him to present little tickets in the shops, containing the most exhaustive descriptions of what was required. But Fritz did not take his task too lightly; he not only inspected the art-works, books and other things which he understood, very critically, but he proceeded in the same fashion with the toys of which his knowledge was much less complete. For instance, in regard to the actors for the toy-theatre, he protested that the king's appearance was not sufficiently realistic, and that the devil was not as black as he ought to be; he also formed his own opinion as to the dress of a certain Christmas angel, which he could nowhere discover in Bâle, decked in the orthodox heavenly way, and which he was therefore obliged to order from Paris.

He spent the most enjoyable holidays at Tribschen during Christmas, 1869 and 1870. During the Christmas festival the good old country house was always transformed into a lovely fairy palace in which the happy children joyfully, and the adults somewhat sadly, forgot both space and time. Presents were given and taken all round, and objects of beauty, of interest, and even more substantial tokens of friendship then exchanged hands. For instance, my brother received a beautiful large octavo edition of Montaigne from Frau Cosima. For years he had had an excellent German edition in his possession; and, as he had already received La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues and La Bruyère from me, he then had the greater number of his favourite novelists in good editions on his shelves. Stendhal's *Promenades dans Rome* was only added to his collection later on, and he came across this book quite accidentally at an antiquary's. Strange to say, this author was not known to Wagner and his circle.

But Fritz was entrusted with tasks of a very varied character by the master; for Wagner was then engaged upon the writing of his "Autobiography," of which only twelve copies were to be printed for private circulation.

He laid the whole matter confidently in my brother's hands, and Fritz saw to the printing in Bâle. At the beginning, Fritz took charge of all the proof-corrections. Wagner soon found, however, that this was too much for his friend, with all his official duties, and undertook the task himself. But my brother was still allowed to inspect both the manuscript and the proofs.

At Christmas, 1869, the "Homer" address was printed for private circulation at the same printers, and later on, in 1871, the lecture on "Socrates and Greek Tragedy," already referred to, was also printed there. The manuscript of this lecture had already been sent to Tribschen in February, 1870, and it caused somewhat of a sensation in the Wagner household. In it my brother for the first time elaborated "in a manner a little more precise" the substance of the original discourse, which consisted of his thoughts on the destruction of the ancient Dionysian tragedy through the rationalistic spirit of Socrates and Euripides. The master informed him that, after he had read it aloud, it took him some time to calm down his wife.

"I, for my part, cry out to you: 'It is as you say!' You have hit the right nail on the head; you have called attention to the exact point with perfect accuracy, and I cannot help looking forward with admiration to the further development of your ideas with which you will confute the prejudices of vulgar dogmatism. Nevertheless, I am somewhat anxious about you; and from the bottom of my heart I trust that you will not come to grief. That is why I would fain advise you not to expound your unacceptable views any longer in short treatises which, owing to unfortunate scruples, are, I think, calculated to produce a superficial effect. But if, as I believe, you are so deeply steeped in your ideas, gather them together in a much more extensive work. Then you will most certainly find the proper expressions for Socrates' and Plato's divine errors, which were of so overwhelmingly creative a nature, as to force us to worship even when we are in the very act of turning our backs on them. Oh, friend! where can we find the sacred words to express what we feel when we contemplate those incomprehensibly harmonious creatures from the standpoint of our world! And

how high our hopes and thoughts of ourselves should be when we realise deeply and clearly that we are able to do things—nay, that we shall and must do things that were denied to them!"

With all due reverence, my brother must certainly have smiled a little on receiving the above advice; for, for many years, a whole host of æsthetic problems and replies to problems had been fermenting in his mind, and he had availed himself of public lectures only in order to elaborate small portions of the general outlook which was to be expounded in a large work dealing with the Greeks. But one is pleased to be influenced a little, one is pleased to be criticised a little, by others, when one stands still hesitatingly before the accomplishment of a great work. It is very characteristic that Wagner, despite his intimate intercourse with my brother, could have fallen into the error of supposing that these short lectures were to a certain extent merely preliminary surveys of the ground, and that he did not realise that they might be only a small portion of a general conclusion, which had been arrived at by years of study and much silent thought. Similar errors were subsequently made by other people, for communicative as my brother was in his daily intercourse with his friends, he spoke of his great new thoughts and plans, even to his friends, only when they had grown ripe in solitude. Whether he ever discussed his private plans in response to Wagner's suggestion to collect all his new ideas together in a book, or whether he still thought it was too early to do so, I cannot now ascertain, as the majority of his letters to Wagner seem to have been lost. Probably, in keeping with the friendly relations of those days, he wrote expressing in the warmest manner his gratitude to Wagner for his kind advice.

In addition to this, the surprise and joy over the novelty and audacity of my brother's writings produced an agreeable result. Frau Cosima wrote: "The work you sent, and our discussion of it, marked a turning-point in the general

spirit prevailing at Tribschen. We were so doleful that we even ceased from reading of an evening; the pilgrimage which you induced us to take into the most beautiful age of man had such a beneficial effect upon us that, on the following morning, the master created the bright theme of *Siegfried*, to an accompaniment of the boldest and most frivolous violin virtuoso on the Rhine, and listening to which, the Rhine Daughters, with joyful hope, let their motif resound far and wide. (The overture to the *Götter-dämmerung* after Brünnhilde's and Siegfried's departure)."

This mutually refreshing influence, this reciprocal effect of two great spirits one upon the other, which filled each with such lofty hopes for the future, is certainly the most exalting and most stirring testimony of the profound friendship that prevailed between them during the days at Tribschen.

The Wagners found Tribschen almost more cosy in winter than in summer. I, for my part, saw it only when it was decked in its most beautiful spring or summer garb. The first time I went there was at the end of July, 1870. I was staying with some Bâle friends at their country house in Lucerne, on the other side of the lake immediately opposite Tribschen, and, with the view of being introduced to Wagner, I was fetched by my brother and Hans Richter in a small boat and rowed across the lake. On the second occasion, which was in the spring of 1871, I got to know more of Tribschen, as I stayed there for many days with my brother.

The whole of Tribschen, together with its inmates, was a charming idyll; at the head, the ideal couple, then the beautiful children with all their wealth of imagination and resource in queer ideas and games; the worthy servant Jacob, who at every fresh leave-taking would withdraw his hand for an instant and pretend to decline the proffered tip, saying as he did so, "But, Professor, you are welcome to all my services"; and the old angular house which, with its simple garden and grounds, took its

RICHARD WAGNER AND FRAU COSIMA WAGNER, 1870.

place so unpretentiously and naturally in the glorious landscape—everything was so harmonious and yet so rare. The house itself was not arranged and furnished in a manner befitting its style, but in accordance with the taste of a Paris furnishing firm, who had been somewhat lavish in their use of pink satin and little Cupids. Thus, I have retained the most unpleasant remembrance of the inside of the simple old house. But its inmates and the surrounding country reconciled me to the amazing style indoors and made the latter seem almost picturesque.

I can still remember the last evening I spent there; the sun was just setting, but the moon already stood full and bright over the luminous snowfields of Mount Titlis. And, as the light of the sun gradually waned and surrendered the earth to the pallid glow of the moon, and the lake and the picturesquely shaped and sharply outlined mountains grew ever more delicate, more diaphanous and more transparent, and seemed as it were to grow every minute more ghost-like, our animated conversation gradually subsided, and we all sank into dreamy silence.

We four (really five) were wandering along the so-called *Räuberweg* close to the lake. In front walked Frau Cosima and my brother—the former dressed in a pink cashmere gown with broad revers of real lace which reached down to the hem of the garment; on her arm there hung a large Tuscan hat trimmed with a crown of pink roses, and behind her paced a dignified, heavy and gigantic, coal-black Newfoundland dog, "Russ." Then followed Wagner and myself—Wagner being attired in a Flemish painter's costume, consisting of a black velvet coat, black satin knickers, black silk stockings, a light-blue satin cravat tied in a rich bow, with a piece of his fine linen and lace shirt showing below, and a painter's tam-o'-shanter on his head, which at that time was covered with luxuriant brown hair. I can still remember quite vividly how the shafts of light coming through the trees

caught each of us in turn, as we walked silently along, looking out across the silvery lake. We listened to the soft murmur of the water as the diminutive breakers lapped against the bank, and every one of us must have heard the song of his own thoughts out of the sweet monotonous melody, as out of the sound of a magic horn.

The aim of our walk was to reach the "Hermitage," a house built of bark, which stood on the highest point in the property, and from which one could get a delightful view, in the almost daylight brilliance of the moon, across the lake and the chain of mountains encircling it. Gradually the spell of silence was broken; Wagner, Cosima and my brother began to speak of the tragedy of human life, of the Greeks, the Germans, of plans and aspirations. Never either before or afterwards have I heard such wonderful harmony in the conversation of three such different people. Every one had his own "colour," his own theme, and brought it forward with all his power—and yet what a perfect harmony the whole produced! Each of these original natures was at its best, glowed with its own inner light, and yet threw no shadow upon the others.

About this time Cosima wrote to my brother: "and when I contemplate our peaceful existence which, in view of the Master's genius, may well be called sublime, and feel at the same time that the sufferings we have previously endured are indelibly stamped on our souls, I say to myself that the greatest joy on earth is a vision, and that this vision has fallen to the lot of us poor creatures."

Yes, Tribschen was a blessed isle, and whoever has known it, thinks of it with a profound regret. In the year 1888, shortly before his breakdown, my brother wrote in *Ecce Homo:*

> "As I am speaking here of the recreations of my life, I feel I must express a word or two of gratitude for that which has refreshed me by far the most heartily and most profoundly.

This, without the slightest doubt, was my intimate relationship with Richard Wagner. All my other relationships with men I treat quite lightly : but I would not have the days I spent at Tribschen—those days of confidence, of cheerfulness, of sublime flashes, and of profound moments—blotted from my life at any price. I know not what Wagner may have been for others; but no cloud ever darkened *our* sky."

CHAPTER XVII

OFFICIAL DUTIES AND THE WAR (1870–1871)

My brother's official work kept him very busy; for he did not take things easily; he even offered to replace those teachers who at times happened to be too indisposed to attend to their duties, and gave endless private instruction to impecunious students who were not sufficiently prepared for examinations. Professor R. Eucken, who was his colleague at this time, describes my brother as the most amiable examiner he had ever met. He was most zealously intent on turning his lectures and class-hours to account, both for his pupils' sake and his own. At the beginning of June, 1869, my brother wrote to Rohde as follows: "Here in Bâle everything is going splendidly. Lectures every morning at 7 a.m. (treating of Æschylus's *Choephoræ*, and the history of Greek lyrics, and every Monday I hold a Philological class." And later on he writes:—

> "I am well satisfied with my academic post. The students have faith in me, and I do my best to advise them, not only *in philologicis*. Moreover, I already have the pleasure of knowing that at Michaelmas three of my pupils will, in accordance with my advice, go to Leipzig; and they are the three best. As to my lectures for the next few years, I have resolved upon the plan of reading all that which I want to learn more thoroughly and must learn. Obviously it will be I who will draw the greatest profit from the arrangement. My *Choephoræ* and my classes on the Lyricists are, much to my delight, leading to very good work, in any case very much better than I could have expected. Next term I shall lecture on the history of pre-Platonic philosophy and Latin grammar, and my classes will be on Hesiod's *Erga*."

Concerning his teaching of Greek he writes: "I am now doing Plato with an intelligent class, and I lead the happy youths through the tangle of philosophical questions with a gentle hand—that is to say, just sufficiently profoundly to whet their appetite. I have also gone to the trouble of instituting extempore exercises in Greek for the sake of improving the students' grammatical knowledge." And this he continued until the end of 1875.

Whether my brother was a good teacher or not, I cannot say. Not long ago, however, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* published the following very fine description of his Greek classes, written by one of his pupils at Bâle:

"Nietzsche was reading the lyrical anthology and the philosophers with us Lower Sixth Form boys. The inner freedom and superiority of his nature, his intercourse with the older students, as well as his own education at Pforta, resulted in the young Professor's extending his school programme unusually far beyond its limits. He always expected us to be capable of an independent treatment and mastery of the material he set before us. At times, we boys who were quite untrained in philosophy were unable to follow the line of thought in the laboriously translated text and in the mind of its congenial interpreter, especially as our class, owing to a previous provisional arrangement, had remained backward in Greek. But the powerful and sterling personality of our teacher, of whose commanding intellectual gifts we were thoroughly aware, never allowed us to lose courage. His severe sense of justice was always able to distinguish accurately between the limits of goodwill and idle carelessness, and not one of our favourite schoolboy tricks passed undetected by him. I remember, for instance, that on one occasion one of us (he is now discharging his duties as a highly-respected principal of a training college), who had not prepared his work well, was called upon shortly before the end of the lesson to construe a certain sentence. Standing up, and with apparent eagerness for the task, he recited the Greek text which he had to construe, as slowly as he could until the bell rang. With a view to making assurance double sure, he read yet one more sentence, and then confidently stopped. Nietzsche did not move. Our schoolfellow's brow grew wet with perspiration. 'Professor,' he stammered,

'have you not perhaps overlooked the bell that has just rung?' Nietzsche looked straight at him for a moment, and then, without moving a muscle, corrected him by saying: 'You mean to say, I did not *hear* it,' and then left the room. On the following day he began his lesson by turning to the same pupil and saying smartly, 'Now, Sir, you construe.' The most exemplary discipline always prevailed in Nietzsche's classes, and this even extended over the preceding and subsequent intervals. Although no word of blame or ill-humour ever fell from our teacher's lips, we had the greatest respect for him. He had an incredibly painful and mortifying way of dealing with a guilty pupil. With stony silence he would leave the lad who had not prepared his lesson well to stammer forth his own public exposure, and, after a short palpitating pause, he would conclude the matter with a sharp ironical 'Really!' or 'Indeed!' That was the extremest form of reproof with him—just as his praise never exceeded a short semi-audible 'Good.' But what would many of us—even the least industrious of our number—not have given for these four letters! Difficult as were the lessons we used to have with Nietzsche, we regarded it as a distinction that he left so much to our own intelligence, and like most youths our sensitiveness was sufficiently strong to make us conscious of the violence he was forced to do to his high-soaring intellect on our account. We shared the students' enthusiastic admiration of their Professor, who was only a little older than they were themselves. We read everything he published, and were infected with his wild enthusiasm for Wagner, which at that time was being applied to the creation of *The Birth of Tragedy*. This young Hotspur, who, thanks to his noble appearance, was a conspicuous figure, who attracted one through the charm of his manner, and was intimate with the best of men, Jacob Burckhardt and Richard Wagner (who lived in Tribschen), reached his zenith very early in life."

Scarcely a year after his call to Bâle, *i.e.*, in March, 1870, he was made a regular Professor. All his friends and relatives thought he was making his way uncommonly quickly, to be a regular University Professor at twenty-five and a half. It was really amazing! Gradually, too, he began to feel more at home at Bâle, his complaints about his solitude ceased, and Bâle was spoken of with all manner of

friendly praise. Everybody, moreover, was very kind to him, and his colleagues especially, all of whom were so much older than he, constantly gave proofs of their recognition and esteem for his gifts. This was very gratifying to the youthful Professor, and he gratefully returned their consideration and respect. He always spoke of them as his "distinguished colleagues," and was overjoyed at their acumen. He laid particular stress upon his intercourse with the art-historian Jacob Burckhardt, and regarded it as a piece of extraordinary good fortune to have made his acquaintance and to have become his friend. After having been in Bâle only eight weeks, the young Professor was able to write: "From the start I got into close touch with that intellectual oddity Jacob Burckhardt, and I am delighted about it, for we have discovered a marvellous similarity in our æsthetic paradoxes." Their close relationship was occasioned to some extent by the peculiar circumstance that both of them, in accordance with their duties, had not only to deliver lectures at the University, but also to give lessons lasting altogether six hours a week to the Sixth Form of the school—an arrangement that dated from the time when this form constituted an actual part of Bâle University. During the intervals between the classes held at the school, and the lectures delivered at the University, both of them liked to retire to the beautiful cloisters of the cathedral, which stands quite close to the two institutions. While they walked to and fro together, they would often indulge in the most animated conversations, now serious, and now frivolous (for often a loud laugh would be heard coming from their direction), and it was in this confidential exchange of opinions that they gradually realised, ever more vividly, that "wonderful similarity," not only in their æsthetic, but also in their scientific and educational views, which sometimes revealed itself even in the discussion of the most exalted problems.

My brother was among the most enthusiastic followers of Burckhardt's course on the history of Greek culture; for

a whole term he tried to attend these lectures, at which a number of elderly Bâle gentlemen used to be present, although he was unfortunately not able to do so regularly. Concerning the effect of these and other lectures of Burckhardt's, my brother said: "One could see in every cultured citizen of Bâle the fact that he had been born in Jacob Burckhardt's city."

With regard to his friendly relations with Burckhardt it should not, however, be forgotten that my brother was 26 years Burckhardt's junior, and that he therefore regarded him more in the light of a respected teacher than of a friend on an equal footing. In spite of everything, therefore, he still lacked the opportunity for quiet confidential chats in which he could express his private feelings even about Bâle and its inhabitants. That is why he looked forward so anxiously to my mother's and my visit to Bâle in the spring of 1870.

At Easter, 1870, the three of us went to the Lake of Geneva, where we spent a lovely time at the Pension Ketterer in Clarens-au-Basset. My mother and I then stayed a few weeks in Bâle with the view of spending our Whitsun holidays in the Bernese Oberland and on the Lake of Lucerne, with Fritz and his friend Erwin. It was a real pleasure-trip, for we had fine weather and were all in the best of spirits, as may be seen from the hilarious mood reflected in the doggerel verses my brother wrote at the time.

In the middle of June, our mother went back to Germany in order to be at the bedside of one of her sisters, who had fallen ill. In accordance with my brother's pressing entreaty, I remained behind in Bâle, little dreaming of what great events were going to upset the beautiful tours we had planned for the summer holidays. On the 19th of July, war was declared between France and Germany, and from that day onwards the most incredible confusion prevailed in Bâle. German and French travellers poured in from all sides, on their way to join their regiments at home. For a whole week it seemed almost impossible for the

incoming crowds to get even a night's shelter in Bâle. The railway stations were chock-full night after night, and those people who were unable to endure the suffocating air, would hire flies for the whole night. My brother concludes a letter to our mother in the following sorrowful terms:—"We were living so happily in the evening glow of peace! Now the ghastly storm-cloud has burst . . . (After all, I am very sorry to be a Swiss! For our culture is involved. And to this end, no sacrifice can be too great. Confound this ill-omened French Tiger!)."

Yes, he was very sad about it; but it was no good, he could not join his native country's troops; for previous to accepting his Professorship at Bâle, he had been obliged to become a naturalised Swiss subject. In order to console himself, and also with the view of recovering from the results of a severe sprain in his ankle, he resolved to go to Mt. Axenstein, and he asked me to accompany him. It was almost impossible at that time to send a girl alone amid the confusion on the German railway lines. All the trains were requisitioned for troops, and it was only by a stroke of good fortune that one was conveyed any distance at all. After leaving beautiful Mt. Axenstein, in the company of a landscape painter called Mosengel we went to the Maderaner Thal, which had been recommended to us on all sides as being very lovely. Meanwhile my brother had quite recovered from his sprained ankle. In this beautifully secluded valley my brother wrote an essay on "The Dionysian Outlook on the World," and I remember that, while he was reading it aloud to me, he was interrupted by the firing of a gun. "What's the matter?" cried the tourists in all directions. The proprietor of our pension, a doctor, who had studied in Germany, was the cause of the noise. Out of sympathy for the Germans among his guests he had had a salute fired, and a flag hoisted above his roof, whereupon he cried:—"A great and magnificent victory to Germany!" A German telegram had at last penetrated even into our solitary part of the world, and it bore the

news of "Weissenburg and Wörth," although it also mentioned "terrible losses." My brother grew very pale. For a long while he walked to and fro with the painter Mosengel, who was a native of Hamburg, and then came to me very solemnly. I guessed what he was going to say, and tears had already gathered in my eyes. "What would you do, now, Lizzie, if you were a man?' "Naturally, I should go to the war, neither would it matter for me, Fritz; but you!" and I sobbed with all my heart. He then proceeded to point out to me that, at any rate, it was his bounden duty to try at least to go to the war as a soldier; and in the event of his not being allowed to do this by the Swiss authorities,—for Switzerland was neutral, he and Mosengel would go to the seat of war as ambulance attendants. Thereupon we immediately returned to Bâle, for my brother, through the agency of Privy Councillor Vischer, had already addressed his request to the Board of Education at Bâle, and a rough draft of this letter to Vischer is still extant. It reads as follows:—

> "In view of the present state of affairs in Germany, you will not be surprised at my request to be allowed to discharge my duty towards my native land. It is with this object that I appeal to you in order through your kind mediation to solicit a leave of absence, for the last weeks of the summer term, from the honourable Board of Education at Bâle. My health has now so far improved that I could without any fear of the consequences help my fellow-countrymen either as a soldier or as an ambulance attendant. The fact that I too should desire to throw my small mite of personal capacity into the alms box of my Fatherland will appear to no one so natural and just as to a Swiss Board of Education. Although I am not unaware of the exalted nature of the duties I have to perform at Bâle, in the face of Germany's awful cry that each should do his *German* duty, I confess that I could allow myself to be bound by my obligation to Bâle University only through painful compulsion, and, even so, I should feel that my work would be of little value. And I should like to see the Swiss who would consent to being kept to his post under similar circumstances . . ."

(This last sentence was crossed through in the draft).

He was duly granted the leave he asked for, but only to serve as an ambulance attendant; he would have much preferred to go as a combatant. On the 12th August, we went to Lindau, met our friend Mosengel, the painter, there, and on the following day proceeded to Erlangen, where both my brother and his friend proposed to train for ambulance service. A paragraph in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* had brought Erlangen to their notice. Our journey from Lindau to this town has remained indelibly stamped upon my memory. Fritz was in splendid condition, radiant with health, and overflowing with life and the lust of action. As a matter of fact, he was full of that spirit peculiar to the recruit, and in him it was all the more delightful as it was beautified by his intellect. We even sang; none of the ordinary war-songs, but one which my brother had only just come across while reading the paper in the railway carriage, and which he had immediately set to music.

Finally we all grew so excited and exultant that we laughed until we cried. Of course, we were very much ashamed of ourselves, and thought our behaviour quite unsuited to the occasion and to the serious state of affairs. Every time the train stopped, and this happened again and again, for we were travelling in the most erratic fashion, one of us would cry "Order!" whereupon we would all sit as stiff and as solemn as idols; but as soon as the train started off again, the fun was renewed. Ah! youth, health, the lust of action and the consciousness of coming dangers — all these things are quick to create an exultant mood, more particularly when circumstances make such a mood unbecoming. Meanwhile, however, something happened which made us very anxious and at which we were deeply moved. The train stopped for some time outside Ulm, and we saw a company of soldiers, obviously men of the reserve, marching towards the city. Solemnly and determinedly they strode along, singing as they went, with deep manly voices, the famous Lutheran hymn: "*Eine feste Burg ist*

unser Gott."[1] And we felt distinctly that, despite the distress and even death which stood before them they bore in their breasts the firm conviction that "*Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.*"[2]

In Erlangen, however, the really serious and painful side of life began. Already, some sixty miles down the line, at Nördlingen, we had seen that a number of carriages full of wounded soldiers had been added to our train. When therefore, in Erlangen, we saw the wounded and even the dying being borne from the carriages in litters and stretchers, we felt quite crushed at the thought of having been led but a little while previously to such childish frivolity through our exuberant spirits.

In Erlangen my brother entered for a course of medicine and surgery at the Red Cross Society there. He showed great ability for the work, and was just as eager at it as he was conscientious,—so much so, indeed, that at the end of three days he was already entrusted with the special care of two Prussians and two Turcos. In his lectures on Nietzsche a certain Professor of Philosophy at Freiburg said very aptly: "Of course, he did the work excellently; for he was much too proud to do anything at all unless he did it really well." After he had been trained as a nurse, he was sent by the above-mentioned society, as a person to be trusted, at the head of an ambulance-corps to the seat of war. He was entrusted with large sums of money and a whole host of personal messages, and thus he had to find his way across the battle-fields from hospital to hospital and from ambulance to ambulance, in order to succour the wounded and the dying, and to take the last words of farewell and of remembrance from dying lips. What my brother with his sympathetic heart must have suffered in those days beggars description; for many months afterwards he used to think he heard the groans and the

[1] "Our God is a firm rock." The same idea enters the first line of the Anglican hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."—TR.

[2] "The Empire must remain in our hands,"—another line in the hymn already referred to.—TR.

plaintive cries of pain of the poor wounded men of whom he had seen such numbers. During the first two or three years that followed the war, he was scarcely able to speak about it, and once when Rohde complained in Fritz's presence that he had heard so little of his friend's experiences as an ambulance nurse, my brother ejaculated painfully: "I cannot speak of such things, it is impossible; one must endeavour to banish such memories from one's mind!" And it was only many years later, while on a walk in the neighbourhood of Naumburg, when he had changed some of his views, that he told me of the following incident: On a certain evening at the close of a very heavy day with the wounded, and "with his heart well-nigh broken with pity," he happened to enter a small town which lay on one of the chief military roads. As he turned the corner of a large stone wall and continued his way for a second or two, he suddenly heard a roaring noise as of thunder, and a magnificent cavalry regiment—gloriously expressive of the courage and exuberant strength of a people—flew by him like a luminous stormcloud. The thundering din waxed louder and louder, and behold! his own beloved regiment of horse-artillery dashed forward at full speed,—oh, how he ached at not being able to jump on a horse, and at being obliged to remain inactive by the stone wall! At last came the infantry, advancing at the double! The men's eyes were aflame, and their feet struck the hard road like mighty hammer-strokes. And while this procession passed before him, on its way to war and perhaps to death, so wonderful in its vital strength and formidable courage, and so perfectly symbolic of a race that *will* conquer and prevail, or perish in the attempt—"then," said he, "I felt for the first time, dear sister, that the strongest and highest Will to Life does not find expression in a miserable struggle for existence, but in a Will to War, a Will to Power, a Will to Overpower! But," he continued after a while, "I also felt what a good thing it is that Woden lays a hard heart in the breasts of commanding

generals, otherwise how could they bear the awful responsibility of sending thousands to death in order to raise their people and themselves to dominion."

Woden had not, however, laid a hard heart in my brother's breast, and that is why Richard Wagner had already done his utmost to restrain him from any participation in the war. He declared that my brother's profoundly sensitive nature would be ill able to endure the sight of such horrors. On the 13th September, my brother tells "the dear and honoured master" why he was so quickly driven away from his Samaritan duties on the battle-field after only four weeks' service.

"My activities have met with a temporary check, and unfortunately through illness. My multifarious messages and duties led me as far as the neighbourhood of Metz; I and my very worthy friend Mosengel found it possible to deliver the greater part of the messages and gifts entrusted to us into the hands or ears of their proper recipients quite nicely. At Ars-sur-Moselle, we undertook the cure of the wounded, and returned with a batch of these to Germany. With these, three days and three nights in the midst of seriously wounded men, we reached the uttermost limit of our exertions. I had a ghastly cattle-truck in which there lay six severely wounded men, and I was the only person there to give them their food, to bandage their wounds, and to see to them generally. All of them had bones broken, many had four wounds, and in addition to that I observed that two had hospital gangrene. The fact that I was able to endure these pestilential vapours, and could even sleep and eat, now seems to me quite miraculous. But, scarcely had I delivered my batch of charges up to the hospital at Karlsruhe, when I too began to show signs of serious illness. With great difficulty I was able to reach Erlangen in order to report upon various matters to my society there; then I went to bed, where I lie to this day. A very capable doctor declared my case to be one of severe dysentery and diphtheria. But strong measures were used against both of these infectious diseases, and I am now able to report good progress. I have thus made the acquaintance of the two ill-famed lazaretto epidemics, and they have both done so much to weaken and to reduce me in a short time, that for a while I must give up all thought of

continuing my duties at the front, and must think only of my health. And thus, after having tried for the short space of four weeks to work for the general good, I am already thrown back upon myself, and am utterly wretched! As to Germany's victories, I would prefer not to speak of them; they are merely inscriptions of fire on the wall, understanded of all peoples."

This illness gravely undermined my brother's health, and is the first cause of his subsequent terrible condition. Until that time, as he himself declared, he had had the constitution of a bear, and even his short-sightedness, which he had inherited from our father, had not been the cause of any special trouble. Still, the accidents which he had in his youth—the blow against the saddle-pommel when he was a trooper in an artillery regiment, and the number of sprains he sustained in his ankles, are all to be ascribed only to his extreme short-sightedness. He could not measure distances. But what he rejoiced in above all, until this time, was the possession of a thoroughly sound stomach; though, thanks to the extraordinarily severe drugs which he took for the treatment of his diphtheria and dysentery at Erlangen, this organ was sadly deteriorated. In order, however, to be able to carry out his incredibly profuse and profoundly intellectual productions without fatigue, and to be able to overcome his sensitive nature, his body, and particularly his brain, required to be well nourished. Owing to his bad digestion, which was the result of the strong drugs he had taken, the nutritive process was no longer as perfect as it used to be. Our mother used to say in later years that she was only surprised that he did not die from the effects of the strong medicines he had taken. In addition to all this, it should be observed that my brother, as the result of the training he had received in the use of drugs for his work in the field ambulance, now took to administering "cures" to himself—a habit which did not tend to improve his debilitated stomach. Nevertheless, his constitution was so sound that, if only at this juncture he had resolved to take a complete rest for a year,

and had made a long sojourn somewhere in the south where he would have abjured all drugs, there can be no doubt that he would have entirely recovered from the violent physical and spiritual shock which he had sustained during the war. As it was, however, his stern sense of duty in regard to his profession, and his love of the science he practised, made him hurry to his post when he had but half recovered; for, trusting to his powerful constitution, he was already back in Bâle at the end of October, and seeking recovery from all his ills in study. How much he then expected of himself may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to Gersdorff:

> "With genuine eagerness I have plunged into the sciences; and now my regular professional work has begun afresh. My only wish is that my health may improve. But my whole body has suffered terrifically from the attack of dysentery and has not by any means recovered what it lost. I was welcomed back to Bâle with great friendliness. . . . The new term began as usual with an inundation of work which was enough to make one lose one's head. This term I shall give two new courses of lectures treating respectively of Greek metre and rhythm (according to my own system), and of Hesiod. In addition to this I have my philological classes, and also the Greek classes to be held at the school, where I propose to study Æschylus's Orestean Tetralogy. Besides these duties I also have Council, Faculty, and Library meetings to attend, together with many functions of a more social nature. . . . "

Other work had also been left seriously in arrears through the interruption of the war-god, and thus he was simply overwhelmed by all he had to do. But what harassed him most of all, were his painful recollections of all he had seen. On the 12th of December he wrote to Gersdorff: "If one would avoid losing all courage, one must not think of these horrible things any longer. I will, however, write to you now, in the hope—aye even under the assumption that you have bravely and happily escaped all these terrible dangers like a favourite of Mars—though not with any fresh love for him."

My brother did not seem to be a favourite of the god of war; for on every occasion when, either directly or indirectly, he plunged into the service of the sword-clashing deity, the latter, by means of a severe illness, scared him back to the sciences.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GENESIS OF "THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY"

As I have already said, my brother spent the Christmas of 1870 with the Wagners at Tribschen. He presented Wagner with that favourite old etching of Dürer's, "The Knight, the Devil and Death," and Frau Cosima with the essay "Concerning the Dionysian Outlook on the World," written in the Maderaner Thal. The three essays, "Greek Musical Drama," "Socrates and Tragedy," and "Concerning the Dionysian Outlook on the World," which during the year 1870 were presented to his friends in a private edition, are the first outward signs of his new conception of Greek antiquity and of that abundance of æsthetic problems "which for years already had been fermenting in his mind," and the wealth of which made him hesitate to publish them.

In the spring of 1870 he writes to his friend Erwin about it as follows: "I now have the best hopes for my philology; but I must allow myself plenty of time. Step by step, and almost faint-hearted with surprise, I am nearing a general conception of Greek antiquity." Very shortly afterwards, he writes to say that he is completing the programme of the work on Laertius for the school, that he has just written a Latin address in honour of Professor Gerlach's fiftieth anniversary as a teacher, and that he intends to finish certain other philological work in May. He then continues:

> "If I can get any more short essays ready (dealing with old material), I shall collect them all into the form of a book, in regard to which fresh ideas are continually coming to me. I fear that it will not give one the impression of being a philolo-

gical work; but who can contradict his own nature? Now begins for me a period of *attack*, after I have for some time evoked moderate approbation through going about in the old familiar carpet slippers. The theme and title of the coming book is 'Socrates and Instinct.'"

In July and August, 1870, before and after the outbreak of the war, he was deeply absorbed in his new problems. It is true that his departure for the seat of war interrupted the actual elaboration of his views in writing, but it did not interfere with the work going on in his mind, and directly after his return from the front, when he had scarcely recovered from his illness, he was once more most deeply immersed in these thoughts. The fact that his first plan was to write a much more exhaustive book may be seen from the abundance of half- and fully-completed notes on the subject which have been published since his death. If, however, in the end this small book, this torso of a great art-work, was all that was published, it showed what a great sacrificial offering of self-abnegation my brother made to his friend Richard Wagner.

It had always been his deepest wish to be able to do something decisive for Wagner; his object was to elevate the whole of the Wagnerian movement to a higher plane, and he thought there was no better way of attaining this end than by associating Wagner's art with the highest and best form of all art—Hellenic art. A start which was as bold as it was strange! Neither his artistic instinct, nor his philologist's conscience allowed him to do this in a large book on Greece; but inasmuch as he limited himself to fundamental artistic problems, which were to be elucidated by an appeal to the Greek spirit, it was possible to associate the Greeks with the new art.

It is only now, after the publication of his writings of that period, that we can see how absolutely the conclusions he arrived at through his general conception of Hellenism, disagreed with those of Wagner's art. I can well imagine, how often, in those days, he must have laid exhaustive and

magnificent passages reluctantly aside—passages which now reveal so clearly to us Nietzsche as he really was, unalloyed and true. It was these conflicting feelings that rendered the conclusion of his work and its publication so difficult to him. After having finished the book he wrote to Erwin Rohde, towards the beginning of 1872, as follows: "No one has any idea of the way in which such a book comes into being, of the trouble and care to which one is put in order to keep one's self to this extent free from all the *other* ideas and notions that press in upon one from all sides, and of the courage of the conception and the boldness of its development; but what people will perhaps suspect least of all is the colossal mission I felt I had to fulfil in regard to Wagner, and which, as a matter of fact, has caused me the deepest qualms."

In any case, thanks to his self-sacrifice and self-restraint, he attained that to which he aspired; for owing to *The Birth of Tragedy*, a much deeper conception of Wagnerian art, as resuscitated Dionysian art, was called into existence. From that time forward new hopes were connected with the name of Wagner—hopes that gazed into new distances, and which in the early 'seventies animated and enraptured vast numbers of the cultured youths of Germany. But the most delighted of all over the whole affair was Richard Wagner himself. Before my brother led him to regard the matter in this light, it had never occurred to him to consider the Apollonian and Dionysian problem as a principle of art.

Leo Berg in his *Charakteristiken* gives a very apt description of Nietzsche as he was at this time. "In those days he was the finest type of a young German, full of gratitude and pious feeling, full of ardent passion for his gods and heroes; an artist through and through, who could not show his reverence for a thing otherwise than by beautifying and transfiguring it—that is, by idealising it. He was also full of that artist's irony which secretly converts everyone from whom it takes a gift into one

who receives a gift, and which, in the act of fervently kissing the right hand from which it has taken a silver piece, presses a gold piece into the left hand!"

It is possible to follow the genesis of *The Birth of Tragedy* quite clearly from his notes written between the autumn of 1869 to November, 1871. He meditated upon the problems of this enigmatical book amid the most varied circumstances, even in the midst of war, "beneath the walls of Metz." In January, 1871, he collected the ideas together almost exactly in the form in which they now stand; but in the middle of his work he was suddenly interrupted. His health, which had been very unsteady since his return to Bâle, began to decline visibly. His premature return to his post was beginning to pay him out. He got jaundice, inflammation of the bowels followed, and in addition to this he was terribly tormented by insomnia. Professor Liebermeister, who had already shown some displeasure when he had resumed work so prematurely at the University, now insisted upon his availing himself of a long leave to go to the Italian lakes, and prescribed "the cheerful young sister" as a nurse and as a travelling companion. At first Fritz had not written with any anxiety about his health; he was, however, so weak that when, owing to some reason or other, he was told that I could not come and another plan was laid before him, he fainted. The doctor wrote a second time, and then only did we begin to think that his indisposition must be of a serious nature.

I therefore set out from Naumburg in the middle of the night to join him, when the thermometer registered several degrees below freezing point. The first day we only reached Flüelen, because the stage-coach, the running of which the heavy falls of snow had interrupted for a whole fortnight, could resume its regular service only on the following morning. In our hotel we came across Mazzini, who, under the assumed name of Mr. Brown, was travelling in the company of a young man. My brother was too

unwell to care to strike up any acquaintance and to speak French on his journey. I, however, was only too ready to do so, more particularly as this noble fugitive, bowed down with age and sorrow, who could enter the fatherland he loved so deeply only in secret and under an assumed name, struck me as an extraordinarily stirring figure. The whole of this journey across St. Gothard in tiny little sleighs built to carry only two persons, was undertaken in such beautiful weather that the gloomy scenery as well as the winter landscape of gold, blue and white, struck us as indescribably beautiful. The intellectual companionship of Mazzini, who graciously joined the two of us at all the stations, and an accident which terrified us while we were descending the zig-zag road leading from the dizzy heights of the St. Gothard into the valley of Tremola, as if on wings (a small sleigh immediately in front of us fell with its passengers, coachman and horse, more than 200 feet into the depths; fortunately no one was hurt, thanks to the soft snow)—all these things combined lent this journey a peculiar and never-to-be-forgotten charm. The following phrase of Goethe's, which Mazzini repeatedly quoted in his foreign accent to the young man who accompanied him, became thenceforward a favourite life-maxim with my brother and myself: "*Sich des Halben zu entwöhnen und im Ganzen, Vollen, Schönen resolut zu leben.*" ("Get rid of compromise and live resolutely in that which is whole, full and beautiful.") Mazzini's farewell words were very touching. He asked me whither we were bound. I replied, "For Lugano, which from all accounts is a sort of Paradise." He smiled, sighed a little and said: "For youth Paradise is everywhere."

We reached Lugano on the 12th of February, and we had good weather and pleasant company. I would refer more especially to the brother of the great Field-Marshal Moltke, his wife, and his two delightful young daughters. We saw a good deal of this distinguished family, and my brother showed the most lively interest

in talking with the clever couple. At times, too, he would read them some of his manuscripts, for instance, "Concerning the Greek State,"—a part of *The Birth of Tragedy*, which was only published twenty-five years later. I remember how pleased Fritz was at the time with the shrewd comments of Herr von Moltke. Thanks to him we also heard a good deal about the events of the war, as well as about what was going on behind the scenes.

The whole of this holiday proved very beneficial to my brother. Owing to the continual fine weather, we spent a great deal of our time in the open, and as the company present, though large, was made up of people who were tolerably well suited to each other, the evenings were very pleasant too. There was a good deal of music; performances were given, and drawing-room games were played. Fritz entered into it all quite heartily, and was so amused and amusing, particularly in the games, that an elderly lady who had often expressed her astonishment at this full-fledged Professor of not quite twenty-seven, once exclaimed admiringly: "To-day, Herr Professor, you are not even twenty-six, but only fourteen years of age!" Fritz, however, merely replied as he had often done before, that he had been a much too serious child, and that in the matter of laughing and merriment he had to recover a deal of lost time.

I can still remember several pleasant excursions we made, and one which we undertook to Mt. Bré remains quite vividly impressed upon my mind. About ten or twelve of us had laid ourselves down on the summit, and my brother, who was in the centre of the party, a little higher than the rest of us, drew a copy of *Faust* from his pocket, and read a few scenes—as for instance, "*Vom Eise befreit sind Strom und Bäche.*" ("Released from ice are brooks and rivers),"[1] while our eyes wandered over the magnificent spring landscape, and grew intoxicated with the overflowing riches of the world. At last he let the book drop, and—with his

[1] *Faust.* Part I., Sc. II. (Bayard Taylor's translation).—TR.

melodious voice began to discourse upon what he had just read and upon the things around us, just as if we had shed all our empty northern narrowness and pettiness, had grown worthy of higher feelings and higher aims, and with greater courage and lighter wings, could now, with all our energy, ascend to the highest pinnacle to meet the sun. We all felt in a very exalted mood, and one of the ladies afterwards said to me with some emotion: "I shall never forget that; it was indeed a real Sermon on the Mount."

What happy and cloudless days were these three weeks in Lugano—all around us we had the scent of violets, the sunshine, and the beautiful air of the mountains and of spring! I can still remember how we joked and laughed; with wanton spirits we participated even in the fun of the carnival. At Mid-Lent we were invited by an Italian nobleman to Ponte Tresa. When I now recollect how we Germans from the Hotel du Parc danced together and with the Italians on the open market-place there (I can still see Fritz quite vividly in my mind's eye, merrily dancing a round dance), the whole thing strikes me as a real carnival dream.

But, as had too often been the case already, this happy time ended in sadness: Herr von Moltke, who had been held in such high esteem by everybody, caught cold while taking a trip on the lake, developed inflammation of the lungs and, to the general dismay of all our party, died.

During the whole sojourn, my brother wrote a good deal of *The Birth of Tragedy*, and read me several passages of it aloud. On the 10th of April we returned to Bâle, and here the writing continued, and also, to a still greater degree, the process of weeding out. On the 26th the manuscript was sent to a publisher. When quite a young Professor in Leipzig, Fritz had made the acquaintance of the head of the firm of Engelmann, who had shown himself well pleased with the young scholar and had rashly offered to publish his first book for him, little dreaming that this amiable young man, who seemed so certain to

become a credit to his calling, would one day present him with a questionable monster of a book. We called the new book "The Centaurs," in accordance with a suggestion my brother made in the following remark: "Science, Art and Philosophy are now growing so closely side by side in me that one day I shall certainly bring forth centaurs." The rough draft of my brother's letter to Herr Engelmann is still in existence; it reads:

"You were once kind enough to offer to become my publisher, and I should like to know whether the book I am sending you to-day does not meet with your approval. I have written a pamphlet which ought to represent about 90 pages of letter-press, to which I have given the title "Music and Tragedy"; and I now send you the MS. of the beginning of it. As you will see, I have attempted to explain the phenomenon of Greek Tragedy in a completely novel way, and have disregarded altogether its philological aspect in order to keep in view only the æsthetic questions involved. The real object of the book is, however, to throw light upon Richard Wagner, the extraordinary enigma of our age, in his relation to Greek Tragedy. I venture to predict that all the last part cannot fail to create somewhat of a stir among the whole of our musical public, and if I compare it with what has been said recently about the same problem by such men as Hanslick and others, and may be allowed to draw any conclusion from the effect which certain of its passages have made upon my friends, I cannot help believing that the more profound among the reading public will be interested in the work. In order to make myself quite clear to the general reader I have taken particular pains that the explanation should be as lucid and as good in style as it can be made.

"I should like the work to be produced as nearly as possible in the form of an elegant scientific pamphlet, and in the event of your accepting it from me, I would request you kindly to publish it in accordance with this desire. To enter into detail, for the purpose of such a pamphlet, I may say that I prefer German type, and even *large* German type. I also like a large octavo page, which must on no account contain more than 28 to 32 lines, and the paper must be good. If by any chance you would be prepared to undertake this publication for me, I

should be glad if you would send me a sample of the type and paper chosen, as also your suggestions as to terms."

My brother had to wait a long time for a reply, and then he heard from a friend that Herr Engelmann, somewhat perplexed by the whole affair, had asked the advice of an expert, and that both had spoken about the pamphlet rather doubtfully. Fritz then demanded back the manuscript, which at that time bore the title, "Music and Tragedy," although, in the end, Engelmann declared himself ready to publish it. My brother wanted, however, to let the matter of the publication stand over for a while; for new ideas were already filling his head—ideas which were afterwards to find expression in *The Future of our Educational Institutions.*

In accordance with my brother's pressing wish, I remained in Bâle throughout the spring, and also joined him in the summer holidays, which we spent together in the Bernese Oberland. During the whole of this period, Fritz spoke with great animation about the abundance of new ideas which were forming in his mind in regard to our present civilisation, and a struggle he wished to begin against it with the view of establishing a new standpoint in culture. "Fritz," I said one day, "you are preaching very wonderful sermons to the German nation." He laughed and replied: "Well, yes, something of the sort is what I shall ultimately do." The Commune and the burning of the Louvre upset him terribly, and may have called into being many of these new ideas about the strange symptoms of our culture. Overcome by the news of it, Jacob Burckhardt and my brother hastened to each other, missed each other, and when finally they did meet, could only shake hands and were not able to speak for tears. In June, 1871, Fritz writes to Baron von Gersdorff:

"In addition to the war of nations, we have been terrified by that international hydra which suddenly showed its frightful head, as the harbinger of very different wars in the future. If we could only talk things over together, we should agree as to how

clearly that terrible apparition betrays the appalling infirmity which lies at the root of our modern life—yea, as a matter of fact, at the root of the whole of ancient Christian Europe and its social organisation, and above all of the whole of Latin civilisation, and realise how each one of us, with all our past, is *responsible* for such horrors coming into being. We should therefore be very far from imputing the crime of this struggle against culture, with a lofty sense of self-esteem, to those unhappy wretches alone. I know what it means, the war against culture. For some time after I heard of the burning of the Louvre, I felt absolutely crushed, and was overcome with sorrow and doubt. The whole of our scientific and philosopho-artistic existence struck me as an absurdity, if one single day sufficed to exterminate the magnificent treasures of art—yea, whole periods of art. With fervent conviction I clung to the metaphysical value of art, which cannot be with us for the sake of wretched man, but which has a higher mission to fulfil. But even in the greatest paroxysm of my grief I could not get myself to throw a single stone at those sacrilegious knaves who, to my mind, are simply active bearers of a burden of guilt which is universal and which gives one much food for thought."

He concludes his letter by asking Gersdorff to visit him, which the latter did in July, 1871.

We spent a lovely time with him in Gimmelwald near Mürren. Fritz was very happy to have his friend with him again after almost five years of separation, and to feel himself just as closely bound to him as before, and just as united in regard to all the great aims of life. It seems to me characteristically "German" on the part of Fritz, that all the time he was really so happy at heart, he composed two poems on "Melancholy." On the 18th September he wrote to his friend, who had then returned home:

"I thank you once more for your visit; nothing more delightful and more comforting could have happened to me this summer. Once again we have drawn the net of culture over both our heads, and it will be difficult to disturb the united course of our best aspirations. You have left a most favourable impression upon all. Frau Wagner has written to me about

you, and she expressed herself as very pleased and grateful; Burckhardt and Vischer send you their kindest regards. In short—Bâle is a place after my own heart, my friends are content with Bâle, and Bâle is content with my friends."

In October, 1871, my brother had two exceedingly pleasant meetings with Rohde and Gersdorff, first in Leipzig and then in Naumburg; and a very comical photograph taken in a booth at the Leipzig fair has immortalised these happy days. On my brother's birthday, the 15th of October, the two friends came to Naumburg with all kinds of presents, both comic and serious.

Fritz was delighted. With these merry youthful spirits, that transfigured even the most sober and abstract things, one could allow oneself a fairly strong dose of Schopenhauerian Pessimism.

The three friends jokingly remarked that some good-natured demons, who were favourable to friendship, had made their time together particularly happy and cheerful that autumn. When he returned to Bâle my brother therefore suggested to them that, out of consideration for the kind endeavours of these demons, each of the friends should, in his respective quarters, present a thank-offering to them: "On the evening of Monday next at 10 p.m. we shall perform the rite as follows: Each one of us shall take a glass of dark red wine, empty half of it out into the street while pronouncing the words χαίρετε δαίμονες and shall then drink the remaining half!"

This thank-offering, which was intended far more as a tribute to friendship than as a mark of attention to the hypothetical demons, and which was to unite the friends, so grateful for the bond that joined them, for one moment in one thought, has always seemed to me profoundly affecting. My brother's share in the ceremony was performed in Jacob Burckhardt's study; and it struck me as very amusing that this lonely oddity should join in this ultra-juvenile ceremony of consecration. They poured two large tumblers of deep red wine into the street; and Fritz

declared afterwards that if they had done this in the Middle Ages, they would certainly have been arraigned for practising black magic.

During their stay in Leipzig, the two friends, Rohde and Gersdorff, took my brother to Fritzsch the bookseller, who was Wagner's publisher, in order to offer him the manuscript of *The Birth of Tragedy*. At last, in November, Fritzsch accepted the work, and my brother wrote very joyfully to Gersdorff as follows:

> "I was reminded most vividly of our stay in Leipzig to-day, and in some respects I feel able to say in the words of the old song that I now add the happy beginning to the happy end. To-day, only to-day, Fritzsch the worthy publisher, answered the request which I put to him when we were in Leipzig together! And that is why I feel I must send you the news to-day. For it was you and Rohde who took me in body and spirit to the worthy Fritzsch: a deed which I have not ceased to extol to this moment. It was not his fault that his reply took such a long time to reach me. He sent the manuscript to an expert as soon as he received it, and the gentleman in question dawdled over it until the 16th November. . . . Well, they have decided to produce it in exactly the same style as Wagner's *Bestimmung der Oper*. Rejoice with me! There will be a nice space available for a beautiful vignette. Let your artistic friend (Rau) know this, and give him my kindest regards into the bargain."

Before the work had begun printing, my brother wrote and added the present final section, in which he directly refers to Wagnerian art. In December, 1871, he wrote to Rohde about it as follows: "The whole of the last section, which you have not yet read, will certainly surprise you; I have dared much, and may be allowed with great point to cry aloud to myself: *animam salvavi*. And that is why I think only with great satisfaction of the work, and do not feel concerned at its having turned out to be as provocative as possible, nor have any qualms as to the cry of indignation which will be raised in some quarters when it is published."

In the last days of the year 1871 *The Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music* appeared and copies were sent to all my brother's friends. All of them greeted the first-born with the most solemn feelings. Gersdorff resolved to celebrate its baptism, but his plan was never carried out. With his heart full of emotion my brother wrote in his own copy :

"Bâle, New Year's Day, 1872.

Schaff, das Tagwerk meiner Hände
Grosser Geist, dass ich's vollende!" [1]

[1] "Do the day's work of my hands, O great spirit, so that I may accomplish it."—TR.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FIRST BOOK

My brother called *The Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music* a youthful work, "full of youthful courage and melancholy." In it he described the interaction of the Apollonian and Dionysian spirits with which the whole of the future development of Art is bound up, and which is to be regarded as the cause of the tragic wisdom of the Greeks and of its imperishable monument, Greek tragedy. It is very significant that my brother should have tried to connect his Schopenhauerian and Wagnerian views with the Hellenic world; for the contemplation of this sublime world, the height of whose culture and beauty has never been attained since, remained throughout his life the one confirmation of his loftiest hopes that a superior culture—an ideal state of mankind consisting of a union of culture and nature—was no empty dream, but a possibility which had yet to be realised.

My brother certainly understood the Greeks in a manner very different from that in which even Goethe and Winckelmann had depicted them. Only through the discovery of the real import of the Dionysian spirit were we vouchsafed that profound insight into the most subterranean depths of the Greek soul, and that is why my brother might well be allowed to write with justifiable assurance in *The Twilight of the Idols* (1888):

> "I was the first who, in order to understand the ancient, still rich and even superabundant Hellenic instinct, took that marvellous phenomenon, which bears the name of Dionysus, seriously: it can be explained only as a manifestation of excessive energy. Anyone who has studied the Greeks, as that most

profound of modern connoisseurs of their culture, Jacob Burckhardt of Bâle, had done, must have realised at once that something had been achieved by means of this interpretation. And in his '*Cultur der Griechen*' Burckhardt inserted a special chapter on the phenomenon in question. If you would like a glimpse of the other side, you have only to refer to the almost laughable poverty of instinct among German philologists when they approach the Dionysian question. The celebrated Lobeck, especially—who, with the venerable assurance of a worm dried up between books, crawled into this world of mysterious states, and succeeded in convincing himself that he was scientific, whereas he was simply revoltingly superficial and childish—Lobeck, with all the pomp of profound erudition, gave us to understand that, as a matter of fact, there was nothing at all in all these curiosities."

Whereas, theretofore, we had been taught to regard the Greeks to some extent as a people of unceasing cheerfulness, the author of *The Birth of Tragedy* now suddenly vouchsafed us a view of appalling depth into the Hellenic soul which, quivering from extreme tension and from its excess of power, and full of political and artistic passion and jealousy, sought to transfigure the Dionysian by means of the Apollonian element.

"To become Apollonian means, to break one's will to immensity, to multifariousness, to uncertainty and to the horrible—by a will to moderation, simplicity, order, rule and concept. Intemperance, wildness, the Asiatic spirit, lie at the base of the Greek soul. The courage of the Greek consists in his struggle with his Asiatic nature. Beauty was not given him, any more than logic and the naturalness of his morals were—it was conquered, willed, fought for—it constitutes his triumph."

My brother describes this triumph even over suffering more clearly still in 1886, and showed to what extent the Greeks understood

"how to explain suffering as a blessing, and poison as a food. . . . They suffer as severely as they possibly can; but they react against this suffering only by manifesting all the more pleasure in the creation and discussion of things which do man good.

> They are a people most sensitive to suffering, but their plastic power in the use of pain is extraordinary. To this power also belongs moderation in the feeling of resentment under pain, and in wallowing in pain: hence they felt impelled to a triumphant attitude as a remedy."

I do not think that the Greeks were ever before understood as sufferers in this way—as sufferers despite their superabundant energy in all walks of life. In any case, it was on this account that the conclusion of *The Birth of Tragedy*, as I can well remember, caused such a profound impression. In the passage in question my brother depicts a stranger who, on entering Athens, is intoxicated by the uninterrupted flow of beauty on all sides, and cries out: "Blessed race of Hellenes! How great Dionysus must be among you, when the Delian god deems such charms necessary to cure you of your dithyrambic madness!" A hoary old Athenian, "looking up to him with the sublime eye of Æschylus, replies: 'Say also this, thou curious stranger: what sufferings this people must have undergone, in order to be able to become so beautiful! But now follow me to a tragic play, and sacrifice with me in the temple of both deities!'" Thus early did my brother have the thought that suffering may be both the obstacle and impulse to, as well as the source of, the highest development of power, and that we should therefore conceive it as a necessity. And this he wrote at a time when his strong frame had only just recently been convulsed with pain; but his deeply sensitive nature was already suffering, merely as the result of the fierce development of his mind. To him a conviction was not a mere garment which may be exchanged at will for a new one; it was something which involved the deepest feelings and thoughts. His spirit, however, on its road to freedom and to truth, forced him to newer views; and how much pain it cost him to part from this old stage of knowledge, so intimately bound up with his warmest feelings!

On the whole, those of my brother's friends and acquaintances who had not witnessed the gradual development of his first book felt very much like the worthy Herr Engelmann. They were full of boundless admiration not unmixed with consternation before this unclassifiable little book. The more elderly of his protectors, Privy Councillor Ritschl of Leipzig, and Vischer of Bâle, felt in their heart of hearts that they were a little compromised by the book, even though its fine youthful enthusiasm somewhat stirred their old spirits and reconciled them to it. For what would genius be if it had not the power to reconcile its opponents to its views and to seduce whole generations to its ideas and even to its errors?

My brother was ingenuous enough to ask his beloved teacher Ritschl what he really honestly felt in his inmost heart about the book. And the wisdom and moderation with which that scholar responded to the demand of this youthful Hotspur has always seemed to me extremely kind and noble. Looked at closely, *The Birth of Tragedy* was as a matter of fact an attack upon many of Ritschl's most valued convictions.

At this time, shortly after the publication of *The Birth of Tragedy*, my brother was offered a post at Greifswald, while he also received the proposal of a Professorship at Dorpat. But in those days he was offered these things on the score of his former excellent reputation as a philologist, before his colleagues had got wind of *The Birth of Tragedy*. As soon as this book became known in philological circles, estrangement was general and widespread. All around him there reigned the most oppressive and uneasy silence, and not one of the periodicals dared to review it.

But the letters and descriptions dealing with the impression the book had made upon the family at Tribschen, consoled my brother for all the silence he encountered in other quarters. Richard Wagner wrote by return of post:

"Dear Friend,—I have never yet read a finer book than yours! It is all magnificent! I now write to you in haste,

because the reading of your work has stirred me most extraordinarily, and I must first wait for a more sober mood, before I can read it *properly*. I told Cosima that, after her, it is you who come next in my heart, and then, for a long distance, no one else until Lenbach, who has made such a strikingly lifelike portrait of me! Adieu! Come very soon to see us and then there will be Dionysian merriment!"

After the publication of the book, my brother received many other curious letters which pleased him greatly. He himself speaks of the communications from Liszt, Bülow, Baroness von Schleinitz, Professor Hagen of Berne, Baron von Balligand of Munich and Edward Schuré. Bülow's letter, in which he expressed himself rapturously about the book, is unfortunately not to be found, but my brother wrote concerning his visit as follows: "Hans von Bülow, whom I had not yet met, called upon me here, and inquired whether he might dedicate his translation of Leopardi (the outcome of his leisure time in Italy) to me. He is so enthusiastic over my book, that he travels about with a number of copies of it, and he gives these away right and left."

It will readily be understood that this visit of Bülow's (Frau Cosima's first husband), coming as it did at a time when the friendship between Wagner and my brother was at its height, caused the latter to feel somewhat embarrassed. After having discussed *The Birth of Tragedy*, Bülow tried to dispel my brother's uneasiness by himself referring to his former relationship with Wagner and Frau Wagner, which he described in the following image: Cosima was Ariadne, he (Bülow) was Theseus, and Wagner was Dionysus. Like all similes, this one, too, was somewhat lame; for in the present instance it was not Theseus who had abandoned Ariadne, but just the reverse. But all Bülow wished to imply was that, after him—the higher man—a god had come. My brother was very pleased that Bülow should raise his experiences to some extent into an impersonal and mythological sphere, even

though he had to put up with many bitter remarks about his dear friend Cosima, which, though they cut him deeply, Bülow was not able to suppress.

From that time forward we always in private referred to Cosima as Ariadne. Strange to say, in my brother's rough draft of his "Conversations on the Isle of Naxos," which were obviously written in the late autumn of 1885, the three characters, Dionysus, Theseus and Ariadne reappear, and utter almost the same words as were actually said by Cosima, Wagner and Bülow in the years 1871 and 1872. Dionysus repeats precisely the same words as were used by Wagner in regard to his absence of jealousy where Cosima was concerned, to wit: "How could another love what I love in her?"—while Ariadne herself pronounces the hard words Bülow had used on the occasion of his first meeting with my brother, which had so hurt the latter, *i.e.*, "All heroes shall perish through me." Suffering from the injury done to him, Bülow had said to my brother: "Cosima has ruined me, and she will also ruin Wagner." Later on, when my brother observed that, owing to Cosima's influence Wagner had grown to be "more Liszt than Wagner"—so much so that he wrote "a parody to his *Siegfried* and called it *Parsifal*"—Bülow's words often came back to him, even in those "Conversations on the Isle of Naxos" which he had in view. But everything in these conversations is raised to the sphere of the symbolic, and has nothing to do with the persons above mentioned.

Owing to its connection with Wagner, *The Birth of Tragedy* penetrated circles which, at bottom, were somewhat widely removed from the ideas it contained. Nowadays the fact must seem rather amusing that it was ladies of rank, and moreover of intellect, who were among the first to rave about this book, which in every respect was so difficult to understand. And through them there was formed a small but enthusiastic band of disciples whose members were scattered throughout Europe from Moscow, Berlin and Munich, to Paris, Geneva and Florence.

In Berlin the book was read by Baroness von Schleinitz and her friends; in Munich by Baroness von Muchanoff and Baron Balligand, in Geneva by Countess Diodati, Herr von Senger and numerous acquaintances. Indeed this enthusiastic lady even began a French translation which was unfortunately never completed; but which, to judge from passages of it I have read, would have been very good. Fräulein von Meysenbug describes her first acquaintance with the book exhaustively in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

"In 1872, when I was living in Florence, Frau Cosima Wagner called my attention to a certain pamphlet which had just been published and which was written by a young professor of Bâle who was on terms of intimate friendship with the Wagner family then residing near the Lake of Lucerne. The work bore the title, *The Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music*, and the name of its author was Friedrich Nietzsche. As it happened, there were quite a number of men of note in my circle at the time; we therefore read the work together and were immediately delighted with it. The light thrown upon the two fundamental elements of Greek life, to which the author gives the names of *Dionysian* and *Apollonian*, opened up a whole treasure of thoughts as to how the essence of the world "per se," the Dionysian element, whose primitive language is music, produces the art work of tragedy out of the beauty of the Apollonian phenomenon. We also heard that Nietzsche was a thoroughly scholarly philologist, and that while still a very young man he had been recommended as a regular Professor to Bâle University by the famous Professor Ritschl, who esteemed him greatly. That which attracted us in the work, however, more even than its scholarship and its intimate knowledge of antiquity, was the wealth of intellect and poetry in the point of view—the divining eye of the poetical man who with the glance of a seer grasps the inner truth of things where the pedantic dry-as-dust scholar sees only the shell which he takes to be the essential thing. It is really a great joy to think that there stands such a splendid and highly-gifted young personality, both in the scientific and creative sense, behind this work, which was prepared in Bayreuth, where Richard Wagner went to live directly after the war."

A philologist who conceived of Greek antiquity in a spirited and enthusiastic manner also wrote in very complimentary terms. He concluded his private letter as follows: "You are right—for that is how I understand you, and that is what I think too—the true scholar educates himself through intuition, through a living grasp of life itself."

At last Rohde came forward with his opinion, and published a sympathetic review in the Sunday supplement of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* shortly after the glorious days of the laying of the foundation stone of the theatre at Bayreuth. On the 27th May, 1872, my brother wrote to him with great joy: "Friend, friend, friend!—What have you done! One can only meet with such an E. R. once in a lifetime. Without having seen these letters I plunged into the abyss of Bayreuth feeling, and read slowly on and on to a crescendo of surprise, until at last I recognised that the voice that rang so solemn and so deep was that of my friend. Oh, dearest friend, fancy your having done that for me!"

Erwin Rohde had been made a Professor at Kiel in April. He telegraphed: *Salve Friderice care amice professor te salutat. Erwin.* My brother's joy was indescribable, for he had had the gravest fears as to whether the loyal brotherhood-in-arms of which Rohde had shown himself capable, had not perhaps harmed him professionally. My brother wrote full of joy and high spirits: "Now, however, that we stand in the midst of the body academic, like two companions of the sword, armed to the teeth, and now that all anxiety as to our livelihood is at an end, we may still be allowed to dare many things, in order to terrify people—on the principle of the old riddle: 'What is more terrible than a flute?—Two flutes.'"

Meanwhile Wagner's star had risen over Bayreuth. The Master went there in January, in order to prepare the ground for his plans, and met with hearty understanding and sympathy. On the 18th of January, Frau Cosima wrote to my brother:

"Yes, Bayreuth! now we shall be tragic human creatures! God knows whether this new idea will succeed; but that is almost immaterial; we cannot do more than stand for what we want. If, however, it succeed, we shall experience in Wilhelmina's city that to which you summon us. Did the Master tell you that the Burgomaster and Town-Councillor of Bayreuth have been here? They suddenly appeared with building plans, and the day at Tribschen was sufficiently remarkable. In April we shall probably have to go to Vienna, and then farewell to lovely Tribschen, in which even *The Birth of Tragedy* was born, and so many other things which may never return."

The departure from Tribschen was a terribly hard experience for my brother, and he could not even speak about it without a break in his voice. When, towards the end of April, on a day in early spring, he went to Tribschen to wish everyone good-bye, he found Frau Wagner in the middle of packing. While she went hither and thither, my brother began to extemporise at the grand piano. All his sorrow, his inexpressible hopes and fears, his sweet memories, and the feeling that just then something irretrievable was about to be lost, resounded in the wonderful melodies which rang now joyously and now mournfully through the empty rooms. And even now, after so many years, when all the old friendly feelings have changed, Frau Cosima still remembers that strangely fascinating fantasia, my brother's song of parting from Tribschen—that Blessed Isle! Very distressed, he wrote to Gersdorff:

"Last Saturday we bade a sad and stirring farewell to Tribschen. Tribschen has now ceased to exist: we walked about as amid ruins of the past, tears hung heavily in the air, and in the clouds; the dog would not eat, and whenever one spoke to any of the servants of the household one was met with sobs. We packed the manuscripts, letters and books together—ah! it was desperate! These three years that I have spent in close relationship with Tribschen, and during which I have made twenty-three visits to the place—what do they not mean to me! If I had not had them, what should I

now be! I am glad that I have petrified that Tribschen world for myself in my book. . . ."

Then came the perfect days of the laying of the foundation stone of the Bayreuth Theatre (May, 1872). Later on, when he compared these days with those of the production of the *Nibelungen* (1876), he cried with a sigh: "The incomparable days devoted to the laying of the first stone, the small group of the initiated who celebrated them, and who were far from lacking fingers for the handling of delicate things —not the shadow of a resemblance!" And it was indeed quite a select company that was assembled in the Margravine's great box at the old Rococo Theatre at Bayreuth, to hear the rehearsals and the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

A strange world! All those present were full of genuine and real enthusiasm for the artist and his work; all were moved by the same hope, as if they were witnessing the dawn of a glorious day, which seemed to promise the bliss and the triumph of a new German culture. Besides this, vague memories of the past hung in the air; but I believe Richard Wagner himself gives the best description of the strangely mixed feelings of the company assembled at this Festival on that spring evening at Bayreuth:

"Who could have helped having the strangest thoughts when, on the 22nd May, 1872, he found himself on the same spot whereon the Margravine's court and guests, presided over by the great Frederick, once used to stand to witness either a ballet, an Italian opera, or a French comedy, while now from the same stage there resounded the powerful strains of the wonderful Ninth Symphony, produced by German musicians from all parts of the Fatherland? And who could then have helped seeing a vision, intensified by sound, which made him recognise the triumph of the German spirit, when, at last from the very gallery from which at one time trumpeters in court livery played the trivial fanfare at receptions given to their Royal Highnesses by the humble court, enthusiastic German singers called to the assembled throng: *Seid umschlungen Millionen* ('Oh ye millions, I embrace ye!')."

A year later, still much affected by the memory of that occasion, my brother wrote, "I believe they were the happiest days I have ever had in my life. There was that something in the air which I have never detected elsewhere, something unutterable and full of the greatest hopes."

It was at Bayreuth that my brother made the acquaintance of all the most charming of the patronesses of Wagner's art, the Baroness von Schleinitz, Countess Dönhoff, and also that sterling friend of Wagner's, Fräulein von Meysenbug, who had stuck to him through so many struggles. Later on Fritz became very friendly with her. She writes about her first meeting with my brother as follows: "During an interval in the final rehearsal of Wagner's production of the Ninth Symphony, Frau Wagner came to me with a young man and said that she wished to introduce Herr Nietzsche to me. 'What?—*the* Nietzsche?' I cried joyfully. Both of them laughed, and Frau Wagner replied, 'Yes, *the* Nietzsche!' And now, to the already exalted idea one had formed of the young author, there was added the picture of a youthful, good-looking, and delightful personality with whom one quickly found one's self in hearty sympathy."

He also made many other acquaintances in those days, for all the noble, self-denying men who had put themselves wholly at the service of Wagner's Art and of the great idea of Bayreuth, were assembled there. Of course, the two friends Rohde and Gersdorff were also there, and I, alone, who in a moment of mad magnanimity had yielded up my place to someone else, was not there, despite the fact that great pains had been taken to reserve a seat for me. Later on, my brother wrote to Gersdorff: "Ah, dear friend, we know what we have experienced! Nobody will be able to rob us of these sacred and solemn memories. Under their charm, and fighting for them, we must now go through life, and strive above all to be so earnest and energetic in all the principal acts of our existence, as to show ourselves worthy of such great experiences and distinctions."

With the summer came other joys; for instance, a performance of *Tristan und Isolde* at Munich, conducted by Hans von Bülow. My brother went thither to enjoy the performance in the company of Gersdorff and Fräulein von Meysenbug, as Bülow himself had invited him to come. But even the strain of a tiring journey seems to have been worth while, for the performance must indeed have been excellent.

My brother returned radiant from Munich. "You can have no idea what a lot of good such a performance of *Tristan* does to me," he declared again and again; and as a matter of fact, he had borne the two night journeys, the two performances of *Tristan*, and the whole day in the company of friends, exceedingly well.

In the year 1872 my brother had recovered the good health he had enjoyed in the past; whoever saw him and spent much time with him at this period could not speak too highly of his condition. My recollections of the period, also, are of the happiest nature. I can still see us both taking our walks in the outlying districts of Bâle, always talking animatedly, and interrupted only by our surging love of song. At that time, however, we sang only Wagnerian music, for instance, the *Kaisermarsch* or the *Preislied* from the *Meistersinger*, which we managed particularly well.

The year 1872 marked the zenith of that period which the late Professor Holzer intended to describe exhaustively, to wit the period from the end of the sixties to the middle of the seventies—of the "first Nietzsche, the friend of Richard Wagner—the Nietzsche whom Erwin Rohde loved so enthusiastically, the young, hopeful and trustful Nietzsche who, with a colossal faith in his ideals and friends, marched courageously towards the future—the gladiator who, in the early 'seventies, felt in possession of his greatest power, and who seemed to Deussen, on the occasion of one of the latter's visits to Bâle, full of fire and buoyancy, and as self-reliant as a young lion."

CHAPTER XX

FRIEND AND FOE

The wonderful health to which I referred in the previous chapter was sorely needed by my brother in the year 1872. In June he received a shock which was singularly well calculated to wound very deeply indeed a sensitive nature such as his. Philology, mortified by my brother's misdeeds, dared to level an attack which was not altogether in the best of taste.

At the beginning of June, the faithful Gersdorff, quite beside himself with passion, wrote that the philologist von Wilamowitz, a former school-friend of his at Pforta, had just published a small pamphlet entitled, "The Philology of the Future: A reply to *The Birth of Tragedy*, by Friedrich Nietzsche, Professor of Classical Philology at Bâle." In this essay my brother was attacked with great spite and little wit, but also with much apparent learning. Gersdorff was most bitterly offended, for this man Wilamowitz, who now seemed to him no better than a monster fit only to be immediately swallowed up by the earth, had once been his great friend. Later, we all came to regard this essay as a piece of excusable youthful folly; but at the time of its appearance we certainly felt differently about it.

As soon as Rohde, that excellent brother in arms, had read the pamphlet, he came forward full of indignation and offered his services in the task of defending his friend and refuting his assailant. On the 8th of June my brother replied as follows:

"Do you see, my dear, dear friend, how offensive we are! We shall soon learn, too, how lonely we are. Now we must

stand decently at our posts. And if at this moment you come to my side as a lusty assegai-swinging brother in arms, allow me to remind you formally that κελαινοῦ κύματος πικρὸν μένος will quickly turn against you also. Still we must console each other mutually about that. May everything that you undertake to do be blessed with my love! We shall stand loyally together, dear friend, even in calamities more serious than the present. For this is only an impudent prelude played by an untrained boyish hand; but it can give us an idea of the 'manner' in which opposition will one day come to us from the quarter of the 'great guns.'"

Rohde began to feel a little anxious concerning my brother's health, but Fritz wrote to him quite cheerfully on the 11th of June:

"I write to you to-day, dear friend, only in order to set your mind quite at rest as far as I am concerned. I am really in the μελιτόεσσα εἰδία which you wished me to be in; indeed, I even feel in the very best of spirits. I have the pleasure of having my sister with me; we live the simplest of lives together. In my solitary moments those ideas haunt me which I shall try to expound in my next book. In addition to this I find a certain pleasure in my lectures, especially in those on pre-Platonic philosophy. . . ."

At that time, while my brother's enemies certainly believed him to be brooding with feelings of revenge over Wilamowitz's pamphlet, he had plunged wholly into that remote world of his beloved Greek philosophers of the tragic age. He felt an almost personal attachment for them, especially for Heraclitus, and it seemed as if he were able to derive more than others can from that which has been handed down to us of this ancient wisdom. In the year 1878, he wrote as follows: "If I listened with attention to the collective sound of ancient Greek philosophy, I thought I should be able to hear notes which I was used to hearing in Greek art and particularly in Greek tragedy. To what extent this lay with the Greeks, or only with my own ears so starved of art—I cannot at present say with certainty."

But, although my brother, far removed from the present, lived in thought in the tragic age of the Greeks, he was very hard hit by Wilamowitz's attack—more particularly because, despite the man's youth, he had thought him promising. He, himself, said very little about the affair, but when I ventured to express myself with some indignation concerning it, he would only reply: "The whole attack is false and unjust, but you would not have me defend myself!" This would have been an impossible thing in his opinion. Nor was it necessary, for his friends were equipping themselves to fight the pamphlet.

Richard Wagner opened the war against young Wilamowitz with a "Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche," which was published by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on the 23rd of June, 1872, and which can be found in Vol. IX., p. 330, of Wagner's Prose Works.

As will be readily understood, and as we have seen from his letter to Gersdorff, my brother was full of the most hearty gratitude for the loyal stand Wagner made for his ideas. With these feelings in his heart, he wrote to Wagner, and received the following affecting lines in reply:—

> "O friend! Now, as a matter of fact, I feel just a little anxious about you, and simply because I attach so much value to you. To tell the truth, after my wife, you are the only windfall life has ever brought me: now, fortunately, Fidi must also be included; but between him and me, there is a missing link, the place of which you alone can fill—as the son to the grandson, so to speak. I feel no anxiety about Fidi; but I do about you, and in so far as I feel it about you I feel it about Fidi. And this anxiety is quite of the common bourgeois kind. I should like to see your common or garden welfare certain; for, as to the rest, it seems to me in your case to be thoroughly assured. Just recently, of a morning, I have been reading through your *Birth* again very attentively, and I have been constantly repeating to myself: 'If only he can get thoroughly healthy and remain

so, and, if in other respects his circumstances continue to be satisfactory, then things cannot go very far wrong with him.'"

The whole letter shows Wagner's kindness of heart, and general good nature, and is an excellent proof of the mutual solicitude and veneration which a true friendship always stimulates.

Nevertheless, the philologists still sneered as they had done before. Professor U., of Bonn, replied to his pupils' questions concerning *The Birth of Tragedy*, by saying that it was pure nonsense. On the other hand, Ritschl remained very attached to my brother, and when the latter sent him, for the *Rheinisches Museum*, a continuation of his article dealing with the Florentine tract concerning the Contest of Homer and Hesiod, Ritschl, heartily pleased, wrote that Fritz had come back "to the old familiar and sympathetic channel." Yet the fact that the old scholar was still only able to *condone The Birth of Tragedy* was somewhat humiliating for my brother, although he may have been convinced that it contained the first statement of great ideas which would continue to exercise their influence for centuries.

Fritz arranged to make a short trip to Italy during the autumn holidays, and I was to accompany him. But as pressing invitations forced me to travel northward once more, he decided to go with me as far as Naumburg. An autumn day of heavenly beauty made him change his mind again and led him to Italy after all. He promised me, however, to keep a diary of his journey, so that I might enjoy it as well when he returned. But he only kept his promise for the first few days. Nevertheless, I shall quote these short notes here, as they show so plainly how kind and sympathetic he could be, even to the simplest people. He met only "good, pleasant and kind people" on his journeys—that is to say, he made them so; charmed by the gentle sweetness of his nature, they were tempted to show him their best side, and even to confide in him concerning all their troubles and aspirations.

The notes out of which he concocted a letter to our dear mother (who, by the bye, had counted most certainly upon a visit from him) begin on the evening of the 28th of September, 1872 :

"*Saturday.* I am with a married couple from Bâle. I did not know them, but had to *pretend* I did. I telegraphed to Lizzie from Baden (the telegram read : ' First hearty greetings. To-day glorious autumn weather. Am in for a grand time. Thy Brother '). Courtesy on the part of Herr Haller from Berne, who has given me his card.

"When I had almost reached Zurich I discovered that I had good old Götz as a travelling companion. He told me that owing to Kirchner's departure his musical work at Zürich has greatly increased. He also informed me about his opera which is to be performed in Hanover.

"I travelled from Zürich to Rapperswyl with nice simple people in a third-class carriage. But it was cold, and I scarcely felt the courage to go as far as Chur. At Rapperswyl I took a second-class ticket to Wesen, where I found the 'bus of the Hotel Schwert, into which I mounted. The hotel is very fine and comfortable, but very empty. I have my meals all alone in the dining-room.

"Throughout the afternoon I had clear autumn weather, the remotest snow mountains were visible. In the evening the whole range appeared in magnificent steely grey. I have a slight headache for the moment. I had rather a bad night with violent dreams.

"*Sunday.* I awoke with a headache. My window looks out on the Lake of Walenstadt. The sun rises over peaks partly covered with snow. I had my breakfast and then walked for a while along the banks of the lake. Then I went to the railway station, after first having had a look at the Pension Speer, which stands at a higher altitude than my hotel, and looks newer. The morning was very fine. I travelled second class to Chur, but grew ever more and more ill at ease, in spite of the lovely country, Lake Ragatz, etc. At Chur I felt that I could not go a step further; I paid no attention to the inquiries of the diligence officials and quickly retired to the Hotel Lukmainer. There they gave me a room with a good prospect, but I got into bed at once. I slept for three hours, after which I felt better and ate something. A particularly

obliging and intelligent waiter called my attention to Bad Passug: I took my bearings. In the town of Chur the quiet of the Sabbath prevailed, and the mood was that of the afternoon. I walked along the high road quite easily; the view looking back on the town was magnificent, the scene was constantly changing and widening. After about fifteen minutes' walk along a small side-path, I reached some pine-woods and a lovely shaded spot—for up to that point it had been rather warm. I cannot say how delighted I was with the ravine through which the Rabiusa rushes. The road lies now on this bank, now on that, a number of bridges link it together, and it leads across waterfalls to the heights. I expected to find a pension on this spot, but this was a mistake on my part; for I only came across a country inn, thronged with Sunday visitors and feasting and coffee-drinking families. First of all I drank three glasses at the soda spring; then higher up, installed upon a balcony, I drank a bottle of Asti with some more of the soda water, and feeling much better in the head, I also had some goat's milk cheese, which I ate with a fair appetite. A man with Chinese eyes, who was sitting at my table, also had a glass of Asti with me: he thanked me and drank with much apparent satisfaction. Then the landlady of the place handed me a number of reports and small pamphlets, and finally the landlord Sprecher conducted me over the place, let me drink at the springs, showed me the wealth of springs that had not yet been tapped, and, taking it for granted that I was interested, offered me a share in the foundation of a hotel, etc. The valley is extremely attractive and full of inexhaustible interest and wonder for the geologist. Graphite, ochre and quartz are to be found, and there is also a likelihood of gold, etc. The stone strata are twisted, turned about and broken up in the most extraordinary way, as they are at Axenstein on the Lake of Constance, but it is all much wilder, though on a smaller scale. I returned home late, when the sun was setting and the distant peaks were all aglow. At last happiness and inward content came on the scene. A child with flaxen hair was trying to find one or two nuts and was very funny. And then an old couple fetched me in, and we had a lively conversation. The man was an old grey-headed fellow, a master cabinet-maker, who once when he was on the tramp fifty years ago entered Naumburg one very hot day. His son has been a missionary in India since 1858, and

is expected in Chur next year, in order to see his father again. The daughter has been to Egypt several times and was a friend of Pastor Riggenbach's. When I reached the hotel I did a little writing and had something to eat. An Italian who sat opposite me tried to talk to me; but we understood each other with difficulty as he could not speak German."

In addition to this fragment of a diary, my brother, in a letter addressed to Gersdorff early in October, 1872, writes as follows concerning this journey:

"I have retired to this place—the 'Hotel Bodenhaus,' Splügen, on the frontier of Switzerland and Italy. I am satisfied beyond all expectation, even as you perceive with the ink and the pens, and am very happy. The solitude is rich and wonderful, and there are the most beautiful roads, along which I can walk for hours, absorbed in my own thoughts, without ever falling over a precipice; but as soon as I look about me, there is something new and great to see. The only people I meet are the travellers who pass through by coach. I take my meals with them—this is all I have to do with them—they pass like Platonic shadows before my cave. . . . If I should travel any further, I shall go to Brescia, to take another holiday there—that is to say, I shall travel as one really ought to travel, for refreshment. When I get there I shall study the paintings of a great Venetian master, Moretto, and only his: and in this way I shall ruin neither my stomach, my eyes, nor my holidays."

With the help of Burckhardt and the latter's *Cicerone*[1] he had thoroughly prepared himself for this painter, but the joys of art and Italy could not compare with the air of the mountains. When he had been a week at Bergamo he returned to Splügen.

After the holidays he wrote to me from Bâle as follows:

"My dear Lizzie, now you know what the air of the mountains is—in it one is cheerful and full of love for mankind; very often, too, one feels in a sublime and daring mood.

"What I mean by this I have really forgotten—maybe only that I am not writing in mountain air, but that you are at liberty to receive and transfigure this product of the plains

[1] This is an artistic guide to Italy written by Burckhardt, entitled *Der Cicerone*.—Tr.

with the feelings generally roused by mountain air, Sela. . . .

"From a traveller's point of view my journey was a *very* unfortunate one; from a higher standpoint, however, it was an incomparably happy one. It sounds a trifle as I describe it—the air of the heights, the air of the High Alps, the air of the Central High Alps! My attempted journey into Italy was a failure—the air was loathsomely mild, and there was no light and shade! I got as far as Bergamo (half way to Venice), and from there I returned post haste, *ventre-à-terre*, to the Splügen Pass. Think of it! Three days and two nights on the road—the first day thither, the third back at Splügen! This was, at least, energetic, brief—and expensive! In the last twenty-four hours of my holiday I spent a heavenly autumn day at Ragatz."

As far as I can remember, and judging from the handwriting and the ink, it was during those raw autumn days at Splügen that my brother wrote "The Relation of Schopenhauerian Philosophy to a German Culture."

In November my brother met the Wagners in Strassburg, and delighted them with his cheerfulness and endurance under the stress of the general hostility towards him, the onerous duties of his post, music and travelling. Frau Cosima afterwards wrote: "How pleased we were, dear good friend, to see you as you were when we last met you! You really do fulfil the Goethe-Mazzini maxim, and you are so *resolute and healthy* that it is a joy to look upon you."

Meanwhile, his friend Erwin had equipped himself for war and triumph; in the autumn of 1872 there appeared the pamphlet:

AFTERPHILOLOGIE.[1]

An attempt at throwing some light upon a pamphlet published by Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, Dr. Phil., entitled *Zukunftsphilologie*.

A Philologist's Communication

to

Richard Wagner.

[1] Pseudo-philology.—Tr.

Whoever has read this little book must certainly have been reminded of angry Achilles, marching, magnificent in his triumph, and mercilessly dragging Hector, his friend's foe, round the wailing city of Troy. The whole pamphlet is a sharp and cutting refutation of all the errors of the youthful Herr von Wilamowitz. One can understand the ruthless tone of this reply only when one has read the essay that provoked it; for the latter is written in an uncommonly insulting manner, and, like Wagner, one wonders that such coarse procedure could be possible in the service of the Muses.

The crushing conclusion, in which Rohde braces up all his indignation for a final blow, caused the most wholehearted amusement among my brother's friends. Even my brother, who, on the whole, was not much in favour of violent polemics, often used to laugh heartily over this conclusion. We may therefore quote it here:

> "Now, however, enough, and more than enough, of this unedifying confutation of a libeller. While vindicating our friend I had to ascribe the arrogant claims of this Doctor of Philology to sounder knowledge than that upon which they are really based. His pamphlet was the work of thoughtlessness, ignorance and dishonesty—not of a competent, methodical philologist. It was an utter travesty of the critical method, in fact the performance of a real *Afterphilologen* (pseudo-philologist). If in doing this I have scarcely touched upon half of the misunderstandings, intentional misinterpretations and disfiguring innuendoes which this man splutters forth in an unbroken stream throughout his libellous pages, side by side with the actual 'replies' which I have proved to be worthless; I shall not in conclusion halt very long to wonder what may have induced this Doctor of Philology to have given us this voluntary exhibition of his own incompetence and ignorance when there was absolutely no need for him to do so. In addition to the ingenuous vanity of confident ignorance, there seems to have been another special incentive which is revealed to us by his final request to our friend kindly to step down from the Professor's Chair entrusted to him, after he has so foolishly forfeited the

approval of Ulrich von Wilamowitz, Doctor of Philology. I leave it to the reader to qualify this very friendly and extraordinary demand from the moral standpoint. We, the friends, can certainly do no more than smile at the ingenuousness with which the actual motive itself of the denunciatory zeal of this ambitious Doctor of Philology is thus revealed. In return, however, we also shall take the liberty of giving him a little good counsel. It seems to us probable that his essay would never have been written had it not been for the advice and incitement of certain good friends. Now, in the event of his feeling himself once more called upon to rescue genuine science by means of an exhibition of his historico-critical ignorance, it would be an excellent thing if, before the publication of such 'rescue-work,' he would carefully consult any one of those afore-mentioned friends who happened at least to have got beyond the swaddling-clothes stage of philological knowledge—provided, of course, that, in one of his lucid moments, he should feel prone to accept that advice of Heraclitus which seems to be most perfectly suited to his particular case, to wit: 'It is better to conceal one's ignorance than to display it ostentatiously before the eyes of all.'"

An indignant friend is indeed a terrible and destructive fighter! For a while, after this act of slaughter, no philologist felt inclined to venture to wage war upon *The Birth of Tragedy*. It is true that Herr von Wilamowitz tried to justify himself in a further pamphlet; but it was love's labour lost—the victory remained on the side of the two brothers in arms, Nietzsche and Rohde.

We can gather what my brother's own feelings were in regard to the essay from the following words:

"Just fancy your pamphlet, with all its magnanimity and daring warlike fellowship, falling in the midst of all that cackling throng—what a spectacle! Romundt and Overbeck, the only two people to whom I have been able to read it, are overjoyed at your successful feat! They never weary of pointing in praise to this in particular and to that in general. They call the polemic 'Lessingesque'; now you know what good Germans imply by this predicate. What pleases me most of all in your work is to hearken to the deep, threatening tone,

as of a thundering waterfall, which seems to rise from its foundations, and without which no polemic can be hallowed and given the stamp of strength—that rumbling tone in which love, trustfulness, courage, power, pain, triumph and hope all resound together. Dear friend, I was overcome; and when you spoke of the 'friends' it was some time before I could sufficiently regain my composure to go on reading. What splendid experiences I have had this year! And how every calamity coming to me from other quarters, seems to vanish in the face of them! I am also proud and happy on Wagner's account—for your pamphlet marks an extraordinary turning-point in his position, relative to the scientific circles of Germany. Not long ago, the *National-zeitung* was sufficiently insolent to reckon me among 'Wagner's literary lackeys.' How surprised everyone must have been to see you go over to his side! That is certainly something more important than the mere fact that you should have come over to me! Is that not so, dear old friend? And it is this—precisely this, which makes to-day the happiest day I have had for many a year; for I see what you, in your act of friendship, have done for me and for Wagner!"

Later on, he wrote in the same connection to Fräulein von Meysenbug as follows:

"You have certainly not yet read the Apology which Professor Rohde of Kiel has written, as much with the sword as with the pen, and in which he shows such great superiority to his opponents. By means of my *Birth of Tragedy* I have succeeded in becoming the most obnoxious philologist of the day, to stand up for whom constitutes a genuine miracle of audacity, because everyone seems unanimous in wishing to pass sentence of death upon me. Apart from the polemic, with which I would not harass you, Rohde's pamphlet contains many good things concerning the philosophical basis of my work, and will therefore meet with some sympathy from you. If only I did not fear that this courageous step on Rohde's part would land him in a veritable labyrinth of disapprobation and malice! Now we are both on the Index!

"At bottom, it is a misunderstanding; for I did not write for philologists, although, if the latter were only able to do so, they might even learn much that is purely philological in my essay. Now they turn somewhat bitterly upon me, and it looks

as if they thought I had committed a crime simply because I did not give them and their understanding the first consideration. Even Rohde's deed will not lead to anything; for nothing can bridge the yawning gulf. Now I shall quietly pursue my way, and shall take good care not to suffer from that loathing, reasons for which one encounters at every turn and step."

Rohde's really self-sacrificing behaviour filled my brother with everlasting gratitude. It should not be forgotten that it was a really hazardous enterprise on the part of this friend, for he ran the danger of ruining his University career. Later on, during the period of my brother's most terrible isolation, when both the friends of his youth had, thanks to misunderstandings, grown almost strangers to him, how often did he not most ardently wish that the few who had stood so near to him formerly might defend him in public with the same hearty and loyal passion! Oh, how bitterly he felt this!—But then there was no one who dared to do so.

In spite of Rohde's brilliant defence, however, my brother was absolutely banned by philologists. Students were earnestly advised not to study at Bâle, and as the result of this there were no philological students there during the winter term of 1872 to 1873. This vexed my brother very much indeed. Those philologists who were well disposed towards him spoke of him only in the most plaintive tones. He had, indeed, done some really good work in philology—what a pity that he should have chosen to enter upon such curious paths! Still, they did not absolutely abandon all hope. One of the critics closed his review of my brother's essay on the Florentine Tract with the following words: "Here we take leave of this essay, which must occupy an important position in Hesiodic literature, and express the hope that its gifted author will promptly give effect to the plan of which he speaks at the end of his treatise, concerning an analysis of the relation of Hesiod to Homer, and will turn his back upon his present 'Music and Philology of the Future.'"

My brother had expected a very different reception, both from scholars and laymen. He could not understand why this "enthusiastic and good-natured" book was so badly understood and provoked so much unnecessary animosity. He wrote to Gersdorff expressing great disappointment in regard to the present and great hopes about the future: "It will be difficult for my book to spread! . . . Now I expect nothing save malice and stupidity. But I reckon upon its quiet, though slow career through the centuries, and I say this to you with the utmost conviction. For certain eternal truths are here told for the first time, and these must resound through the ages."

In his heart of hearts he felt already in those days that he had increased the obscurity of his book by introducing Wagnerian music into it; but he was also very strongly conscious of the fact that a friendship as profound as that which he felt for Richard Wagner involved serious duties, and that he should find satisfaction and compensation in this feeling—he even felt that a friendship of this sort might also in some respects demand a "*sacrifizio dell' intelletto.*" He writes: "On the whole, I believe that we were not born to be happy, but to do our duty; and we ought to think ourselves lucky if we know where our duty lies." At that time he had no doubts about this; but later on, after 1876, a considerable change came over him: then he no longer applauded either himself or the cause of duty which had led him to confound Wagner with Greek Art, and for a while he did not like to speak about the book at all. Still, in his notes of the year 1878, he recalls his attitude of mind during the period in which *The Birth of Tragedy* appeared, and without any ill-humour:

> "I thought how unsound and deteriorated human existence actually was, how entirely it is built upon deception and imagination, and how everything elevating in it, all its illusions, and all love of life, were the outcome of error. Consequently, I thought, the origin of such a world was not to be sought in a moral being, but perhaps in an artist-creator. By this I meant that

such a being was absolutely undeserving of reverence in the Christian sense (which postulates a God of Goodness and of Love), and I did not even scout the idea that however deeply this notion may have penetrated into the German spirit, it might yet be forcibly eradicated from it again. It was thus that I thought I had found a way back to German Paganism through Wagner's art, or, at least, a bridge back to a specifically un-Christian attitude towards the world and man. 'The gods are evil and wise; they deserve to go under. Man is good and stupid—he has a more beautiful future and can attain to it only when the gods have at last entered the twilight of their days'—thus would I have formulated my credo in those days. For I then believed that the world, from the æsthetic standpoint, was intended to be a spectacle by its poet-creator; but that as a moral phenomenon it was a deception. That is why I came to the conclusion that the world could be justified only as an æsthetic phenomenon."

Later on he felt almost a dislike for his first book, and in a preface, or rather an epilogue, which he called "An attempt at Self-Criticism," written for it in the year 1886, when a second edition of it was published, he spoke about it very bitterly. (See English Ed. *Birth of Tragedy*, p. XXV). He could not understand the violent manner in which he had united the Hellenic world with Wagnerian music—more particularly with that philosophical and metaphysical point of view which exists in Bayreuth even to this day. But, as he very rightly said later, "The transference of music into metaphysics was an act of reverence and gratitude; as a matter of fact all religious men hitherto have done the same thing with their experiences." But what he then sacrificed to Wagner the latter never really understood. I do not wish to lay any particular stress here upon the fact that through standing by Wagner during this period he spoiled his whole philosophical career and his reputation as a thoroughly scientific scholar. What was still worse was that, by acting as he did, he became involved in a struggle which for the first time shattered his ingenuous faith in the good-will of mankind and the world. Up to

that time, everything had gone remarkably well with him, and he often used to refer to himself as a "Happy Prince." But had it not been for his association with Wagner, he could not possibly have been attacked in such an unprecedented manner after the appearance of *The Birth of Tragedy*. One can understand his plaint:

> "What a pity it was that I did not dare to say all I had to say at that time as a poet. I might perhaps have been able to do it! Or at least as a philologist: for to this day almost everything still remains to be discovered and unearthed by philologists in this department! And above all, the problem that there actually is a problem to be solved here—and that the Greeks will continue to remain just as completely unrealisable as they have ever been, so long as we can find no answer to the question 'what is Dionysian?' . . . . But there is something much more detestable about the book than the mere fact that I obscured and impaired my notions of the Dionysian element, by clothing them in Schopenhauerian formulæ, and that is, that I should ever have ruined the prodigious *Problem of Hellenism*, as I conceived it, by mixing it up with the most modern things!"

In this passage ill-humour is certainly the ruling note; but only two years later he is able, in *The Twilight of the Idols*, to contemplate even *The Birth of Tragedy*, with that *amor fati* which was peculiar to him, and the pure joy that proceeded from it; and quite the last and most concise remarks that have ever been written about this first book were written during the autumn of 1888 in *Ecce Homo*, where he turns with love and passion to this work of his youth, and recognises quite rightly how unmistakably it already heralds the whole of his life-work in the stupendous hopes to which it gives utterance.

In summing up all I have said above concerning *The Birth of Tragedy*, I cannot help feeling most deeply how justified my brother was when he wrote in January, 1872: "I am filled with a terrible earnestness in regard to all that I hear about this book; for it is in such signs that

I divine the future which lies before me. This life is still full of enormous difficulties for me."

The reason why I have given such an exhaustive account of the experiences which my brother's first book brought him, is because they are to some extent typical. At every *fresh* energetic step along the road of his development, and of his literary activity, the same experiences recurred. Those who had hitherto regarded him as belonging entirely to them, became extraordinarily estranged. A particular personality was discovered on whose shoulders was thrown the whole of the responsibility for the change, and who was regarded as the seducer. Some among his former sympathisers became his determined enemies. Others who were particularly fond of him tried by hook or by crook, and even *contre-cœur*, to understand him. One or two loyal friends stuck to him through thick and thin and a number of new enthusiasts stepped to his side who for the most part misunderstood him. Only a very few—no, no one—could boast of having an inkling of his real greatness. Taking everything into consideration, every great step forward which he happened to take was attended by the greatest sufferings and disappointments; and these reached such a terrible pitch towards the close of his life's work that, owing to his great sensitiveness, his feelings were sometimes rendered intolerably bitter. In the midst of his work he once wrote in tones of woe: "One has only to accomplish something good and new, in order to experience among one's friends what it means to 'put an anxious face on a happy event.'"[1]

[1] "*Zum guten Spiel eine böse Miene machen*" is a perversion of the German saw: "*Man muss gute Miene zum bösen Spiel machen*," which means "one must put a cheerful face on trouble."—TR.

CHAPTER XXI

EDUCATION AND CULTURE

Ever since his student days my brother had put himself the questions, "What is German education, what is German culture?" Many notes written in those early years bear witness to this fact. And now from all sides he began to receive fresh incentives for asking himself the questions anew. Events in his life which had stirred him deeply—his friendship with Wagner and the years of war—had confirmed his old doubt, and had given him new replies to the old questions. "What is education, what is the object of education?" he asked himself—"The understanding and the encouragement of one's noblest contemporaries; the preparation of that which is growing and coming." "What is the mission of education?"—"To live in the noblest aspirations of one's nation and to exercise influence thereby. Not only, therefore, to receive and to learn, but to *live*. To liberate one's age and one's nation from all distorted conceptions, and to keep the image of one's ideal before one's eyes."

For all that, my brother was not oblivious to the fact that, as far as the culture of the Germans was concerned, they lacked the proper examples; for, "the education of a nation with a view to culture is essentially a matter of becoming used to good models." My brother set all his hope upon the teachers and educators of the people: "Educators must be educated! But the first must educate themselves; and it is for these that I am writing." Now the occasion arose for him to speak on this subject.

At the beginning of the winter 1871–72 he was invited by the "Academical Society" of Bâle to deliver some

lectures, and in response to this invitation, during the Christmas holidays of 1871, which he spent in Bâle in consequence, he composed his lectures, *On the Future of Our Educational Institutions*, based upon a series of earlier notes. They were received with great enthusiasm, which increased with each lecture.

Altogether at the beginning of the year 1872 my brother was the subject of much discussion in Bâle. The publication of *The Birth of Tragedy*, and the wonderful lectures, provoked the most varied interest, and caused general surprise. These lectures contained the most striking heresies against those old-established institutions of which people thought they had a right to be proud; and as a matter of fact my brother's attacks ought to have roused general indignation. They were, however, couched in such kindly terms that the heresies were scarcely noticed.

In these lectures my brother looks back seven years, speaks again as a student, and describes the private struggles and serious questionings which he had to face in those days. Many of the incidents he mentions, even though later on he may not have remembered them accurately himself, were, as we can see from his notes at the time, drawn from his own experiences, and not his experiences in Bonn alone, but also in Leipzig, Naumburg, and at Pforta. As he did not think it was seemly for a professor of twenty-seven to utter such exceptionally bitter truths concerning old-established and highly-respected institutions, in the presence of the dignified councillors, and of his own colleagues of the University of Bâle, he clothed his thoughts in a poetical garb, and invented the figure of a hoary old sage (Schopenhauer) in whose mouth he put all his sharp criticisms and the passionate outpourings of his heart. This artifice, by means of which age and not youth uttered its judgments, removed all sharpness from the lectures.

Unfortunately my brother was unable to give the last

lecture, for on leaving the overheated hall at the end of the fifth, he caught cold. Before he could recover, the end of the term had come round, and prevented him from delivering the last lecture.

But the plan he had made for the whole course gives us a good idea of the optimistic tone in which these lectures were to be brought to a close in March, 1872. In his description of a brotherhood of philosophers and artists he outlines his picture of the German culture which was to blossom forth from the union of Schopenhauerian philosophy with Wagnerian art. These two masters, Schopenhauer and Wagner, meet each other one beautiful summer's night in the presence of crowds of their youthful admirers, and the meeting takes the form of a ceremony which provides a momentary realisation of the glorious future of their dreams. After the attacks to which my brother was subjected during the summer of 1872, as the result of *The Birth of Tragedy*, he felt too poignantly how far removed his age was from such ideals. It therefore seemed quite proper to him, in the revised plan which he prepared later, to make the representative of that age,—the man of letters and the young students who sympathised with him, emphatically reject the old ideals. And thus in the boisterous closing scene of the second plan, which he had drawn up in the autumn of 1872, he formulates for the first time the hostile opposition between his unseasonable hopes and the whole of the culture of the age. The conclusion strikes one almost as a painful renunciation of his dreams of the future.

If the revised plan had been carried out, one evening would not have sufficed for dealing with the material it involved. My brother therefore had the intention of delivering two more lectures: "The Degenerate Man of Culture" and "The School of the Future." But he found no opportunity for delivering these at Bâle in the summer, and in the following winter he progressed so far in his development and in the elaboration of his ideas that

the form of the lectures displeased him greatly, and he was unable to build further upon such a foundation.

The people of Bâle were sincerely sorry to be deprived of the conclusion of the lectures; for they had provoked a host of interesting questions, and there was no little excitement over the solution of the problem. How often did they not express their regret to me that they had never had the educational institutions of the future described to them. I always comforted them by saying that my brother would shortly have these lectures printed. In the spring of 1872 he had had this intention, and it was his desire to dedicate them, with some touch of irony, as a solemn exhortation, to the Philological Congress to take place at Leipzig in May. But he could never find the time either to prepare them carefully for the Press, or to write the conclusion which was still required. Then he resolved to recast the whole of the lectures and to make them more artistic, especially the dialogue parts, and therefore postponed publication to a later date; but the tide of his development washed far over the whole matter.

In the summer of 1873 vigorous steps were taken towards the realisation of the educational institution of the future, for the education of the educator. My brother and I were in Graubünden, in the charming region of Flims; and there a beautiful though rather diminutive old castle, which was supposed to be haunted, was offered to us for sale at an exceptionally low price, £800 to £1,000. I had always been animated by the desire of devoting my whole life to a great cause, and was then quite determined to purchase this little castle for the purpose of the educational institution. It contained fine old-fashioned rooms, one of which was covered with beautiful Renaissance panelling, embellished with magnificent carvings. There would certainly not have been enough room for many inmates; but its very purpose excluded the "many too many." In front of the castle there lay gardens in the form of an extended oblong. Cloisters were to be erected

along the walls; for all teaching and exhortation were to be given as little as possible indoors, but chiefly peripatetically. The long lawn between the cloisters was to be reserved for physical exercise.

At first the little castle would not be used as an educational establishment, but as a sort of lay-monastery, where teachers and educators should come together. Here life, thought and good counsel would be shared in common, and there would be occasional interruptions in the form of excursions to places of artistic interest within easy reach—a plan which would have been facilitated by the close proximity of the place to Italy. My brother wrote a stirring invitation to his nearest friends to join him in this brotherhood, but though Baron von Gersdorff retained a vivid recollection of this document, a copy of it has never been found. Nevertheless, in one of my brother's notes of the spring of 1874, Gersdorff believed he recognised a retrospect of Fritz's scheme, and a reminiscence of the invitation in question. It reads as follows:

> "I dreamt of an association of men, who would be free from all compromise, who would repudiate all tender forbearance, and would call themselves Destroyers. They were to measure everything according to the standard of their own criticism, and to sacrifice themselves to truth. Everything bad and false was to be brought to light. We do not wish to construct prematurely; we do not know whether we shall ever be able to construct, and whether it were not better to refrain from construction. There are such people as lazy pessimists and creatures of resignation — we decline to belong to their party."

Throughout his whole life, and in the most varied forms, my brother pursued one and the same scheme —that of forming a community of deep-thinking and genuinely free men, chosen from all spheres of society, whose business it would be to try together to fathom the most recondite problems of this enigmatical existence, attempt to clear them up, and give each other mutual

instruction. The fact that the realisation of this fell through at the time is to be ascribed entirely to the influence of external circumstances. The good-natured and honest vendors of the above-mentioned property believed me to be younger than I really was, and, fearing apparently that they might exploit my inexperience and enthusiasm, offered to allow me four weeks in which to think over the purchase. By this means I obtained sufficient time to think the matter over and to give it serious consideration, and in the end we arrived at the conclusion that the scheme was too youthful and fantastic. Moreover, my brother began to feel ever less inclined to sever himself from Bâle.

As early as January, 1872, when he received the offer of a post at Greifswald (on the score of his old reputation as a sound philologist, before the authorities at that place had heard of *The Birth of Tragedy*), he was feeling so happy at Bâle, that he gave the matter only a moment's consideration and forthwith declined the offer. Concerning this incident he said: "Why change so soon? why dip your hand into the lucky bag, when there are so many blanks?" Of course my brother knew perfectly well that it was customary for a man to use such an offer from another institution as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon his present employers, in order to extract some advantage from them; he, however, never dreamed of making any such use of the occasion. He even gratefully declined a torchlight procession in his honour, which the students proposed to organise; he did not wish to be fêted for an action which had cost him no self-sacrifice. Later on I heard how the Education Board of Bâle had marvelled in silence over his childish disinterestedness in regard to money matters. But they behaved quite in the noble Bâle manner, by increasing his salary very shortly after this incident, without having received the slightest word or hint from him that he expected it. It was with the following kind words that the trustees of the

University acquainted him with their decision, on the 24th January, 1872:

"Dear Professor Nietzsche,

"It is our pleasant duty to have to tender you our very best thanks for the way in which you declined the flattering offer from Greifswald, simply out of love for the post you hold here and the good work you are doing; and we do not doubt that you will continue to be satisfied with the honoured position you fill at the University and the School for some time to come. In recognition of your excellent work, the supreme governing body have, in accordance with our suggestion, resolved to increase your salary, from the beginning of this year, to the sum of 4,000 francs per annum."

The considerations which in those days were particularly instrumental in binding Fritz to Bâle were, in the first place, the great personal freedom he was allowed by the authorities and his colleagues, the great friendliness which was shown to him by both, and, above all, the extraordinary reverence he felt for Jacob Burckhardt. Even Frau Wagner, when she had heard from my brother about his refusal of the Greifswald offer, wrote to him: "Burckhardt was all that mattered to you at Bâle."

But my brother had every reason to feel happy at Bâle. Everybody treated him in the most friendly fashion, and even the *haute volée*, who were known as a rule to stand so severely aloof from everything new and strange, made an exception in his favour. He was constantly invited to the balls and receptions of this class of the community, and was often the only German present at these functions. He danced so much during the winter of 1872, that in the following spring he wrote requesting us to order new evening clothes for him at his tailor's in Naumburg. "Those I am now using are quite worn out with the exertions of this winter." Privy Councillor Gelzer, of Jena, told me once that on one occasion during this period a few old patricians of Bâle, who were assembled at some social function, jokingly discussed

which member of their own class was in his manners and bearing the most distinguished of Bâle society; whereupon old Peter Merian exclaimed in reply: "Not one of us; the most distinguished is Professor Nietzsche."

Even my brother's home-life, however, had grown more pleasant; for, since the autumn of 1872 his friend Dr. Romundt had come to live with him, and he had also become friendly with Professor Overbeck. True, he had lived in the same house with this man for two-and-a-half years, but without ever having grown intimate with him —a fact which is best proved when we remember that my brother never dreamed of taking Overbeck with him to Richard Wagner at Tribschen, whereas Rohde and Gersdorff were immediately invited and taken there, even if he was only paying a flying visit. In fact, he also performed the ceremony in honour of his friendship with Rohde and Gersdorff—the rite of the beneficent demons—at Jacob Burckhardt's house, which was at the opposite end of the town to that in which my brother lived; and it never occurred to him to perform this ceremony with Overbeck. Fritz may have kept aloof from Overbeck all this time because Burckhardt disliked the man; but what ultimately drew them together was the circumstance that Overbeck stood up so enthusiastically for my brother after Wilamowitz's attack—an attitude about which Fritz afterwards spoke to me with as much surprise as gratefulness. But other people as well stood by him in Bâle over the Wilamowitz episode; for his work was well known to them.

My brother was considered a distinguished teacher at the University and the School; it was often said that his most prominent colleagues at Bâle, as for instance Jacob Burckhardt, had declared that Bâle would not get another teacher so powerful as he for a very long while. He, for his part, was not wholly content with his work, and was constantly wishing that his pupils were older. He was held in the highest esteem by the students. Many entered Bâle University merely on his account, swore by him

and lavished the most gentle attentions on him; while those among their number who were inclined to be poetical would lay a few flowers in his room as a token of their admiration. From a work of Ludwig Stein's, I take the following passages as throwing further light upon my brother's life at Bâle. Professor Stein, in describing Fritz's outward appearance while at Bâle, begins by saying that his smart and tasteful dress was certainly to be explained as a mark of attention to the fair sex.

I must, however, deny this most emphatically; and, at the risk of being accused of rudeness towards my own sex, assure the reader that my brother never took the slightest trouble with his dress on our account. After his first early-morning toilet he was always dressed ready to receive any visitor; his inborn and thorough cleanliness and dignified grace made him seem elegantly attired even in the simplest clothes. In those days he never would wear a dressing-gown and slippers; in fact, he had contracted a positive repugnance for such articles of apparel. Stein proceeds as follows in the work referred to above:

"Thus, in Bâle, as one of his most grateful pupils informed me, he always appeared carefully and elegantly dressed; in summer he wore a white top hat (silver grey felt); and if the weather permitted it, his clothes were always of a light colour. As a University Professor his strength lay more in the depth than in the range of his influence. His one object was to discover the most intelligent pupils from among the crowd of the mediocre, and to lavish particular care upon the former. His favoured pupils looked up to him with grateful reverence. One of them, who is now a very highly esteemed University don, and who in the years 1873–4 attended Nietzsche's lectures on pre-Platonic Philosophy, and Plato's Life and Works, gave me the following description of his impressions: 'Nietzsche was then twenty-eight years old, and the fact that in his manner he manifested the philosophical objectivity of an older man therefore seemed all the more peculiar to us. His delivery was slow, gentle and never pathetic, and it was frequently interrupted by thoughtful "artistic pauses," as our

terminus technicus had it. He read his lectures, and always out of fine large books bound in red leather. He began his Greek classes with us at the School (where, together with Jacob Burckhardt and Moritz Heyne, he was obliged to teach, in his capacity as a University Professor), with the very hardest of Greek plays, Æschylus's *Eumenides*. Often, in the school, he would treat us to lectures about Greek tragedy (his pet subject at that time), about the earliest Greek philosophy, concerning the philosophy of language, etc., and at times would even make us deliver extempore lectures or read Grote's History of Greece aloud.' "

The highest class in the Bâle University School, which during the years 1869–1877 consisted only of a few pupils —nine to sixteen at the outside—had been somewhat closely united with the University in the old days, and on leaving it every pupil had been entitled to the matriculation certificate. From this time onwards it had enjoyed various privileges and a much larger amount of freedom than falls to the lot of the sixth form of a German public school. For instance, the pupils belonging to it had clubs exactly similar in style to the student-clubs. The great amount of freedom it enjoyed was shown by the fact that at times it would play harmless practical jokes upon the masters. When one of my brother's pupils once told his mother of these things, she exclaimed: " And do you play such practical jokes upon Professor Nietzsche too?" " No, of course not," the young man replied indignantly, " for he would simply despise us if we did." Looking back upon his work as a teacher at Bâle, Fritz wrote in the year 1888 as follows: " During the seven years in which I taught Greek to the sixth form of the University School at Bâle, I never had occasion to administer a punishment: the laziest youths were diligent in my class."

My brother's whole personality seemed to act as an exhortation to his pupils to exercise their power to the utmost. The fact that he paid attention only to the most efficient and most gifted among them, while he merely treated the

others with a gentle and kind tolerance, acted as a spur to all those who possessed the smallest spark of self-esteem, and made them strive to do the very best they could. And he was able to show genuine pleasure when a youth of inferior capacity suddenly brought him good work.

The charm of his personality lay in its absolute lack of all "side" and affectation; with perfect and noble naturalness he gave himself just as he was. He had the right to do this—others have not. A distinguished old member of Bâle society, Dr. Thurneysen, said to me in the autumn of 1896: "Your brother always struck me as a being who had come direct from God's hands, and was not yet soiled by the dust of the world."

Although later on he judged them unfavourably, his lectures on our educational institutions afforded my brother much pleasure while he was delivering them. This was something very different from teaching young men to whom one was not allowed to say the best things. In the spring of 1872 he resolved upon the plan of interrupting his academical duties in order to deliver lectures upon the *Ring* before the Wagner Societies of the larger cities. These lectures were intended principally to assist the Bayreuth scheme, and also as a means of rousing the German Philistine from his smug self-sufficiency, and of showing the German scholar clearly what his highest aims should be as an educator and an imparter of culture to the people.

Nevertheless, on practical and other grounds, this lecturing tour was abandoned, as was likewise a literary plan which he had formed soon after his return from the foundation ceremony of Wagner's Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth. The new work was to be called *Rede eines Hoffenden* ("Reflections of a Hopeful Man"), and later on *Bayreuther Horizontbetrachtungen* ("Thoughts about the Future and Bayreuth"). All these plans were abandoned, because they did not seem likely to promote the undertaking at Bayreuth.

In his sorrow at the spurious culture of the Germans and their obtuseness in art matters, my brother turned in the summer of 1872 to the more remote age of Hellenic culture, and particularly to the sublime figures of the pre-Platonic philosophers, on whom he gave a course of lectures. He wrote to Rohde: "At present all sorts of plans fill my brain, and yet I still feel that I am on one single path—I am not really confused. And if only I can find the time I shall bring my thoughts to light. My study of the pre-Platonic philosophers this summer has been particularly fruitful."

As the result of these lectures there was written in the winter of 1872-73 the MS. of a new work. At the beginning of February, 1873, my brother wrote to me that he was very busy with a new book, the title of which would probably be, "Greek Philosophy of the Tragic Age," and in a subsequent letter he wrote in his usual kind way: "Dear Lizzie, let me thank you very much for your letter. Your joy over the growing book, and your promise to be here in the summer, have each made an equal claim upon my gratitude, and I am looking forward to Whitsuntide, when you will be here, and when I also hope my book will be finished." Concerning the same subject he wrote to Gersdorff as follows:

> "I am bringing a new MS. with me to read aloud at Bayreuth: 'Greek Philosophy of the Tragic Age.' The whole is, however, still very far from being a proper book. I become every day more critical towards myself, and must wait another long spell yet, before attempting a further elaboration of my theme. [This constituted the fourth attempt at the same theme.] I was obliged to pursue the very queerest studies for this work. Even mathematics were touched upon without causing any terrors, as well as mechanics and the atomic theory in chemistry, etc. I have once more convinced myself in the most splendid manner as to what the Greeks are and were. The ground covered between Thales and Socrates is enormous."

My brother had the intention at some future date of writing an independent work on the pre-Platonic philo-

sophers, out of these notes, which in the first place were planned to serve the purpose only of a short historical summary of the Greek philosophers before Socrates, to form part of a great philosophical work. Professor E. Holzer speaks as follows concerning this question:

"From the very start, however, the historical summary was not an end in itself; originally what he [Nietzsche] wished to do was rather to make this monograph take its place in a great whole, and to develop and expound his views on philosophy in general, on its relation to science and art, on its teleology, and finally on the fundamental problems of epistemology, in connection with these selected philosophical personages. For he thought he could recognise a perfectly distinct type in these more ancient Hellenic philosophers, compared with which those that came later, and whom tradition regarded as forming the zenith of the development of Hellenic thought, were, in his opinion, only half-castes, or, to use one of his later expressions, *décadents*. If, in tragedy, the art of the fifth and sixth centuries appeared to him in a new light, the question was, What kind of philosophy did the Greeks of this age expound? What was philosophy to them in that age; what can it mean to us, and can it mean anything to us at all? Thus the book was to be a sequel to *The Birth of Tragedy*, and from among the many titles that were thought of for it, none expresses the subject of the contents so briefly and perfectly as, 'The Justification of Philosophy through the Greeks.'"

CHAPTER XXII

"THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON" I AND II

At Easter, 1873, my brother went to Bayreuth. His friend Rohde had written to him from Kiel suggesting to him that they should spend the week before Easter together somewhere in central Germany. With great delight my brother wrote back proposing that Rohde should join him on a visit to Bayreuth. At that time the Bayreuth scheme seemed to be in very low water, and there were fears that the whole plan would fall to the ground, for in spite of all the efforts that had been made, scarcely two hundred certificates of patronage had been allotted (my brother had been a patron since 1872). But one thousand certificates of patronage (at 300 talers apiece), or, better still, thirteen hundred, were necessary in order to put the undertaking securely on its legs. Even in Wagner's own house, therefore, the friends encountered somewhat serious and gloomy spirits, and this made such a deep impression upon my brother that, on the return journey to Bâle, he was in the saddest of moods. He wrote as follows concerning this journey:

> "I spent the second day of Easter in Nuremberg, and felt just as well, bodily, as I was thoroughly depressed spiritually. Everybody seemed to be out in his best, and the sun was so beautifully autumnal and mild! In the night I made a dash for Lindau, and at five in the morning, while the stars and the rising sun were at war in the heavens, I crossed the Lake of Constance, reached the falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen in good time, and had lunch there. I was seized with fresh melancholy, and in this mood journeyed home."

He grew very sad at heart indeed, and reproached himself deeply. His friends were suffering, the great work

was threatening to fall to pieces, and all the while he had been breathing the air of the remote heights of ancient Greek philosophy, very far removed from the struggles and disappointments of the community at Bayreuth. Almost shamefaced, he laid aside the book upon which he was at work, "Greek Philosophy in the Tragic Age," and felt distinctly that it was his duty to play his part in the struggle of the day. Full of indignation, he asked himself what could account for the fact that such a great thought should not be understood by the Germans, and the reply seemed to him to be that the German Philistine of Culture in his smug content was satisfied with the paltriness of his age, and had lost the sense of everything truly great. The fact that his concern about Bayreuth led him to write these *Thoughts out of Season* can be gathered from a number of his private notes written at the time (". . . my despair about Bayreuth; I can see nothing which is not full of shame; profound meditation has led me to discover that I have lighted upon the most fundamental problem of all culture"). From these same notes we can also see the reason why he chose precisely David Strauss as the type of a Philistine of Culture who in those materialistic[1] days, after the war, made the German almost incapable of a higher culture:

> "Tension of feeling over the production of the first of the *Thoughts out of Season*. Anxiety about the genius and his work, and in addition the spectacle of Strauss's self-complacency! The falsity of all spiritual diet. The paralysis of all knights of knowledge! Morality tottering, both in its sense of right and in its sense of wrong, and the indomitable lust of low pleasures! Sham happiness!"

It seemed to him as if the German had grown a degree more dishonest, more greedy of favours, more grasping and more thoughtless since the war, and it depressed him to see that the free-thinking, venerable theologian should glorify this state of affairs and be the herald of public self-sufficiency. In no direction did

[1] German: *vergröberten* = coarsened.—TR.

he see anyone calling attention to the dangers that the military triumph might mean to German culture. The triumphant German, and the non-combatants in particular who had not, by means of severe military discipline, converted their coarseness into strength and courage, and who now, sitting at the tables of their beer-houses, boasted of their victories and declared that German culture had conquered, were really a disagreeable sight. Germany had triumphed, because in our country men are still to be found who can command and who can obey; but neither German education, and still less German culture, had been in any way victorious in the recent war. My brother did France the honour of fully acknowledging her possession of a real culture that had been forming for centuries; for "Culture is before all things, the unity of artistic style, in every expression of the life of a people." This might certainly be said of the French, but not of the Germans of the period, although Fritz showed quite conclusively that the German people knew more and had learned more than the French. He writes: "It was simply to the more extensive knowledge of German officers, to the superior training of their soldiers, and to their more scientific military strategy, that all impartial judges, and even the French nation, in the end, ascribed the victory. Hence, if it be intended to regard German erudition as a thing apart, in what sense can German culture be said to have conquered? In none whatsoever; for the moral qualities of severe discipline, of placid obedience, have nothing in common with culture. Such virtues were characteristic of the Macedonian army, for instance, despite the fact that the Greek soldiers were infinitely more cultivated."

These questions concerning the relation of education to culture and to national vitality, which had not yet been solved, pressed upon my brother with extraordinary force. No one could have been more earnest or more serious about them than he, for, whatever people may say,

he loved his German Fatherland. All his passionate reproaches are only the utterances of his loving heart. He wished to see the Germans really great, filled with and transfigured by a genuine culture; it was his ambition to conjure up a German culture. The German must not deceive himself; he must look truth bravely in the face, recognise his own imperfections, and not shun a struggle with his weaknesses and perversities. And this the German can do because he is brave. And how delighted my brother was to unite his highest hopes for the Germans with this virtue of theirs is shown by the deep pride with which he wrote to his friend Gersdorff, who had returned home from the war: "Now new duties beckon to us, and if there is one thing that will remain with us in time of peace from out those wild days of war, it will be the heroic and at the same time sober mind, which, to my surprise, I found with all the joy of a beautiful unexpected discovery, still fresh and powerful and with all its old Germanic vigour in our army. On such a foundation things can be built. We may begin to hope afresh. Our German mission is not yet over! I feel more full of courage than ever!"

Was this bravery now going to lead the Germans to an independent culture? Even in those days he was confronted with the profound problem that high culture and warlike vigour are but rarely found together in a nation, though they are often found opposed to each other. Thus he thought that the daily life of the German, who was so brave in war, was both petty and wretched in its inartistic dulness, and he therefore declared: "The German is magnificent in war; he is admirable as an astute investigator and scholar, removed from the world; but otherwise he is hardly a pleasing person." Now one can imagine how David Strauss's transfiguration of the German Culture-Philistine's self-complacency must have affected him.

The greater part of the first of the *Thoughts out of Season*, "David Strauss, the Confessor and the Writer," was

composed with extraordinary rapidity; then, however, the completion of the work met with all kinds of difficulties.

During the year 1872 his health had been excellent. Despite the severe shock his constitution had received through the campaign and through illness, he believed he had quite recovered the "bear-like" health of his youth. But the year 1873 proved this to be an error. The trouble began with a bad attack of influenza which tormented him for over a month. In those days the illness was called "*la grippe.*"

After this, his shortsightedness considerably increased in the spring, and was accompanied by pains in the eyes and in the head. Baron von Gersdorff, who, owing to an attack of malaria, and also, as he himself said, "in order to fulfil a serious friendly duty," had returned from Italy much earlier than he had intended, describes my brother's condition exhaustively in a letter to Rohde dated the 24th of May, 1873:

> "Nietzsche worked so hard, wrote and read so much last term, more particularly for his pre-Platonic philosophy, and also for the Strauss essay, written in a diminutive scrawl, that now severe pain in his eyes prevents him from continuing his work after he has been at it only an hour and a half. On Wagner's birthday (May 22nd) I went with him to the oculist. The latter declared that the right eye was so weak that it could do no work at all, while the left eye, which had to do all the work alone, was excessively short-sighted. He earnestly entreated Nietzsche to abstain absolutely from all reading and writing for a fortnight, and to bathe his eyes. But Nietzsche will not interrupt his work at the University School; nor will he cease lecturing. He can manage the School quite well; but a new mode of procedure had to be thought out for the University. And we have now discovered it. I play the part of assistant, and secretary, and I read aloud. I read the necessary passages for the lecture aloud to him; the customary slip of paper containing the quotations is done away with altogether, and all indispensable quotations are learnt by heart. Yesterday he made the first experiment on the new plan, and in my opinion it succeeded brilliantly.

With his eyes concealed behind grey opaque glasses, and his short-sighted vision thus almost entirely cut off from the visible world, while I take possession of his note-book so that the doctor's prescription may be followed to the letter, Nietzsche is thrown entirely upon himself; and we found that he spoke more clearly, more eloquently, and with more concentration upon his theme, than when he has to refer from time to time to his note-book for quotations. He will probably have to go on like this for a fortnight or more."

This oculist, then, Professor Schiess, expressed the same opinion about him as Professor Schillbach of Jena had formerly done when, as a twelve-year-old schoolboy, Fritz had been sent to him from Pforta; one of his eyes was weak, and the other was overstrained through doing all the work. The oculists who examined him later also maintained that the cause of his eye trouble was to be ascribed to excessive strain. This excessive strain, however, began to affect his general condition only after his strong constitution, and particularly his excellent digestive system, had been weakened by the results of his severe illness after the campaign; for then his optic nerves and his brain were no longer sufficiently nourished for the heavy work and pressure imposed upon them. On the 26th of June, Gersdorff continued his report of my brother's trouble as follows:

"When the fortnight was over, Nietzsche tried to write; but it was no good, and exasperating pain drove him once more to the oculist who, this time, prescribed a complete rest, until the summer vacation, and eye-drops of atropine. This drug is a clear vegetable juice. It is dropped delicately into the eye, over which it spreads, and it immediately enlarges the pupil to double its size—an almost terrifying sight! It is said that vain people use this drug as a means of beautifying their eyes. In Nietzsche's case it serves the purpose of paralysing the muscles of the eye, in order to give them rest and time to recoup. He now wears the blackest of sun glasses to shield his eyes from the light. Nevertheless, he suffers from the intensity of the light in this place, which seems to me positively tropical. Meanwhile, thanks to

the rest and to the atropine treatment, his sight has much improved, and he can now wear No. 3 glasses for work for which six weeks ago No. 2 glasses were inadequate. His sister is here to console him. We do our utmost to make the time seem short on his hands."

Since the 5th of May I had been in Bâle, where I usually stayed for some time in the summer, and did my best to keep my brother from his studies. We took long walks together, and on two of these we were joined by Jacob Burckhardt. This old friend made these excursions particularly festive, for on both occasions he was extraordinarily cheerful and in the highest spirits. Once, for instance, we went to Pratteln; partook of "*verdämpfte Leberli*"[1] there, and drank "*Beerliwi*,"[2] and Burckhardt told us a fairy tale he had composed himself, called "The Trout Queen." It was our intention to order trout for our meal that led to this story; but unfortunately there was no trout to be had. Baron von Gersdorff, who accompanied us on this excursion, wrote in 1897 to ask me why I had not referred to this splendid walk in the biography of my brother, as he still remembered a host of most amusing incidents in connection with it. Our walks with Burckhardt, however, came to an end, for he assumed—as it happened quite mistakenly—that Overbeck was going to take Gersdorff's place on our excursions.

At Whitsun my brother and I went to Strassburg, of whose cathedral he was particularly fond; and later on we spent a few weeks together at Flims in Graubünden, whither he had gone in advance of me with Baron von Gersdorff and Romundt. On the 9th August, Gersdorff wrote to Rohde as follows concerning this journey:

"The fears which you expressed in your last letter that our friend could not continue to fulfil his fatiguing duties were at last shared by the oculist, who quickly ordered him

[1] A dish of stewed calf's liver.—TR.

[2] A kind of wine prepared from specially selected grapes, and therefore supposed to be very good.—TR.

to anticipate his holidays. So your letter, for which I now send you my belated thanks, reached me only when we were already breathing the glorious air of the woods at our house near Flims, and were convinced that we had taken the proper course. Now a month has almost elapsed without our having felt in the slightest degree discontented with our lot, and I hope that the peace and quiet, the regular mode of life, the breathing of the splendid air of the woods, daily baths in the beautiful shaded lake of Cauma, wholesome food, company which is not too exacting, and finally intercourse with the works of the greatest and best writers, Wagner, Goethe, and Plutarch, together with interesting conversation, will have a salutary effect upon our friend's eyes and nerves. It is true that there recur from time to time attacks of so-called 'accommodation cramp' of the muscles of the eye; but the eyes are considerably stronger, and with continued care the pain will certainly disappear altogether. Romundt has been here for about three weeks, and is enjoying the 'pointless' existence with us very much indeed. To-morrow he is going to leave us, because his eagerness to get to work no longer allows him any peace."

Flims, on Lake Cauma, in Graubünden, is the beautiful spot with the little old castle, already mentioned in the last chapter in connection with the plan which we formed at one time to establish a lay monastery of free spirits.

With the assistance of his excellent friend Gersdorff, my brother was able to get the MS. of the essay "David Strauss, the Confessor and the Writer" ready for the press, and in July and August it was already printed. The two friends, Gersdorff and Romundt, read the proofs very carefully, and were subsequently very cross, because in spite of their pains, some faults had escaped their notice. At last on the 8th of August, the first advance copy of the book reached Flims—an event which led to a ceremony organised by Gersdorff. In a letter to Rohde on the 9th August, he describes it very charmingly:

"At half-past three we set out upon the green Lake of Cauma; we engraved the initials 'U. B. I. F. N. 8/8 1873'[1] on

[1] *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* I. Friedrich Nietzsche. (*Thoughts out of Season* I.)—Tr.

a slanting slab of marble, whereupon we swam to a rock which rose up out of the green water in the middle of the lake. There we quickly engraved the initials of our names, and then remained for a while on the delightful Rhinegold rock. The smile of the rising sun was mirrored in the dark depths out of which the rock rises. After the bath we poured a libation of wine over the first stone and its inscription, and read Leopardi's *Ricordanze* and *ad un vincitore nel pallone*. The evening was heavenly in its clearness and purity. It was a day we shall never forget. Thus we commemorated the Antistraussiad. Now let the adversaries advance. Let them all go to the devil!"

These adversaries soon appeared in surprising numbers; there were more of them than my brother and his friends had expected. In later years, however, he liked to recall this first passage of arms. In the year 1888 he described the whole course of events in the most exhaustive manner in *Ecce Homo*, though in much more trenchant language than he used in 1873:

"The four essays composing the *Thoughts out of Season* are thoroughly warlike in tone. They prove that I was no mere dreamer, that I delight in drawing the sword—and perhaps, also, that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first onslaught (1873) was directed against German culture, upon which I looked down even at that time with unmitigated contempt. Without either sense, substance, or goal, it was simply 'public opinion.' There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding than to suppose that Germany's success at arms proved anything in favour of German culture—and still less the triumph of this culture over that of France. . . .

"Of these four attacks, the first met with extraordinary success. The stir which it created was in every way gorgeous. I had put my finger on the vulnerable spot of a triumphant nation—I had told it that its victory was not a red-letter day for culture, but, perhaps, something very different. The reply rang out from all sides, and certainly not only from old friends of David Strauss, whom I had made ridiculous as the type of a German Philistine of Culture and a man of smug self-content—in short, as the author of that suburban gospel of his, called *The Old and the New Faith* (the term Philistine

of Culture passed into the current language of Germany after the appearance of my book). These old friends, whose vanity as Wurtemburgians and Swabians I had deeply wounded in regarding their unique animal, their bird of Paradise, as a trifle comic, replied to me as ingenuously and as grossly as I could have wished. The Prussian replies were smarter ; they contained more Prussian blue. The most disreputable attitude was assumed by a Leipzig paper, the egregious *Grenzboten*; and it cost me some pains to prevent my indignant friends in Bâle from taking action against it. Only a few old gentlemen decided in my favour, and for very diverse and sometimes unaccountable reasons. Among them was one, Ewald of Göttingen, who made it clear that my attack on Strauss had been deadly. There was also the Hegelian, Bruno Bauer, who from that time became one of my most attentive readers. In his later years he liked to refer to me, when, for instance, he wanted to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian historiographer, a hint as to where he could obtain information about the notion 'Culture,' of which he (Herr von T—) had completely lost sight. The weightiest and longest notice of my book and its author appeared in Würzburg, and was written by Professor Hoffman, an old pupil of the philosopher von Baader. The essays made him foresee a great future for me, namely, that of bringing about a sort of crisis and decisive turning-point in the problem of atheism, of which he recognised in me the most instinctive and most radical advocate. It was atheism that had drawn me to Schopenhauer. The review which received by far the most attention, and which excited the most bitterness, was an extraordinarily powerful and plucky appreciation of my work by Carl Hillebrand, a man who was usually so mild, and the last *humane* German who knew how to wield a pen. The article appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and it can be read to-day couched in rather more cautious language, among his collected essays.[1] In it my work was referred to as an event, as a decisive turning-point, as the first sign of an awakening, as an excellent symptom, and as an actual revival of German earnestness and of German passion in things spiritual. Hillebrand could speak only in terms of the highest respect of the form of my book, of its consummate taste, of its perfect tact in discriminating between

[1] *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen.*—TR.

persons and causes ; he characterised it as the best polemical work in the German language—the best performance in the art of polemics, which for Germans is so dangerous and so strongly to be deprecated. Besides confirming my standpoint, he laid even greater stress upon what I had dared to say about the deterioration of language in Germany (nowadays writers assume the airs of purists and can no longer even construct a sentence); sharing my contempt for the literary stars of this nation, he concluded by expressing his admiration for my courage—that greatest courage of all which places the very favourites of the people in the dock. . . . The after-effects of this essay of mine proved invaluable to me in my life. No one has ever tried to meddle with me since. People are silent. In Germany I am treated with gloomy caution : for years I have rejoiced in the privilege of such absolute freedom of speech, as no one nowadays, least of all in the Empire, has enough liberty to claim. My paradise is in the shadow of my sword. At bottom all I had done was to put one of Stendhal's maxims into practice : he advises one to make one's entrance into society by means of a duel."

In the above memoir my brother forgets only one fact, which is that there was a time when he was very sorry that he had written the book. David Strauss died at the beginning of the year 1874, and owing to some casual remark made in my brother's presence, the latter somehow got it into his head that the old theologian fretted himself to death over his attack. It is true that everybody, and I in particular, contradicted this notion most emphatically : I assured him that as the old man had been suffering for some time, his friends would certainly have kept all knowledge of the book from him ; but though this appeased my brother somewhat, the most grievous doubts remained in his mind on the subject, and he wrote to Gersdorff : " Yesterday David Strauss was buried at Ludwigsburg. I sincerely hope that I did not darken his last days, and that he died without knowing anything about me. I feel deeply concerned about it."

But no ! David Strauss did not die of a broken heart ! I wish my brother had been able to read some passages

out of Strauss's letters, which were published posthumously, and then he would have seen what small reason there was to have been distressed, and how little Strauss and others understood the fight he was making and his whole manner of setting about it. For my brother was able to attack a man publicly only when there was not the slightest *personal* difference between him and the man he assailed, and precisely in regard to this first essay of the *Thoughts out of Season* he writes concerning this peculiar trait in his nature as follows:

> "My war tactics can be reduced to four principles: First, I attack only things that are triumphant—if necessary I wait until they are triumphant. Secondly, I attack only those things against which I find no allies, against which I stand alone—against which I compromise nobody but myself. . . . I have not yet taken one single step before the public eye, which did not compromise me: that is *my* criterion of a proper mode of action. Thirdly, I never make personal attacks—I use a personality merely as a magnifying-glass, by means of which I render a general, but elusive and scarcely noticeable, evil more apparent. In this way I attacked David Strauss, or rather the success given to a senile book by the cultured classes of Germany—by this means I caught German culture red-handed."

Despite all these warlike words and sentiments, I must admit that my brother was not at all suited to the rôle of a warrior "whose paradise is in the shadow of his sword." So long as the type he was fighting remained to some extent an impersonal phantom, he was full of the most cheerful lust of battle. But if any word, or any kind of description, suddenly made this type appear before him as a man with a sensitive heart, surrounded by admiring friends—then his sympathetic nature felt only pity for the type become flesh and blood, and he suffered beneath the heavy blows of his own sword much more than the enemy he had assailed. At such times he would exclaim: "I was not made to hate and to be an enemy."

The year 1873 was very fruitful: in addition to the

essay already mentioned, "Greek philosophy of the Tragic Age," and the first of the *Thoughts out of Season*, a number of notes show how full of new ideas his mind was at this period. The short essay "On Truth and Falsity in their Ultramoral Sense" was written in the summer of 1873, and, as the proofs show, it was also intended to form an integral part of the book on the philosophers. Later on, it is true, he thought of making an independent essay out of it which might possibly have been introduced into the frame of the *Thoughts out of Season*. What his reasons were for changing his mind on this point cannot now be ascertained. At any rate, it is a great pity that it was never elaborated and published at that period, the later Nietzsche would then have been more easily understood, and the misunderstanding of a "development by fits and starts" to which superficial writers gave rise, would have been avoided.

From all this it may be gathered how little my brother spared his eyes, once they had slightly recovered their strength. The oculist ought to have told him to be much more careful; but the real cause of his trouble was not known then, and the other doctors always treated him for stomach trouble, nerves, and brain fag, when all the time it was the overstraining of his eyes that produced those terrible headaches which from this time forward began to torment him, and continued to do so, at intervals of three to four weeks, and even oftener still when he was feeling low. I always advised him most earnestly to train somebody to write from his dictation; but he could not get himself to do this. He declared that any other man than Gersdorff, who, however, was but seldom at his disposal, would disturb him in his dictating and alter his style. That "undulating quality" in the style of Goethe's latter days he believed to have been caused by dictating.

And now other claims were made upon him. At Wagner's suggestion, the Wagner Societies approached

my brother with the request that he should compose an Appeal to the German Nation on behalf of Bayreuth; but I shall refer to this later.

In the autumn he wrote the second essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*, and at Christmas brought the MS. almost finished to Naumburg with the view of reading it to me. My brother attached particular importance to my hearing his work before it went to press. Once Overbeck asked him why this was. He said that I discovered certain things: "My sister listens not only with her ears and with her understanding, but also with her heart." In Naumburg he wrote the conclusion of the second essay.

The last months of the year 1873 were, once more not very favourable as far as his health went; but the Christmas holidays considerably improved his condition. He wrote as follows concerning them: "They were pleasant and peaceful days, and I am quite sure that my health improved while I was with you, particularly my nerves." The change from his usual mode of life, the rest and cure given to his eyes, the altered climate, pleasant and cheerful company, and our mother's good cooking, all had a share in improving his health—maybe, too, his joy at having finished the second essay of the *Thoughts out of Season* so happily. For after having read it aloud he was convinced that it was a success.

The attention roused by the second essay, "The Use and Abuse of History," was just as small as the stir caused by the first had been great. And it was precisely this essay which later on became, and continued to be the most unseasonable of them all, that has been most highly valued generally, and has certainly exercised the greatest influence. This is an example of how differently contemporary readers and posterity often judge things. It is precisely this second essay which penetrates most deeply into the aspirations of modern science and reveals its advantages and its great disadvantages. Fifteen years later in *Ecce Homo*, my brother wrote as follows concerning this essay, and it will

be observed that, in comparison with what he says about his other works, this reference to the "Use and Abuse of History" is very short :

> "The second essay (1874) brings to light that which is dangerous, that which corrodes and poisons life in our manner of pursuing scientific study. Life is diseased, thanks to this dehumanised piece of clockwork and mechanism, thanks to the 'impersonalty' of the workman, and the false economy of the 'division of labour.' The object, which is culture, is lost sight of ; modern scientific activity as a means thereto simply produces barbarism. In this treatise, the 'historical sense,' of which this century is so proud, is for the first time recognised as sickness, as a typical symptom of decay."

The essay was published in February, 1874, and was received coldly even by his own friends—especially those at Bayreuth. I believe that even at that time Wagner felt somewhat bitterly "how very much Nietzsche went his own sweet way," and that he had absolutely no intention of being merely the herald of Wagner's fame and intentions, as the latter would have liked.

Considered superficially, the first two essays give one rather the impression of negation ; but a deeper reading of them soon proves the error of this view. Professor Holzer therefore shows a good understanding of the spirit lying at the bottom of these two essays when he says : "He [Nietzsche] had to give vent to his feelings : the loathing of the culture peculiar to the age of bubble-companies, distressed him. But, as he himself says in *Zarathustra* (Part 3, p. 250), 'loathing itself createth wings and fountain-divining powers.'"

The essence of these essays is not really negation. Despite his own remarks in the second volume of his Letters (p. 445), the author feels that his power and his courage give him a right to enter the lists and to fight spiritedly for a higher German culture. A tremendously powerful kind of optimism is breathed from these first essays ; how can anybody help but recognise the "Yea-

sayer," the fierce love of the German nation, and the profound belief in their future, in these pages? Nietzsche himself still believes in friends and comrades in this war; he dreams of a "society of strangers to the age," and drafts out its regulations; he still believes that with Schopenhauer, Wagner and Neo-Hellenism, he will be able to stir the waters of Acheron.

CHAPTER XXIII

SCHOPENHAUER AS EDUCATOR

Since the summer of 1870 my brother and I had made it a habit always to spend the summer months together. In the year 1871, however, we not only spent the summer, but also the winter together, because he was so ill after his experiences in the campaign, that he took me to Italy with him. In that year he recovered comparatively quickly, and was pleased to see how well I adapted myself to his life in Bâle. And thus he took it for granted that I ought to spend every summer with him, as my presence was, to use his own expression, "in every way conducive to his happiness." Henceforward, therefore, he always requested our mother to allow me to go to Bâle for the summer. The negotiations about this matter were generally carried on during the Christmas holidays, and I must say that, as far as my brother was concerned, they were conducted very diplomatically; for our mother was very easily offended and was also exceedingly jealous that Fritz should be so keen to have me with him, and that I should leave her alone for six months at home, in order to go to him. In spite of all his diplomacy, it actually did come to quarrels at times between mother and son, and in order to throw a cheerful light on the whole affair, Fritz used to call these differences of opinion "The fight between the Trojans and Danaans for Helen." It is true that she persistently declared that I might do as I liked, but until the very last minute she would put difficulties in the way of my going. This is what happened once more in the spring of 1874, until Fritz wrote that my presence was

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE AT THE TIME WHEN HE WROTE "THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON." BÂLE, 1874.

absolutely essential if he were to derive any benefit from his holidays. He was not in any way indisposed—on the contrary; for during the first quarter of the year he had written saying that his health was excellent; but he was not pleased with himself. When at last I reached Bâle on the 24th April, I found him rather depressed in spirits. He spoke with real concern about his great plans for the future and about works which he had in mind but for which his spiritual gifts were inadequate. Thus, before my arrival at Bâle, he had written to Gersdorff on the 1st of April:

"Dear old Friend,—If only you did not have a much too high opinion of me! I almost fancy that one day you will be disappointed in me; and I will straightway begin to effect this change in you, by telling you from the bottom of my heart that I do *not deserve a single word* of the praise you have lavished upon me. If only you knew how despondent and how melancholy I feel about myself as a productive creature! I desire nothing more than a little freedom, a little genuine breath of life, and I am on my guard, I am in revolt, against the host, the countless host, of constraints that I am not yet rid of. It is useless to think of genuine production so long as one is not freed, however slightly, from one's trammels, from the pain and oppression of embarrassment. Shall I ever attain to that freedom? It is extremely doubtful. The goal is too far away and even if one reaches it in the end, it is generally at the cost of one's strength, spent in long seeking and struggling. Then one attains to freedom with one's spirits as flat as those of a short-lived butterfly at evening. I am terrified at this. It is a misfortune to be so conscious of one's struggle—so early in life! I cannot, like the artist or the ascetic, balance my doubts by means of great deeds. How wretched and loathsome this monotonous wailing is to me! For the moment I am really very, very tired of everything—more than tired.

"My health, by-the-bye, is excellent: do not be anxious on that account. But I am not quite satisfied with Nature, who ought to have given me a little more intellect as well as a more overflowing heart. I am keenly aware of this, and to know it is the greatest torture a man can have. Regular

work in an official post is so good, because it leads to a certain obtuseness, and then one suffers less."

Shortly after my arrival, however, he recovered his pride and good spirits, declaring that I had such a splendid way of infusing him with cheerful confidence. But how could this confidence have helped coming to him, after he had read me the MS. of his third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*, and had himself felt in the reading of it how magnificent was its promise. After this he could not even remember the period of discouragement through which he had gone, and therefore wrote to Gersdorff on the 8th May, in reply to an anxious letter from his old friend: "I must have created a false impression by my last letter: as you know, that was not the language of depression, but, at most, of a kind of resignation which as yet is not devoid of desire and of phantasy." And then he proceeded: "My sister is staying with me at present, and together we dream of the most beautiful plans for an idyllic, industrious and simple life in the future." When, however, his friend still refused to believe that he was quite well, he wrote to him on the 1st of June that he was really cross because Gersdorff would not credit the fact that he was "well," "normal," and "quite fit." But in his letter of the 8th of May he already revealed the true reason of his cheerful spirits as follows: "Meanwhile I have got so far with my third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*, that if you were here, the final casting might be begun; the summer term, however, keeps me busy now, and that is why, as there is no hurry, I have laid this MS. aside for a while. The title (between ourselves!) is, 'Schopenhauer among the Germans.' It will be fine, I can tell you!"

With all the fluctuations of spirit which mark this period, it seems to me that it might be regarded as a kind of turning-point in my brother's development. As the letter to Gersdorff shows, he had the most modest opinion of his gifts, despite the enormous demands he made upon himself; and graphologists declare that this is revealed

even by his handwriting of the period. But his modesty was particularly touching when he compared himself with people he loved and honoured; he transfigured these into perfectly marvellous prodigies, while he was ruthlessly critical towards himself. The result was perforce a lack of proportion. In 1878 he poked fun at himself by writing that such gifted creatures as he had imagined geniuses to be, have never existed.

He had been busy with the essay on Schopenhauer since the beginning of the year 1874, and the greater the scale of the work became, the more despondent he felt about it. But, strange to say, just when he had reached, so to speak, the lowest ebb of self-contempt, he unconsciously attained other results. The following notes and aphorisms will show what his inner experiences of this period were, as also the course taken by his inquiring mind on the way to self-emancipation:

> "First we believe a particular philosopher; then we say that however wrong he may be in the proof of his propositions, the propositions themselves are true. Finally we say that it does not matter what his propositions are, the nature of the man himself is as good as a hundred systems. As a teacher he may have been wrong over and over again; but the essence of his doctrine is right, and we shall hold by that. There is something about a philosopher which can never belong to a philosophy, *i.e.*, the cause of many philosophies—the great man.
>
> "I reached the highest point in pathos when I depicted the Schopenhauerian man—the destructive genius opposed to all learning. In compensation I needed the constructive metaphysical artist who causes one to dream beautiful dreams in the midst of such a sinister occupation. Dissatisfaction with the tragic mode of thought increased."

In these notes he suggests repeatedly how Schopenhauer hampered him, despite the reverence he felt for him, or precisely on that account; and yet Schopenhauer was not only an educator to him, but also an emancipator; for while my brother wrote about the philosopher, his idea of the latter was changed. He put his own distress and salva-

tion into ardent language, and read them into the character of the philosopher. Hence he was able to say with gratitude: "I am far from supposing that I ever thoroughly understood Schopenhauer; but through him I was enabled to understand myself, alone, a little better; that is why I feel so deeply indebted to him."

The memory of one of our most cheerful holiday trips is associated with the production of the third essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*. We had arranged to make a pleasant excursion, during the Whitsuntide holidays, to Schaffhausen, the Falls of the Rhine, the Lake of Constance, and Uberlingen and Heiligenberg, but we only got as far as the Falls of the Rhine, for we were exceptionally pleased by the hotel opposite the Falls which is so beautifully situated. We discovered some lovely walks, explored the whole neighbourhood, and had an extraordinary amount of harmless amusement.

Anyone who did not frequent my brother's company for a long period could scarcely imagine how much childlike good cheer and guileless fun lay in his nature. Yet I must admit that he laughed with no one so much as with me, and that is why he found my company so refreshing and so helpful in re-establishing the equilibrium between reality and concentrated thinking.

The conclusion of this little tour afforded another example of our guilelessness even in other directions. We had arranged our day, our time-table and our menus according to our own taste; and in Switzerland, where it is customary to arrange for inclusive terms, this was the most unpractical thing we could possibly have done. We knew this from hard experience; but Fritz had a great aversion from every kind of *table d'hôte* (he called it the browsing of herds), and therefore did not readily acquiesce in such arrangements. The hotel in which we lived was a first-class hôtel-de-luxe, and the bill which was presented to us for all the lunches and dinners we had taken *à part* can therefore readily be imagined. We stared in astonish-

ment at the account that was laid before us; we were most surprised that our simple holiday should have cost us so much money. "Lizzie," Fritz said to me, in mock solemnity, "one always has to pay dearly for grazing away from the herd." We had to abandon the continuation of our tour to the Lake of Constance, as we had not brought enough money with us, and feeling very crestfallen we were forced to return home earlier than we expected.

Now, does it not seem extraordinary that throughout this extremely jolly time my brother completed the greater part of a book in which, almost unconsciously, he wrote down his whole self and all his inmost experiences with his heart's blood? It was by means of all his guileless fun that he recovered from the terrible seriousness of his own personal tragedy—for the fate of genius is always tragic. But one could tell that great things were taking place in his soul, for a wonderful light shone in his eyes—the joy of the creator, the triumph of the victor. Often we would sit for hours at a time at our favourite spot on the Rhine, and neither of us would utter a word; we could hear the rumbling sound of the falls in the distance, and we could see the torrent, wildly agitated by its passage over all kinds of obstructions, dashing by us with angry violence headlong towards its goal—the sea and infinity. The bank vibrated, the sound as of a mighty symphony rang out of the depths; the stream sang the heroic song of its road to Freedom, and this was re-echoed in my brother's soul.

Fritz finished the rough draft of "Schopenhauer as Educator" in June, 1874; in the following month, the several parts were elaborated, and then, in September, the last portion was completely re-cast and re-written. As his work progressed, he grew ever more bright, more cheerful and more happy.

On the 1st of June, he wrote to Rohde:

"Dearest Friend,—I have just heard from Gersdorff and our friends at Bayreuth that great anxiety once more

prevails concerning me, and that my attitude is considered dangerous, grimly humorous, etc. Well, I cannot help it; some men see better at a distance than I can see quite close—consequently the anxiety may not be entirely without foundation. The only thing is that physically I am quite well: my stomach, my digestion, and my complexion are all healthy; and in addition I am once more in a tolerably productive frame of mind—that is to say, cheerful. And I have my sister with me; in fact I resemble a happy man as far as it is possible for me to know what happiness is —for, that something of the kind exists cannot be doubted . . . Are you also having magnificent moonlight nights? It is impossible to stay indoors, and often I really believe that the air sings. I have just written the preface to my third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*."

But the song and sounds he heard at that time came from the voice of his own secret happiness of heart: the vague premonition of his own greatness. And for how many years did not this vague premonition remain his only feeling on this point! Only in the year 1888, when his spirit saw quite clearly, and when his body, his ego, vanished in order to become one with the sublime figure of Zarathustra, was he able to look back upon his own life as upon an outside spectacle. Only then did he become conscious of what he himself was. In *Ecce Homo* he applauds the fate which kept him for so many years enveloped in unconsciousness about himself, while it led him onwards to individual perfection and to the highest goals.

In that summer of 1874, he was really very happy. He felt that he was in every respect so rich, especially in friends. And this meant an enormous amount to him; for, from his earliest childhood onwards, friendship played quite an unusually important part in his life. Without friends life seemed to him a wilderness. From his sixth to his eighteenth year, Wilhelm Pinder (later on a high Government official in Cassel) and Gustav Krug (also a high Government official in Frei-

burg, in Breisgau, where he died in 1902) had been his greatest intimates. After that began his friendship with Paul Deussen (Professor at Kiel), and Baron von Gersdorff. In Leipzig, Erwin Rohde and Heinrich Romundt were added to his circle of friends, and in Bâle, Professor Franz Overbeck, then Malvida von Meysenbug; later on for a few years only, Dr. Paul Rée, and finally Baron von Seidlitz and Dr. Eifer. But what he prized above all these was his intimacy with Richard Wagner. Anyone who has studied these various friendships of my brother will agree with the following remarks of Henri Lichtenberger:

> "Nietzsche's moral energy, like that of many other heroic natures, was tempered by a great need of friendship, admiration and tenderness. His heart felt the necessity for a sympathetic circle where it could beat freely. Hence at every period of his life he had friends whom he loved passionately. It must be added that some of these friendships had a sad ending. Nietzsche, indeed, had the dangerous habit of seeing all his friends through rose-coloured spectacles. Free from every trace of envy, and deeply impressed at first sight by everything remarkable in those around him, he pleased himself by transforming, or rather retouching, in his imagination the physiognomies of those around him; he saw in them more beauty, greatness, and style than they really had. In the frenzy of his enthusiastic love, he closed his eyes to their defects, their human weakness, so that he might see only their perfections, and he finally made for himself an exact and striking likeness of his friends, but one which was as ideal as the portrait of a master . . . But if this faculty of thus embellishing his friends permitted him to feel greater and more perfect pleasure in their company than that experienced by the realistic psychologist, he also found it a source of cruel disappointments."

But at that time there was no question of disappointments in friendship, and my brother would never have believed then that such things were possible. He himself was the best and most self-sacrificing friend that could be imagined; he was incessantly trying to show others some

kindness. When for instance Rohde had to wait too long for the offer of a University Professorship, my brother, in perfect earnest, offered him his own post at Bâle. He himself was ready to get on without one. One has only to hear Deussen's and Romundt's accounts, to know how ready he was to help. If a friend asked to borrow 50 francs from him, he would reply considerately, "Would you not prefer 100?"

He spent his summer holidays of 1874 with Romundt, at Bergün, in the Albulastrasse, in order to work hard at his "Schopenhauer as Educator." Towards the end of July, 1874, he wrote;

> "My dear Mother,—Here I am among the hills, and I will write you another little letter, because Lizzie is far away from both of us and cannot tell you about me and me about you, as she usually does in the summer. We have had bleak rainy weather for the last few days, and every one is peevish—this is the prevailing mood here in the solitude, and I alone do not share it, because I am busy with the thinking-out and perfecting of a new essay. When I am thus occupied, I live in another world, where the rain cannot get at me. Moreover, without thinking about it, I enjoy the benefit of the invigorating Alpine air, and when I am out of every-day town life, I think of many things that are not to be found in the vortex and sweltering heat of cities."

At the end of the summer term my brother finished his work on the third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*. Things came in somewhat of a rush at the last, and in a letter to Gersdorff at the end of September he bewails his lot as follows:

> "My dear Friend,—The closing weeks of our half-year have been a hard time for me, and I am greatly relieved now that it is over. For, in addition to all my other duties, I was obliged completely to recast a rather long portion of my third essay, and the inevitable nervous strain and spiritual agitation that such thinking and burrowing in the depths involved often threatened to knock me up; even now I have not quite recovered from my puerperal fever. Nevertheless some-

thing good has come forth from all this labour, and I rejoice at the thought that you will be pleased by it. The printing, which is being pressed along very rapidly, and which is consequently one burden the more on my shoulders, is almost completed, and when you arrive I shall most probably have a finished copy to lay before you."

What he felt, and what his resolutions for the future were, when he had finished his book, may best be judged from a letter written to Fräulein von Meysenbug :

"It is certainly a great joy to accomplish one's mission step by step—and now I have three of the thirteen essays ready, and a fourth is already taking shape in my brain. How shall I feel when I have rid my breast of all the negative and indignant feelings that are surging in it? and yet I may hope to have achieved this magnificent end in about five years. Already I feel, with genuine gratitude, that I am beginning to see ever more clearly and more sharply—in an intellectual sense! (Unfortunately this is not so physically)—and I am also beginning to express myself with ever greater definiteness and lucidity. If I am not utterly diverted from my purpose, and provided that I do not break down, something must come of it all. Just think of a whole series of fifty essays such as the four I have already written, in which everything that lies stored in my inner experience, is forced out into the light of day. One ought certainly to produce some effect with such work, for by means of it one would have loosed the tongues of men, and much would have been expressed that humanity could not forget so easily, much that to-day seems as if it were forgotten or as if it did not exist. But what could divert me from my purpose? Even hostile influences I now turn to my own advantage; for they often give me more light than friendly sympathy. And I desire nothing more than to be enlightened concerning the extremely intricate system of antagonistic elements of which the 'modern world' is composed. Fortunately I am absolutely devoid of all political and social ambition, so that I have nothing to fear in that quarter—nothing in the way of a deviation, no constraints, no scruples. In short, I may say just what I think, and I will thus test to what extent our fellow-men who are so proud of free thought can endure free thoughts. My demands upon life are neither excessive nor extravagant; on the other hand, we shall all experience

something soon for which former generations and posterity may well envy us. In addition to this I am blessed beyond my deserts with a number of excellent friends, and all that I now desire, between ourselves, is a good wife; if I had her I should consider that all the wishes of my life were fulfilled. Everything else would then depend upon me."

The third essay of the *Thoughts out of Season* was greeted by all his friends with genuine enthusiasm—aye, even with delight and solemn rejoicing—and, at any rate quite differently from the second essay. Letters of praise and of agreement poured in from all sides, and Frau Cosima, who was deeply moved, wrote that she could feel right well that in this essay the author had described the inmost sufferings of a genius—sufferings which are often concealed from his contemporaries. Her letter was couched in much the same terms as Wagner's, and it expressed what both of them had felt when they had read this essay together. She began her letter with the words, "This is *my* essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*," and all those who had spent their lives struggling and suffering for a great idea, felt that "Schopenhauer as Educator" was their gospel. Again and again Fräulein von Meysenbug expressed herself in the warmest terms about the essay, and on one occasion she wrote: "The third essay of the *Thoughts out of Season* is always with me; it has become my Bible, and I often find comfort by reading passages of it. Never has anyone defined the object of all culture more beautifully, and I really cannot think what more one may want to know."

I, too, from the very beginning, had felt the warmest personal attachment to this essay; it moved me deeply, for it seemed to me like a rare vision of my brother's own life, his thought and his future. Even at that time I said to him: "I do not know enough about Schopenhauer's personality to feel quite sure whether he is really such an educator as you make him out to be; but of this I am certain, that you yourself are the educating philosopher

who is described in that essay." "Nonsense!" Fritz cried. "Or that you will be," I added. And then he replied thoughtfully: "Who can tell, Lizzie?"

Throughout his life my brother regarded this third essay of the *Thoughts out of Season* as the token of his most profound gratitude for all that Schopenhauer had done for him as a teacher and educator. He always declared that this treatise had nothing to do with Schopenhauer's philosophical doctrines, and that it dealt only with the effect of the great philosopher's personality upon himself. In the year 1880 he wrote: "When I honoured Schopenhauer as my educator, I forgot that already for some time not one of his dogmas had succeeded in resisting my suspicion; but I did not care how often I might have written 'inadequately proved,' or 'cannot be proved,' or 'overdrawn' under his utterances; for I gratefully enjoyed the mighty impression that Schopenhauer himself had made upon me for the last ten years by his free and plucky attitude towards things in general."

Even in later years he always regarded this essay as the touchstone whereby he could tell whether a person belonged to him or not. For instance, in the autumn of 1882 he wrote to Fräulein Lou Salomé (now Frau Lou Andreas), with whom he broke off all relations after having been friendly with her for the short period of only five months: "In Lucerne I gave you my essay on Schopenhauer. I told you at the time that in it you would find my fundamental views, and that I believed they would be yours also: you ought to have read it then and said 'No!' for then I should have been spared a good deal! In such matters I detest *superficiality!*"

There is very little in "Schopenhauer as Educator" which, if the names were changed, would not apply equally well to my brother, and describe one or another of his experiences. Take, for instance, the following passage: "But Schopenhauer had the extraordinary good fortune to see genius not only at close quarters, that is to say, in

himself, but also at a distance in Goethe: owing to this twofold reflection he was thoroughly well informed and wise concerning all the aims and the culture of the learned. By means of this experience he knew how the free and strong man, who constitutes the aim of every artistic culture, should be constituted." Now, if one writes Nietzsche instead of Schopenhauer, and Wagner (as my brother saw him then) instead of Goethe, in this passage, would not every word apply to my brother's most secret experiences?

At times he himself would use whole pages of this essay in order to describe his own state of mind, and would then always write "I" in place of "Schopenhauer." For instance, in the month of January, 1875, just after he had had a certain painful experience, he wrote me a letter, at the conclusion of which he said: "You can find all these things printed in my Schopenhauer essay—but they are all my own experiences and feelings and they constantly recur to me, as at present, for instance." The passage in the letter which is referred to here reads as follows:

> "Ah! we free and lonely spirits—we know that we perpetually seem other than we are. While we wish for nothing but truth and honesty, we are caught up in a net of misunderstandings; and our ardent desires cannot prevent a mist of false opinions, of adaptations and wrong conclusions, protective reticences and erroneous interpretations from gathering round our actions. And there settles a cloud of melancholy on our brows, for we hate the necessity of pretence worse than death; and the persistent feeling of bitterness that this hate provokes gives us a threatening and volcanic temper. We take revenge from time to time for our forced concealment and self-restraint: we issue from our dens with lowering looks: our words and deeds are explosive, and may even lead to our own destruction. I live amid dangers of this sort. It is precisely such lonely men as we that need love and friends, to whom we can be as open and sincere as to ourselves, and in whose presence the struggle for silence and dissimulation may cease."

In this letter my brother also told me that I, too, was a comrade and a friend to him, and one before whom he could be unconstrained and honest. This seemed the highest praise to me! In spite of all that I experienced subsequently, I yet made the surprising discovery that he used not to speak so openly or so confidentially to any one of his friends as he did to me. It was Baron von Gersdorff who called my attention to this after the publication of my first biography of my brother, and who pointed out that I had not made this sufficiently plain. He had always known that this was so, and Fräulein von Meysenbug will certainly remember his having said to her on one occasion that if one really wished to know exactly what Nietzsche thought and felt, one should ask his sister. But I never knew this, or I was not clear about it, and I always suspected that my brother said more to his friends than to me concerning all that went on in his soul. Many an error arose from this.

Now, to sum up the contents of the third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*, I cannot do better than quote the following words of the late Dr. Fritz Kögel:

> "The whole of the essay on Schopenhauer is an undeniable example of Nietzsche's undogmatic and purely personal style; never was there a panegyric written about a philosopher, in which less attention is paid to his philosophy. Not a word is said concerning the Schopenhauerian doctrine; Nietzsche considers only Schopenhauer's personality, his ethos, the conditions and dangers of his development, and his direct personal influence; and to this he attaches thoughts upon the possibility of a culture of the future, and the rearing of philosophers of the future. At bottom the whole of this essay is simply a confession on Nietzsche's part concerning his own spiritual experience of Schopenhauer, and the ideals that were born of it: thus in its essence it is a purely personal document. And it was precisely because he preserved his own spiritual freedom in the presence even of the most revered of men that he was able in the essays of those days to write so enthusiastically about them, to yield to the forces they represented and to

speak in those inspired and inspiring tones which were to seduce his listeners. He was thoroughly convinced at that time that no one could dispense with these experiences, and that everyone who felt called upon to bear his share of the duties of the future must perforce go through them—an opinion which he held unto the last."

After the publication of the Schopenhauer essay, my brother received a mysterious telegram, which, if I remember rightly, had been dispatched from a post office at Lindau, on Lake Constance; it ran thus: "You are like the spirit that you can understand, but you are not like me. Schopenhauer."[1] We were never able to discover who it was that had sent him this communication

[1] A witty paraphrase of a quotation from *Faust* (Part I, Sc. I).—Tr.

CHAPTER XXIV

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS

However serious and full of work we may imagine the last weeks of the autumn of 1874 to have been—if we are to judge from my brother's own account of them—the following term (1874—5) was in any case a very happy one for him. In a biography which Frau von Miaskowski, the wife of Privy Councillor August von Miaskowski, wrote of her late husband, for her children's benefit, there are some very delightful passages about her stay in Bâle. August von Miaskowski was for some time one of my brother's colleagues at the University. Now, anybody who reads the passages in question, so brightly written by Frau von Miaskowski, cannot help having the impression that, during the winters of 1871 to 1872 and 1872 to 1873, Nietzsche must not only have danced a good deal, but must also have been regarded at Bâle as a brilliant "society man" and even something of a lady-killer. In any case, he certainly received a number of anonymous letters which were intended to call his attention to certain young lady admirers in his circle of friends. He could, however, never discover who they were. "I am short-sighted," he would sigh. Frau von Miaskowski writes as follows:

"In the winter 1874—5, with the help of two other young German professors and their wives, and of Professors Nietzsche, Overbeck and Romundt, we formed a small social union, which met every Tuesday evening at each of the three married men's houses in turn. The hosts for the evening had to undertake to provide some special sort of entertainment, in which the unmarried men had, however, to give a helping hand. Among some letters written by me to my mother I came across one which contained a detailed account of a

little performance of this kind that was once organised at our house. We had arranged to give a most carefully prepared *tableau vivant* out of Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger*, in which our two sons of five and three years respectively, and a little girl very close to them in age, were to take part. The whole thing was got up to please Professor Nietzsche, whose friendship with Wagner was then at its height.

"When all our guests were assembled, I asked Nietzsche kindly to play Walther's *Meisterlied*. Then I opened the door leading into the adjoining room, in which the *tableau vivant* arranged by my husband was ready to be viewed. Each of the children was very characteristically dressed up, and all were all the more charming owing to their very tender years. Little Eva was in a light-blue *Gretchen* costume, and was holding out her foot to be measured by the tiny three-year-old Hans Sachs, clad in a leather apron and cap; while from a slight elevation the little Walther von Stolzing, attired in a beautiful red doublet with big white sleeves, lace, and a heavy gold chain, gazed down upon the lovely picture. 'Every one was delighted,' so runs my report to my mother, 'and Nietzsche was quite moved. He took both my hands and pressed them again and again, while he thanked me for the charming surprise. . . . At the end of the evening we had some music, and Nietzsche once more played extemporarily with beautiful effect.'

"On one of our evenings, at the house of another of the members of the little social union, we were joined by a young girl friend who was staying with us at the time; and when we returned home, as I wrote to my mother, 'this young lady declared that she had never been in such merry and at the same time ingenuous company. The curious feature of it was that two of the chief merry-makers among us, Overbeck and Nietzsche, were known all over Germany as thorough-going pessimists and Schopenhauerians.'"

Another proof of the cheerful and ingenuous spirits that prevailed in that little circle seems to me to be the fact that the humorous works of Mark Twain used to provoke endless laughter there—a thing that other scholars could not understand at all.

But all this merry-making did not prevent my brother from proceeding with his *Thoughts out of Season*. At the

beginning of the year 1875 Baron von Gersdorff came to Bâle in order to write the draft my brother had prepared of the new essay "We Philologists." As might be expected, this essay shows us particularly plainly the relation between my brother's educational plans and Hellenism; but no one would guess from the title that it is the one which is most profoundly related in ideas to *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. It is greatly to be regretted that it was never finished; because it would probably have proved the most important of all the *Thoughts out of Season*. But it was only my brother's devotion to duty that prevented him from finishing it. On May the 8th, 1875, he wrote to Gersdorff as follows, concerning it ("We Philologists"): "As a matter of fact I have about forty pages more of notes similar to those you wrote out for me. But the necessary flow, ardour and courage are still wanting to complete the whole." Finally, as we see from a letter to Gersdorff dated May the 21st, he laid it altogether aside: "Not a line more have I written of the fourth essay for the *Thoughts*. I have laid it aside for the term; for my daily work and all the lectures it involves (thirteen hours) are pressing, and I have no time." This is an example of how conscientiousness, when it is lavished upon a thing of minor importance (in this case, my brother's Professorship), may prejudice the highest of life's missions. Thanks to the demands of daily drudgery, something immortal has been lost to us. My brother must often have felt this before, and very bitterly, too; and the severe judgment passed upon the scholar in "Schopenhauer as Educator" may be understood as a kind of slight momentary revolt against himself and his devotion to duty. For men of smaller gifts, of course, the matter is quite different. Nothing could be more deplorable than the contempt of the minor task in those who are unable to do anything better.

But there were other reasons for his having been disturbed in his work at the end of the winter term. As

I have already stated, he lived in a house with his two friends Professor Overbeck and Dr. Romundt. The latter had been admitted as an academical teacher into the Faculty of Philosophy at Bâle, and in his lectures had devoted himself specially to Schopenhauer. Now, strange to say, his profound study of Schopenhauer had made Dr. Romundt decide to become a Catholic priest. My brother was beside himself with anger, for he was very fond of Dr. Romundt. He could not in the least understand how a philosopher who had learnt to value freedom of thought could possibly intend to take up a position which, from an intellectual standpoint, was so terribly confined on all sides. And the fact that a friend, after having frequented his company for eight years, could thus secretly have planned such a *coup* against the freedom of his own spirit made him thoroughly unhappy. In a very depressed mood he wrote to Rohde as follows: "With your ideas of what a friendship with me means, tell me what you make of this story, and send me a few words of comfort. It is precisely in my friendship that I am wounded." After lengthy discussions, however, Dr. Romundt did at last decide to return to his earlier calling as a teacher. My brother wrote concerning Romundt's departure as follows:

> "It was exceedingly sad, and Romundt kept repeating that all that was best and most beautiful in his experience had now come to an end; with copious tears he begged for forgiveness, and did not know what to do, he was so wretched. An extraordinarily weird thing occurred at the last moment. A porter at the railway station closed the door of the carriage just before the train began to move, and Romundt, wishing to say something to us, tried to pull down the window. But in vain! He strained and strained, and, while he was struggling thus in order to let us hear what he wanted to say the train rolled slowly out of the station, and all we could do was to exchange signs. The ghastly symbolism of the whole scene depressed me exceedingly, as it did Overbeck (a fact he confessed to me later). I could scarcely endure it."

From this description of his sorrow over the first painful experience he had ever had with a friend, we can gather how pleased he was when Dr. Romundt afterwards returned to his sound philosophical studies, and wrote books over which my brother could heartily rejoice. Concerning *Antäus*, he wrote to me as follows: "Romundt's book is a genial production; personally I think it is very refreshing. I am to some extent aware of the inner obstacles which he had to overcome. What a price has to be paid in blood for every step towards self-reliance!"

In addition to having taken Dr. Romundt's affair a little too much to heart during the winter of 1875, my brother worked and wrote far too much, and the result of it was that another spell of indisposition supervened. In order to recover, he went for a few days at Easter to Berne, where he was the only guest at the Hotel Victoria, on the Schänzli,[1] and made many excursions into the mountains and the woods, "always alone, and meditating a good deal." But even this change did not do him much good, and at Whitsuntide, when we met at Baden-Baden, I thought at first he looked very ill. In a few days, however, his buoyant nature quickly recuperated, and Dr. Richard Pohl, whom we happened to meet there, declared that he looked the "picture of health."

During our stay in Baden-Baden Wagner and Bayreuth formed the subject of almost all our conversation. For, at the beginning of the year 1875, Frau Cosima had begged me to come to Bayreuth for a fairly long stay in order to take her place at the head of the household of Wahnfried while she was away. She wished to join Wagner on his concert-tour to Vienna. My brother had agreed to this somewhat hastily, because, as he explained to me later, he thought it was of paramount importance that I should become initiated as far as possible into the circumstances of the Wagners' private life. It was about this time that Wagner, while temporarily indisposed, had told my

[1] A well-known spot commanding a good view.—Tr.

brother that in the event of his (Wagner's) death, he wished to make him guardian and educator of his son Siegfried. My brother's assumption that our mother would hail the Wagners' invitation gladly, as also his hasty acceptance of it on my behalf, annoyed her exceedingly. As I have already stated, slight and also more or less serious differences of opinion had been of constant occurrence between mother and son, owing to the fact that he claimed me for the whole of every summer. Now, however, she was asked to do without me in the winter as well, and this struck her as excessive. In addition to this she adduced all kinds of reasons against my making a stay at Wahnfried. The upshot of it was that, in her anger, she wrote an indignant letter to my brother, in which she expressed her aversion from Wagner's art and his whole mode of life, and all this in a much severer strain than her real feelings on the matter warranted. This letter threatened to lead to a serious breach between mother and son, but I quickly wrote another letter to my brother, on the heels of the one my mother had sent, in which I explained that she was already taking a much milder view of the whole plan. At last she granted me permission to go, or, rather, left it to me to decide one way or the other. Fritz knew only too well how characteristic it was of all three of us, in the first flush of our indignation, to say and write sharp and unpleasant things which a day or two later we scarcely remembered having thought or written.

Thus, I really went to Bayreuth, and had all kinds of delightful and exciting experiences. Fritz could scarcely expect me to go to him in order to have long talks about Wagner and Bayreuth, for as my mother had consented to my going to Bayreuth only on condition that I should spend the summer with her, it certainly seemed at first as if I should be unable to go to Bâle. When, however, Fritz wrote that he was quite alone in the house formerly shared with him by Overbeck and Romundt, my mother

thought it right to let me go to him. Overbeck had obtained six months' leave in order to go to Karlsbad to cure some severe stomach trouble, while Romundt, as we have already seen, had left Bâle for good.

Fritz was highly delighted to join me at Baden-Baden, nor could he cease from asking me questions about my experiences at Bayreuth, and I for my part talked inexhaustibly about all that the Wagners had done and said. It was only later that I understood what deep anxiety lay at the bottom of all his questioning. But at that time all I could do was to give an account of the hearty feelings of friendship to which they had given expression. It was in Baden-Baden that I realised for the first time that despite his admiration for Wagner and Frau Cosima, my brother differed very distinctly from them on certain concepts of art. On one occasion when we were sitting in the park, and Fritz was giving vent to opinions in this strain, I suddenly noticed that on the other side of the shrubbery a man was sitting who, with his face turned in our direction and his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, was listening very intently to our conversation. It was Turgenieff, whose photograph I had seen and examined closely only that very morning in a shop window. When he saw that he had been caught listening to us, he stood up, politely raised his hat, and walked away. "It is a good thing that he does not know who we are," said Fritz, "otherwise Wagner would ultimately get to hear of our conversation—and that would lead to endless annoyance." "But Fritz," I said eagerly, "Wagner surely cannot expect his friends to share all his opinions?" "He does indeed, Lizzie," my brother replied thoughtfully; and then I remembered an incident which proved this very point.

In the spring of 1874 my brother and I had heard Brahms' *Triumphlied* at the Cathedral of Bâle. It was magnificently rendered, and Fritz was exceedingly pleased with it; and when in August, 1874, he went to Bayreuth, he took the piano arrangement of the piece with him,

prompted apparently by the ingenuous belief that it would please Wagner. I say "apparently," for since then it has occurred to me that this *Triumphlied*, bound in red, was a kind of experimental test, and that Wagner's terrible anger was therefore not quite without foundation. But I shall let Wagner himself tell the tale, for he had a most delightful way of poking fun at himself. "Your brother," he said to me, "laid the red book on the grand piano, and whenever I came down to the drawing-room this red object stared right at me—it literally inflamed me, just as a red rag does a bull. I could very well see that by means of it Nietzsche wished tacitly to say, 'Just look! here is also someone who has done good work!' Well, the end of it was that one evening I simply fell into a passion, and fell almost to bits as well!" Wagner laughed heartily over the thought of it. "But what did my brother say?" I demanded anxiously. "He said nothing," Wagner replied, "he simply blushed and gazed at me with mingled surprise and calm dignity. I would give a hundred thousand marks this minute for a bearing such as Nietzsche's —always distinguished, always dignified! That sort of thing is invaluable in this world."

As I say, it was this incident which occurred to me while sitting with Fritz in the park at Baden-Baden. "Fritz," I said, "why have you never told me the story about Brahms' *Triumphlied?* Wagner told me the whole thing himself!" Fritz stared into the distance and was silent; at last he said quietly: "Lizzie, on that occasion, Wagner was not great." And this is the story which has been transformed by some Wagnerites into the following fiction: One day, my brother is said to have handed Wagner an opera which he himself had composed, and Wagner, very indignant, had declared that it was worthless. Profoundly hurt by this, my brother had given Wagner up. The truth, as we have seen, was very different indeed. *La bêtise humaine* is aware only of wounded vanity as a cause of all changes in a man's

ELIZABETH NIETZSCHE (FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE).
NIETZSCHE'S ONLY SISTER, 1881.

attitude towards his friends, and invents its improbable stories accordingly.

After our enjoyable stay at Baden-Baden, we travelled in high spirits to Bâle, where, however, my brother's good health unfortunately did not last. In any case, Fritz took an extraordinary quantity of medicine during that spring. When, however, he felt better, and had an appetite for lunch, we had to go in the heat of the summer sun at midday all the way to an hotel, only to be served with dishes which he could hardly digest. When I said to him, "If only we had our own household, how much more care we could take of your digestion!" he replied eagerly, "Yes, that would be splendid!" and he admitted to me that of all his plans to make himself independent, the only one that he still cherished was that of having a household of his own, a thing that could be done much more comfortably in Bâle than elsewhere. "But it would involve tremendous self-sacrifice on your part," he added. I was, however, sincerely desirous of doing it. To spend six months in Switzerland and six months in Naumburg, of which I was very fond, and where I had my dearest friends, seemed quite an enjoyable manner of passing my life; for I did not crave for enjoyment, but for real occupation, and to do my brother a service seemed to me to be the greatest joy of all. But in spite of all assurances to the contrary, my brother could not get rid of the idea of self-denial, and at last I had to beg Frau Cosima to tell him how willing and ready I was to do it and that it entailed no sacrifice on my part. And in all my brother's letters of this period one can see how delighted he was at this happy turn of events. He wrote to Rohde as follows:

"My Dear Friend,—I have not written; but you will certainly have guessed already why I have been silent; because I have not been well. I have been suffering with my digestion and my eyes. But all I wish to do to-day is to *please* you with the news that I am on the point of making a radical change in my mode of life. 'Please,' I say. God knows!

> Radicalism has at least its well-known flaw even here. Well, my sister and I are just in the throes of finding a flat, and of buying furniture, in order that from the middle of this year I may begin to lead a life which, from the standpoint of hygiene and diet, will be adapted and beneficial to my physical afflictions. I shall certainly not be able to go to Bayreuth during the summer holidays—this is the flaw—but I shall have to go to a watering-place, probably Pfäffers. The whole plan is very necessary, and the prospect of this beautiful change fills me with a sense of relief."

He wrote to Gersdorff as follows: "I am very happy over this alteration in my mode of life, and look very confidently into the future. My grand plan for the next seven years was only possible provided my daily life became ordered and regulated in this way. Now, at last, I have a thoroughly intimate and helpful soul about me. I have not used a word of persuasion with her; she came to the decision quite voluntarily."

This "grand plan for the next seven years" consisted of the most extensive studies of Hellenism, which he wished ultimately to incorporate in the large book on Greece already mentioned. He wanted to combine all these studies with his official work at the University, and in accordance with this idea, arranged the following cycle of lectures on Hellenism to be delivered during the coming seven years:

1, 2, 3. The History of Literature.
4. Religious Antiquities.
5. Private Antiquities.
6. State Antiquities.
7. Mythology.
8, 9. Political History.
10. Rhetoric and Style.
11. Rhythmics and Metrics (with Music).
12, 13. History and Philosophy.
14, 15. Ethics of the Hellenes.

(Of these fifteen lectures, my brother delivered only eight, and they were: The History of Literature, Religious

Antiquities, Rhetoric, Rhythmics and the History of Philosophy up to Plato inclusive.)

It is greatly to be deplored that he never carried out the plan of this book on Greece. By means of it alone would people have been able to obtain a complete idea of what the Greeks meant to my brother, *i.e.*, the starting point to many of the psychological and scientific problems of his life. He gazed upon this wonderful Hellenic world and upon this highly superior people with astonished eyes; and this led him to the question, What is the power that made the Greek spirit the pioneer of all culture, what physical conditions, what religious concepts, what economical and political institutions, what racial gifts, what climatic and geographical influences, what mode of life, etc., etc.? A large proportion of the results of his study and reflection can be found in his works; but it appears only here and there, and is scattered over the whole. What a great pity it is that we do not possess the complete work in its full range!

In the summer of 1875 he was particularly busy with this great plan, and believed that he would best be able to accomplish it with "a perfectly regular and self-centred mode of life." Every new state of things was pictured in the warmest colours by his vivid imagination, but always with the one object of promoting and completing his great life-task. And even if here and there he speaks of the future in emotional and personal terms, one is still conscious that his eyes are scanning the distance in search of what is great. For instance, he wrote to his friend Frau Marie Baumgartner in Lorrach, expressing his joy over the establishment of his own household, as follows:

> "You have no idea how gladly and confidently I look forward to the winter that will be with us in a few months. For the first time I feel, so to speak, secure. I have a great increase of love about me, and on that account feel more protected and no longer so vulnerable and forsaken as I have been

hitherto as an exile in Bâle . . . Now things are beginning to bloom within me, from month to month I see the outlines of my life-task ever more clearly, without feeling the courage to impart the knowledge to anyone. A steady but very resolute pace leading from stage to stage—this is what will assure my covering some distance. I feel as if I were a born mountain-climber. See how proudly I can talk!"

As will readily be understood, our mother was very unhappy about the whole of this arrangement, and I had to write her a number of long letters in order to reconcile her to it. Finally Fritz wrote as follows: "The resolution that I and my helpmeet Lizzie have made, and concerning which she has written to you, is the result of dire necessity; I can no longer go on in any other way. If it cannot be carried out I shall be compelled to give up my Professorship almost immediately." The thought of this alternative turned the scales, and our dear mother then helped us in every possible way. She assisted me in packing the household effects of our late aunt Rosalie, which were our property, and gave us all kinds of good advice.

I have had to refer once or twice to certain differences of opinion between mother and son. It would be wrong to conceal the fact that these occurred, and yet in my endeavours to settle them, I suffered much more than my brother did; for he was so seldom with my mother. Dr. Richard Oehler describes their relationship very accurately when he says:

"The contrast of their religious convictions must gradually have led to an estrangement between mother and son. But nothing in the way of an actual breach ever occurred, nor were serious discussions at all frequent; for Nietzsche was too considerate and tactful in practical life to oppose views which were unalterable and determined by circumstances. His letters to his mother are sufficient proof of the delicacy and profound nobility with which he could spare other people's feelings. They also show the manner in which, by carefully avoiding all useless reference to doubtful questions, he always knew how to speak

of matters of common interest in the sphere of simple and practical life, and until the last to find a hearty and sympathetic way of expressing his natural filial affection. Still, in spite of this, there was always a feeling of something suppressed, of a division of thought between mother and son, and never were their relations so intimate as those that obtained between him and his sister."

It was just this last circumstance that made my life with her so hard at times. It was, however, quite natural that my brother and I should hold together; for in our mother we always met with the most severe critic of our works and deeds. "Who would tell you, if I did not?" she was wont to say. We were never spoilt by blind maternal love—this we learnt to value only in later years—though at that time a little uncritical tenderness would have made us very happy. Later on we heard that she always spoke of us in terms of the most affectionate esteem; but for fear lest she should spoil us, she never let us suspect that she thought well of us.

With others for whom she did not feel responsible, she gave free play to all the charm and gaiety of her nature, and Paul Deussen very rightly compares her "in her activity and constant good cheer to Frau Aja."[1] She had a great number of excellent friends, and Dr. Richard Oehler says plainly, "that her little house in Naumburg was the constant resort of refined and interesting men. There was a peculiar attraction about her home, which was not easily found elsewhere. She was above all fond of the company of merry, laughing and high-spirited girls and boys; for, outwardly as well as at heart, this woman seemed destined to enjoy eternal and irrepressible youth."

After forming our resolution to establish our own little household in Bâle, I went for a few weeks to Naumburg, and Fritz went to Steinabad in the Schwarzwald with the view of undergoing the treatment of a certain Doctor Wiel, who had won a great reputation as a

[1] Goethe's mother.—Tr.

specialist for diseases of the stomach. For all details concerning his stay there, the treatment which he underwent, his fluctuations of opinion in regard to the nature of his trouble, and his sorrow at not being able to join his friends at the rehearsals at Bayreuth, the reader is begged to refer to his letters to Gersdorff and Rohde, which are to be found in the various volumes of letters published. Still, to be strictly truthful, I must state it as a fact already here, that Fritz felt positively relieved at being prevented from going to Bayreuth. He patiently endured every obstacle and all his sufferings during this summer, because he felt vaguely that, thanks to them, something threatening in the distance, a definite decision concerning Bayreuth and Richard Wagner, was postponed. But it would have given him untold joy to be able to exchange all kinds of confidences with his friends.

He wrote to Gersdorff concerning his state of health as follows: "My trouble has been diagnosed as chronic gastric catarrh, accompanied by great dilatation of the stomach. This dilatation causes vascular engorgements, and results in the brain being insufficiently supplied with blood. In the first place, then, the stomach is to be reduced to its normal size, by means of an extraordinary diet consisting of the most nourishing substances, provided that they be not bulky, *i.e.*, almost exclusively meat. In addition I am to take Carlsbad salts, and am to have leeches applied to my head."

Then in later letters to his friends he goes on to say:

"In my last letter I told you how I felt; meanwhile, however, the diet has been changed. At my request I am now eating much less; I am weary of eating so much meat. I have been enjoying a lovely swimming-bath since yesterday. It adjoins the gardens of the hotel; but I am the only person here who uses it, for the others find it too cold. Early in the morning, at six o'clock, I take my plunge, and shortly afterwards I go for a two hours' walk—all this before breakfast. Yesterday for about three hours, late in the afternoon, I roamed about the exceptionally lovely woods and secluded valleys, and

as I went along I mused over all that seemed hopeful in the future—such a vista of happiness has not fallen to my lot for a very long time. Why, in sooth, is one spared? I have a nice armful of work awaiting me for the next seven years, and whenever I think of it I can only feel happy. I have not a single soul for company here, and I am leading a perfectly independent and aristocratic sort of life. To-morrow, in order to amuse and instruct me, Dr. Wiel is going to do some cooking with me; he is a famous and thoughtful culinary artist, and is the author of a very popular dietary cookery book that has been translated into every language. Yesterday he gave me a little lecture on enamelled ware, and the new meat-mincing machine, and in this way I am learning a few things for my new home."

In his letters to his friends, written from Bonndorf, there is, in spite of all, a feeling of great content.

"Everywhere I see despair!" he says, "and yet I do not feel it myself, although I am not in Bayreuth! Do you understand how this can be? I hardly can. And yet I am there in spirit for over three-quarters of the day, and like a ghost I am perpetually hovering round it. Do not have any qualms about making my soul die of longing, but just tell me all about it, dear friend. On my walks, I conduct whole passages of the music which I know by heart, and hum to myself. Remember me most kindly to the Wagners! Good-bye, dear friends—for here and there my letter is addressed to you all—your loving comrade, Fritz."

My brother returned to Bâle in the middle of August, and was full of admiration and childlike joy at the sight of his new home, which I had been arranging in the meantime. Everything was pleasant and comfortable; but it was far from being "sybaritic in its luxury," as a certain critic declared our simple and somewhat old-fashioned establishment to be. During the whole of this period, from the middle of August to the end of November, my brother's health was really excellent. From early in the morning till late in the evening he was radiant and cheerful, and declared himself exceptionally pleased with everything.

He started the day very early, even in winter. In *Zarathustra* he describes his early hours: "With a wickedness do I begin every day: I mock at the winter with a cold bath—on that account grumbleth my stern house-mate. Also do I tickle him with a wax-taper, that he may finally let the heavens emerge from ashen-grey twilight."

Then there would follow an hour's meditation, breakfast, and intellectual work. Fritz was entirely a morning worker. He declared that the intellect was freshest and most exuberant in the morning. To use the morning for his favourite literary work was his constant endeavour, and that is why he never read a book early in the day. "To set to early in the morning, at break of day, in all the fulness and dawn of one's strength, and to read a book—that I call positively vicious!"

He had fixed his lectures and Greek lessons for the afternoon, and the remainder of the day he spent walking. For the most part he went alone, for my household duties took up the greater part of my time, but on occasion I would be able to join him, and then we would find all kinds of things to amuse us. For instance, we would sing scenes out of the *Götterdämmerung* together, the piano arrangements of which had appeared during the spring. My brother, in a letter to me, had described them as heaven on earth (the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine-Daughters was a particularly successful one with us). We enjoyed watching the strange formations of the clouds, the effects of light, and the flight of birds over the bare fields. We loved to walk on green fields and along country lanes, and to stop and look at the most simple things: now we would be amused at a dog that sprang to catch a partridge and slunk away with a most comical expression of shame when it missed its prey, and anon at a cat which would fawn upon my brother, purring affectionately the while, and rubbing its arched back against his leg. We rejoiced over the children who brought us flowers or played

their games with zest, and in doing so revealed human nature free from all artificiality. And often we would laugh and reflect at the sight of a little rascal of a boy making himself master of the situation, and the joy with which the others, and especially the little girls, obeyed him. But what particularly delighted us was the sight of the villages on Saturdays, with everybody so gaily and busily preparing for Sunday. They seemed often to have little fêtes in those parts, but I do not know whether they were connected with gymnastic or rifle-shooting exhibitions or what not. On one occasion, when we saw the inhabitants of a certain village particularly busy hanging garlands and festoons about their streets, and heard them expressing their fears about the weather, Fritz good-naturedly indulged in a little prophecy, and assured them that they would have the most beautiful weather possible. The people believed it and were very happy, for a man of his learning from the town must be sure to know. On the following day, however, it simply poured with rain, and Fritz made all sorts of funny comments about himself as a weather prophet. Nevertheless, we did not care to walk into that village again; false prophets do not like to be seen. Thus our amusements were all very simple. But what indeed does Zarathustra say on this subject?—"'For happiness, what little sufficeth for happiness!' Thus spake I once and thought myself wise. But it was a blasphemy: *that* have I now learned. Wise fools speak better.

"The least thing precisely, the gentlest thing, the lightest thing, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a whisk, an eye-gleam—little maketh up the best happiness."

Taking it all in all, Fritz was exceptionally happy and content during these three months. On the 26th of September, 1875, he wrote to Gersdorff as follows:

> "Meanwhile, then, with the help of my sister I have established my own household, and it is quite successful. Thus at last, after having been without a home since my thirteenth

year, I am once more in familiar surroundings. The more we exile ourselves from the things that please others, the more necessary it becomes for people like ourselves to have our own citadel from which we can look on, and in which we no longer feel so harassed by life. Thanks to the fact that I have a sister whose nature is admirably suited to mine, I have perhaps succeeded better than many others. Our Nietzschean style, which I rejoiced to find even among my father's brothers and sisters, finds its pleasure in its own resources; it knows how to entertain itself, and prefers to give to other people rather than to demand of them. In such circumstances one can bear to live as a thinker and a teacher—for one feels one is condemned to live as both."

Fritz was so well at this time, even as far as his eyes were concerned, that every evening he used to read his own unfinished works, or essays upon which he was still engaged, aloud to me. Thus I heard "Greek Philosophy of the Tragic Age," and the first five sections of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." We spent the most lovely evenings in this way, full of a lofty and solemn kind of happiness. And what delightful conversations we used to have! Later on he recited passages from translations of Greek tragedies, and would often quote even the Greek itself to show me how beautiful it sounded. I thought *Philoctetes* particularly fine and stirring. But in reading it aloud he sighed and cried so dolefully that our servant, who was obviously impelled by curiosity, brought the tea an hour earlier than usual. I sought an explanation. "Caroline," I said, "you are surprised at something?" "Oh, no," she replied with a superior smile, "I knew at once that the professor was play-acting!" Caroline was, to use a Bâle expression, "a steady girl"[1]; she had served in the best Bâle families, and certainly did not find our way of living in keeping with the traditions of Bâle for the last hundred years. Her superiority sometimes oppressed me, though it was always the cause of much silent amusement to Fritz.

What in my opinion contributed the most delightful

[1] "*Eine bestandene Magd*," a Bâle colloquialism which is rendered as nearly as possible by the above translation.—TR.

feature of those days, however, was Fritz's piano-playing. It seems to me that he never played extemporarily with more effect than on those evenings we spent together: it was as if his soul were relating the happiness and the fate of his whole life. We did not dream then that this was the last year in which Fritz was going to devote himself to music and to enjoy it to the full. How strange it seems that the last piece of music which he composed, the improvisation which he played almost every evening, was the "Hymn to Solitude"! He had already written to Rohde during the previous winter as follows: "In my rarest moments I now work at a 'Hymn to Solitude.' I wish to realise it in all its terrible beauty." It is deeply to be deplored that these notes seem to have been lost.

From the end of November his good health gradually declined; still he wrote to Gersdorff on the 1st December:

> "Gradually I shall have everything properly placed in my mind. And then even my health will be more steady—a state to which I shall not attain until I *deserve* it, that is to say, until I have reached that spiritual condition which seems to be the promised one to me, that healthy condition of mind in which only one instinct, the will to knowledge, has remained over, and in which the spirit has become free from all other instincts and desires. A simple home, a perfectly regular daily routine, no enervating desire for honours, or for society, my sister's company (through which everything about me is quite *Nietzschean* and strangely restful), the consciousness of having excellent and affectionate friends, the possession of forty good books of all times and climes (and of many more which are not altogether bad), the constant joy of having found educators in Schopenhauer and Wagner, and the subject of my daily work in the Greeks, the belief that henceforward I shall no longer lack good pupils—all these things now constitute my life. Unfortunately my chronic physical troubles which seize me for about two days, and sometimes longer, at intervals of two weeks, should also be added to the reckoning; but they must one day cease."

But, on the whole, it was not surprising that my brother's health gradually declined, for during this period he did an incredible amount of work and seriously overstrained his eyes. I ought to point out here that it was not reading, but writing, that proved most trying to his sight. His acute short-sightedness made him bend so low over his work that it constantly led to his head becoming congested with blood, and to the muscles of his neck getting over-tired. Now it happened that on his return from Steinabad, in the first flush of his recovered health and his joy over his new home, he could not do enough in the way of productive work and study; for instance, he wrote the greater part of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," he began to recast his "Greek Philosophy of the Tragic Age" again from a new standpoint; he once more took up his notes on the subject of "We Philologists," which was now to be the fifth essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*, although he had previously thought of making it the fourth. Concerning my brother's plans and programme of study at this time, Dr. Koegel writes as follows:—

> "Having returned from Steinabad with the brightest hopes as to his recovered health, he spread his 'armful of work' out before him. These plans of all kinds, besides including the gradual continuation of his *Thoughts out of Season*, and the conclusion at last of certain old philosophical essays, also involved extensive research work and study for future creations. In addition to historical, mathematical, physical and natural science and economical studies, he conceived the plan of an 'Enormous Collection of Psychological Details and Human Documents.' In addition to this there were historical works and novels to be read, and letters to be written. He also wished to revise his fundamental philosophical opinions, and with this object in view he resolved to study Dühring as an attempt at doing away with Schopenhauer, and in order to see what there was for and against him in Schopenhauer. He also had the intention of studying Schopenhauer again; while among the authors set down to be read over a period of eight years are 'Schopenhauer, Dühring, Aristotle, Goethe and Plato.' He began this plan by reading Dühring's *The Value*

of Life, from which he made thirty pages of extracts, consisting of the principal thoughts of the book, and a general outline of Dühring's argument, and these extracts he interspersed with a host of short remarks and more lengthy observations of his own."

The other books which he then proposed to read were never dealt with so thoroughly,—at least they were never annotated.

After Fritz's health had begun to decline, I used to read to him aloud, of an evening, after the moil and toil of the day; and for this purpose we chose Walter Scott's novels, of which I believe I must have read sixteen, one after the other; for we liked him, we liked his heroes, and we liked even his long-winded descriptions. When, for instance, he described a meal in detail, Fritz would be amused at the quantities which people in those days could absorb, "What stomachs the fellows must have had!" he would exclaim admiringly. "But their minds were proportionately coarse and weak," I would reply doubtfully, hoping to comfort him.

From the beginning of December, however, I began to feel really concerned. Much as I deplored the fact, I could not help feeling that our idea of having a home of our own in Bâle was anything but beneficial to my brother's health. The very fact that he felt quite comfortable indoors, and therefore went out so rarely, and even lost all taste for long excursions, conduced to his applying himself to his work with redoubled energy; for there was nothing in his surroundings to keep him from it. Long before any doctor, or even Fritz himself, perceived it, I saw very well that his digestion was not the only cause of his trouble; but that over-work, and above all the excessive straining of his eyes, were the chief reasons; and I also realised that the only cure for all this would be frequent change of air and scene, leading naturally to more walking exercise.

But the worst feature of those days was the fact that as soon as Fritz began to feel a little low, he immediately had

recourse to the old remedies. If only I had had more courage to express my honest opinion, or if I had only possessed more authority over him, how much better everything would probably have turned out! I was, however, so accustomed to think everything that Fritz did was right, that I did not dare to oppose even his most unreasonable whim.

Shortly after Christmas his steadily declining health broke down altogether. He suffered from terrible headaches and violent nausea for almost four days, and these attacks would recur repeatedly with only short intervals of relief in between. During these intervals he was weak and exhausted. His doctor, Professor Immermann, expressed grave fears, and all of us who loved him deeply were very unhappy. Gradually I tried to make it clear to him that he ought to leave Bâle as quickly as possible; all his friends also tried to urge him to take this step, but he would not be convinced. On the 23rd of January, 1876, he wrote to Gersdorff as follows:

> "Up to the present I have had no fresh attack; but I am still in the same state, and I have the greatest fears. I still do my work at the University, however, and live with the greatest care and regularity. Under these circumstances I surely ought to get better. The complete rest which you advise is not so easily carried out, and it seems to me that to go on living in the usual way, while duly observing every precaution, is the most practical thing to do, and will probably lead to the best results. And then my sister's presence is helpful, as is also Overbeck's—*happy* Overbeck, by the bye—what should I do with myself in exile!"

Professor Overbeck had meanwhile become engaged, and this change in his life improved his rather peevish temper. In spite of all his suffering, Fritz was heartily delighted at the news, for, on the whole, it cannot be said that my brother was ever indifferent or apathetic,—on the contrary, he remained throughout all his sufferings full of consideration and solicitude for those about him.

Despite the fact that his illness was an intolerable

torment to him, for he feared that it might prevent him from fulfilling his life's task, he never once assumed a tragic attitude about it. He detested every kind of pose. Even when he was in the midst of the loftiest intellectual creations, he maintained his usual amiable, gentle and dignified demeanour towards his surroundings. Some people declare that he was nervous in his manner; this, however, was only a sign that he did not feel at ease in their presence.

When he was in the company of people to whom in his heart of hearts he objected, he grew silent, reserved, and almost oppressed. He could not bear anything in the way of dishonesty, cowardice, affectation, or ostentation. In 1888 he wrote in *Ecce Homo:*

> "It is my privilege to have the very sharpest discernment for every sign of healthy instincts. There is no such thing as a morbid trait in me; even in times of serious illness I have never grown morbid, and you might seek in vain for a trace of fanaticism in my nature. No one can point to any moment of my life in which I have assumed either an arrogant or a pathetic attitude. Pathetic attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes is false . . . Beware of all picturesque men! Life was easy—in fact easiest—to me, in those periods when it exacted the heaviest duties from me."

Gradually his health began slightly to improve, and he therefore resolved to go with Gersdorff to Montreux at the beginning of March. He wrote: "I can at last say that my health is improving, after a very long and painful indisposition. Nevertheless, I had to discontinue all my lectures, and it is since then that I have begun to feel better." Meanwhile, our dear mother had come to Bâle and was able to keep me company in his absence. On the 7th of March, therefore, Fritz set off with his friend. Unfortunately, the weather was not favourable, while Baron von Gersdorff also had very soon to return to Germany, as he was extremely busy and had only undertaken the

journey to oblige my brother. The good effects of the change became visible only at the end of the holiday, or as a matter of fact only when Fritz was back in Bâle. After his return he wrote to his faithful travelling companion somewhat discontentedly about their rather wretched trip together: "Another time it will be jollier and more successful, for this time I was really ill and especially morally ill. One should not say too much about the wickedness of the world, but about the victory and accomplishment of the good and the right; in this way one banishes moroseness and every muscle braces itself." We were exceedingly delighted to have him safely back, and even our laughter, which had vanished for so long, began to return. Fritz said: "Lizzie, you ought to have come with us, then we should certainly have been more cheerful in Montreux." "Nonsense, Fritz!" I said, "cheerfulness comes to you quite naturally when you get better." As a matter of fact, it was quite touching to see how quickly he was up to all kinds of fun the moment he felt a little better; for instance, he would say all he had to say for hours in doggerel verses.

I was somewhat surprised to see my brother in such good spirits during the spring of this year; for as a matter of fact he had only just been refused, after proposing to a young Dutch girl, Fräulein Tr., whom he had known only for a very short time, and with whom he had taken a four hours' walk in Geneva. She was a charming girl who really aspired to good and lofty things, and who found the epitome of her life's philosophy in Longfellow's *Excelsior*. While she was making a copy of her translation of this poem my brother sent her the following letter. I ought, however, to add that a certain newly-made acquaintance had been chiefly instrumental in inducing him to take this step,—a man who had known the girl a long while, who raved about her, and who subsequently married her. All other particulars appear in the letter.

"My Dear Young Lady,—

"This evening you are writing something for me and I will write something for you as well. Take your courage in both hands so as not to be too overcome by the question which I am now going to put to you: will you be my wife? I love you, and it seems to me as if you already belonged to me. Not a word about the suddenness of my affection! In any case it is no sin, and therefore does not require to be pardoned. But what I should like to know is whether you feel as I do—and that we have never been strangers at all, not for one moment! Do you not also believe that, joined together, each of us would be freer and better than we could be apart—therefore *Excelsior!* Would you dare to walk shoulder to shoulder with me as with one who strives heartily after emancipation and improvement, along all the paths of life and of thought?

"Now be frank and conceal nothing. No one knows anything about this letter and my proposal save our common friend, Herr v. S. Tomorrow morning at 11 a.m. I shall take the express back to Bâle; I must get back; I therefore send you my address there. If you find you can accept my proposal, I shall write to your mother immediately, in which case I must beg you to give me her address. If you are able to come to a prompt decision one way or the other, a note from you will find me at the Hôtel de la Poste until ten. Wishing you every joy and blessing for ever,

"Friedrich Nietzsche.

"Geneva, 11th April, 1876."

But the young lady's heart was no longer fancy free, and she was somewhat startled by this sudden offer of marriage. Upon hearing this, my brother wrote her the following letter from Bâle on the 15th of April.

"Dear Madam,—

"You are good enough to forgive me—this I feel from your very kind letter which I really did not deserve. I have suffered so much at the thought of my cruel behaviour that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you for your gentle kindness. I shall explain nothing, nor do I know how to justify myself. I can only express this last wish, that if ever you should read my name, or meet me again, you will not think

of the shock I have given you; I beg you ever to believe that I would fain make amends where I have erred.

"With great respect,

"I am yours sincerely,

"FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE."

I almost believe now that my brother was somewhat glad that his hasty proposal did not lead to marriage. After we had spent one or two gloomy days together —for we were all very grieved that my brother's first attempt at a betrothal had failed—we could not help looking back on the whole matter with a smile. "Fritz," I said, "your affair with Fraulein Tr. was like that affair of your duel. You always do things differently from other people—so suddenly." "Yes" my brother replied, "I ought to be thankful for the way these things turn out. A sudden, ill-advised marriage would in the end have been no better than a *mariage de convenance*, and from that may heaven preserve everyone." My brother's intellectual plans and aspirations played by far the most important part in his life. It was impossible for him to regard love affairs as seriously as poets do, or to realise the part they played in other men's lives. At about this time Gersdorff wrote me a private letter in which he said that he had heard accidentally that a beautiful young woman loved and revered Nietzsche, and that, as she was very wealthy and much in demand, she had already refused many offers for Nietzsche's sake. The news came at the wrong time, for my brother was far too busily engaged just then in pondering over the difficulties of marriage. On the 26th of May he answered Gersdorff's letter very emphatically as follows:—"*I am not going to be married;* as a matter of fact I so detest restrictions of any sort, and the thought of adapting myself to the 'civilised' order of things, that the woman could hardly be found who would be liberal-minded enough to follow me. I begin to regard Greek philosophers and their mode of life ever more and more as the proper examples to be followed."

The new term began happily in every way. Fritz was fresh and eager for work; his lectures were attended by a number of students, which for Bâle was quite exceptional, and he was full of hopes for his health. He wrote to Gersdorff: "It really seems as if the gruesomeness of my condition during the winter has vanished like a spectre. I feel happy and comfortable once more."

As for me, however, the experiences of the winter had left me with all kinds of vague fears, which I may well have expressed in many a letter of the period; but however this may be, "his best friend," as Fritz called Fraulein von Meysenbug suggested to my brother that he should spend the following winter with her somewhere at a Southern seaside resort, either Fano, Capri, or Sorrento. We were all delighted! This was an offer at the right time. We literally feasted on new plans. Building castles in the air was a favourite occupation of my brother's, whether he was well or ill. I can still see his joyful expression when he used to say: "Lizzie, let us think of something!" I urged Fritz to try by all means in his power to obtain a whole year's leave. He wrote to Gersdorff that he wished to tell him privately that he thought of going to Italy for a year.

> "I have not yet obtained the definite consent of the authorities," he said, "but it will no doubt be granted to me, more particularly as I have of my own accord declared myself willing to forego my salary for the whole period so as not to place an undue burden upon such a small community. Freedom! You cannot believe how full I fill my lungs whenever I think of it! . . . All my hopes and plans for ultimate spiritual emancipation and for further untiring progress along my own road once more fill my blood. Confidence in myself—I mean in my better self—fills me with courage. Even the state of my eyes does not modify this feeling."

At about this time Professor Schiess had just made the most unfavourable report concerning his shortsightedness and the weakness of his eyes, and it was greatly to be deplored that my brother was not made to understand

perfectly seriously that the state of his sight was not the result but the cause of his sufferings.

Ever since 1869, when his unexpected call to Bâle had disturbed all my brother's fine plans for travelling in France, Italy, and Greece, he had retained a deep longing for freedom and meditation beneath blue skies in a southern clime. Now, at last, after all this long time, he saw with delight the possibility of fulfilling all his wishes. A wonderful year in the South, free from all official duties and other fetters, devoted to the purpose of carrying out new, magnificent, and far-reaching plans! But the year would certainly have needed to be endless in order to carry out all his wishes.

In the first place, however, that festival in Bayreuth was drawing near, for which my brother had so long been yearning, and his grateful heart made him recall the long period of happiness which he had spent with Wagner's music and with Wagner himself However much many of his views might have changed, his gratitude for the most profound experience of his soul remained unshaken. He therefore took up the unfinished MS. of "Wagner in Bayreuth" in order to rewrite it as a solemn essay in honour of the Bayreuth Festival.

CHAPTER XXV

RICHARD WAGNER IN BAYREUTH

In order to assume the proper attitude towards this essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*, it is necessary to look back upon the whole period, beginning with my brother's first acquaintance with Wagner's music, to his ultimate friendship with the composer. My brother was certainly qualified to say in 1888, "I have seen three generations of Wagnerites;" for in 1860, when he was scarcely more than a child, he was one of the most enthusiastic of them, and he himself experienced the transformations of this peculiar species for almost thirty years. It ought, however, to be definitely stated here that, previous to his meeting with Wagner in the autumn of 1868, he really admired and revered only two of the Master's works, the *Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde;* his attitude to the other works was cold, and to some extent hostile. Before he got to know Wagner, he even thought there were some things in these works which were unpleasant and trivial. The fact that he became a complete Wagnerite after he had become personally acquainted with Wagner in Leipzig, and had during the Tribschen days been regarded by the Master himself as his best friend, is perfectly comprehensible; and in this connection we may recall Wagner's own words: "I told Cosima that you come next after her in my affections, and then nobody else for a great distance. . . ." It is also easy to understand that when he was under the influence of Wagner's personal charm, by means of which the latter exercised the most extraordinary fascination over all those surrounding him, he either partly suppressed his most heartfelt convictions in regard to Wagner's art, or

transfigured it by means of them, or else (and this is by far the most likely) he forgot "to say, concerning the picture of this life, of this mighty independent torrent of a life, flowing as it were up the mountain, what he truthfully thought of Wagner." The most beautiful period of this friendship consisted of the three years at Tribschen, from Whitsuntide, 1869, to 1872, and the friendship was at its height during the winter of 1871 to 1872, before and after the appearance of *The Birth of Tragedy*, up to the time of the laying of the foundation stone at Bayreuth in May, 1872.

In November, 1871, the Wagners induced my brother to go with them to Mannheim to attend a great Wagner concert. The "Siegfried Idyll," was also performed for the first time, before a circle of friends, and in December, 1871, Fritz wrote a most enthusiastic letter to Rohde about it:

> "Moreover, I feel I have had my views on music wonderfully confirmed, and am convinced they are right—thanks to what I have experienced this week with Wagner in Mannheim. Ah! my dear friend! If only you could have been with us! I felt like one whose presentiment has at last come true. For this is precisely what music is, and nothing else. And this is just what I meant by the word 'music,' when I described the Dionysian form of it,—and nothing else! But when I realise that only a few hundred people of the next generation will find that in music which I find in it, I expect a totally new culture!"

Recalling these impressions he wrote in the year 1888: "A psychologist might add that what I heard in Wagnerian music in my youth and early manhood had nothing whatsoever to do with Wagner; that when I described Dionysian music, I merely depicted what I personally had heard,—that I was compelled instinctively to translate and transfigure everything into the new spirit which filled my breast."

But at that time my brother did not yet hear himself, but

only Wagner, in all these delicious tones; or, better still, he felt himself completely one with Wagner. In January, 1872, he wrote to Rohde: "I have concluded an alliance with Wagner. You have no idea how close we stand together now, and how our plans agree." And, truth to tell, no one can imagine how thoroughly intimate the two were at this time. All my brother's plans in those days were conceived in connection with Wagner; in regard to everything he did, he asked himself the question, "Will this do Wagner any good?" He was prepared to make any sacrifice.

Of course, my brother never once allowed Wagner to suspect in what way he sacrificed himself for him. But what cost him the greatest effort was that, for Wagner's sake, he had to suppress his own convictions. He treated the fact that he had spoilt the whole of his University career as a philologist, by fighting for Wagner, much more lightly. And in other directions I can remember many a pleasure that he declined out of consideration for Wagner. As a single instance of this, I recall a certain trip to the south. Felix Mendelssohn's son, a professor at Freiburg, in Breisgau, who was a very sympathetic person, invited Fritz to join him on a tour through Italy and Greece—an offer which pleased my brother immensely. But, as Wagner had not been a friend of Mendelssohn's, and the latter's son could not help but think reverently of his father (and, as we know, my brother had been a hearty admirer of Mendelssohn's in his youth, and, even in 1872, still had a particular fondness for some of his compositions), for fear lest he might rouse the Master's suspicions as to his loyalty, Fritz declined the kind invitation, and, as far as I can remember, honestly stated his reasons for so doing.

But, as we have already seen, my brother was ready to make even greater sacrifices. For Wagner's sake he was willing to resign his University post in order to travel about Germany, propagating the cause of Bayreuth. He

also gave up his precious time to the work of founding Wagner societies, and availed himself of every opportunity of selling certificates of patronage for Bayreuth. For instance, it was through him that the German Musical Society of Leipzig paid for an essay on Wagner by purchasing one of the certificates of patronage, to which my brother himself added a further sum of 50 thalers (£7 10*s.*). These are all signs of his sincere desire to be a true and helpful friend of Wagner.

It is strange that, in spite of my brother's love and reverence, of which he was ever giving visible and active signs, Wagner was never able to suppress certain qualms and fears that "this Nietzsche will go his own way." I have already spoken of the delightfully successful visit he paid to Strassburg with the Wagners, in the autumn of 1872. Frau Cosima afterwards declared in many letters how enjoyable it had been, and that henceforward no such things as misunderstandings could occur between them. But this assurance is in itself simply evidence of the fact that misunderstandings had occurred. The year 1873 began with another act of unwarranted suspicion on Wagner's part. My brother spent the Christmas of 1872 in Naumburg, and he received an invitation from Wagner to make a stay at Bayreuth on his way back to Bâle, as his friend Gersdorff would also be there at that time. Now it happened that Fritz's Christmas holidays were in any case very short, and if he had been obliged to go back to Bâle *via* Bayreuth, he would have been left no time for rest, and, in the middle of the term, this is precisely what he needed most. On account of this he declined Wagner's invitation, and then, in his innocence, was surprised to be left without news from Bayreuth for many weeks.

Only some time after Christmas, to his great astonishment, he heard how vexed Wagner had been over his refusal; but thanks to a cordial and perfectly unsuspecting letter from my brother, Wagner himself was soon con-

vinced that he had misinterpreted his friend's action. In February, 1873, Fritz wrote to Gersdorff as follows:

"I have received two splendid letters from the Master and Frau Wagner respectively, and in them I learned for the first time that Wagner had been very hurt by my absence at the New Year. You knew this, my dearest friend, and concealed it from me. But all clouds have now been dissipated, and it was a good thing I did not know anything about it; for very often in such cases one can not improve matters and one only makes them worse. Heaven knows, by-the-bye, how often I have given the Master offence: every time it happens I am more surprised than ever, and cannot make it out, or think what the reason can be. I am therefore all the more pleased that peace has been established once more. Do please give me your own view about the persistent manner in which I seem to give the Master offence. I absolutely fail to see how any one can be more loyal and more thoroughly devoted to Wagner in all things that really matter, than I am. If I could see this I should do my utmost to improve. But, in small and secondary matters of minor importance, and in abstaining from living under the same roof with him, which in my case might be regarded as necessary to my health. I am obliged to preserve my freedom, simply in order that I may continue to be loyal in a higher sense. Of course, not a word of this should be mentioned; but it is hard notwithstanding—and it becomes desperate when it leads to all kinds of unpleasantness, suspicion and silence. On this occasion, for instance, I had not the smallest notion that I had caused such deep offence; and my one fear is that such experiences will only make me more timid than I already am."

But his friend found kind words with which to console him, and, as it so happened that my brother and Rohde were able to go together to Bayreuth at Easter, everything appeared to take a satisfactory turn without further complications.

When I spoke of the first essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*, I had occasion to refer to the temper of those days. It was a serious meeting; for the Bayreuth undertaking had made no progress and gave rise to much anxiety.

The smaller personal differences vanished in the face of

these greater troubles; moreover it was precisely at serious and painful moments that Wagner's greatness was most plainly felt. My brother loved good cheer, but the Wagner who was full of fun and indifferent jokes, and who could tell more or less unpalatable Saxon anecdotes, was not altogether to his liking. Wagner felt this, and often it goaded him on to even less pleasant stories, and finally he would grow cross with himself. Wagner once said to me: "Your brother is often very discomfiting in his delicate refinement, and to make matters worse one can read all he feels; sometimes he literally blushes at my jokes—and then I crack still more shocking ones. Your brother is just like Liszt, he also did not like my jokes and jests."

The summer of 1873 was spent amid grave qualms for Bayreuth. At this time something strange occurred which showed my brother's love for Wagner in a remarkable manner. Unfortunately Professor Overbeck gives quite a distorted account of it in his regrettable "Recollections of Nietzsche," [1] because he omits the most important points. When I was in Bâle during the summer of 1873 I one day met on the stairs an old and somewhat odd-looking woman who had paid a visit to my brother. When I asked him who this extraordinary apparition might be, he replied in his humorous way: "Lizzie, she is a spirit who visits me from time to time, and who is wont to have private talks with me, just as spirits always do." It transpired that this lady, whose name was Rosalie Nielsen, had twice visited him, and had made him feel a little anxious about the publisher of his works. She had hinted that the firm of E. W. Fritzsch was really bankrupt, and that it could only hold together with the help of others. Then she had made mysterious references to an International Society which, in the event of its purchasing the business of E. W. Fritzsch, would lay great stress upon retaining the publication of my brother's works. Now, as Overbeck had only just

[1] *Nietzsche Erinnerungen.*—TR.

published his "The Christianity of Modern Theology,"[1] through Fritzsch, these hints dropped by the mysterious lady interested him as well. When she appeared again, therefore, my brother asked Overbeck's permission for the interview to take place in the latter's own room. On this occasion, the following facts were elicited: the International Society already mentioned, which was in possession of large funds, desired to purchase the business of E. W. Fritzsch (the owners of Wagner's prose works) only in order to be able to get Wagner into their power so to speak. Wagner was at that moment in great financial straits; he had used the funds subscribed for the building of his theatre for the purpose of building his own private house; and now, it appeared, this International Society wished utterly to ruin all his work. At this point my brother's courtesy and amiability suddenly vanished. His anger positively choked him, and he could not even speak. He took a chair, opened the door, stood the chair outside, and made a sign to the lady to leave the room. Later on, although he still felt alarmed for Wagner's safety, he could not help seeing the thing in a humorous light. On the 18th of October, 1873, he wrote a letter to Rohde which gives an accurate account of the mingled feelings of gravity and amusement roused by this mysterious intrigue: "Does not your manly heart beat against your ribs? After such adventures I scarcely dare sign my name to this letter. We are living *Samarow*;[2] we can think only of poses and counter-poses (*Minen und Gegenminen*), we sign only pseudonyms, and we wear false beards.

"Hist! Hist! how the wind whistles! In the name of my co-conspirators, yours truly, Hugo of the hoarse ghost's voice."

Rohde, who hazarded the guess that the grim conspiracy

[1] *Die Christlichkeit der modernen Theologie.*—Tr.

[2] This is the pseudonym of a German novelist called J. F. M. O. Meding, who wrote thrilling stories about well-known contemporary characters. The book Nietzsche must be referring to here is "*Europäische Minen und Gegenminen.*"—Tr.

existed only in the head of the extraordinary lady herself, ultimately proved to be right. He also informed his friend that the publisher E. W. Fritzsch had also turned the lady in question (Rohde referred to her as the "ghost") out of doors.

In the autumn of 1873 great things were expected to come of a general assembly of the patrons of the undertaking at Bayreuth. At first it was arranged that this should take place in August, but it was afterwards postponed to the end of October. Now, in pursuance of Wagner's wish, the executive council of the Wagner Societies came to my brother with the request that he should write the "Appeal to the German Nation" already referred to, for the purpose of promoting the Bayreuth scheme. After much hesitation Fritz drafted it out between the 18th and 20th of October, 1873; finished it, and had many proofs of it printed, which he proposed to take with him to Bayreuth at the end of October. The fate of the "Appeal," the meetings of the delegates, and their plans and proposals, are all described by my brother in a long dictated letter addressed to Gersdorff, who was unfortunately prevented from coming.

"Thus," the letter says, "I was travelling from Wednesday evening to Monday morning. In going I was alone, but Heckel was with me on the return journey. In Bayreuth about a dozen men had gathered together,—all delegates from the Wagner Societies, and I was the only patron *per se*. Among our acquaintances there, I may mention Davidson, the editor of the *Börsencourier*, the worthy pair Batz and Woltz, Baligand, and to refer to the best of the lot, Stern from Dresden and Count Dumoulin from Regensburg.

"But who failed to attend despite all his promises to do so? Fritzsch! Fritzsch who is once more concealing himself behind clouds, and whose reassuring letters tend only to disquiet us the more. On the actual day of the ceremony we had the same filthy weather which, as you remember, we had on the occasion of the inauguration; so that for a second time on reaching the headquarters of our league, the splendidly attired patron was obliged to sacrifice a new hat. Of course the weather on the

previous and on the following day was beautifully clear and sunny. After the inspection in mud, fog and blackness, the principal meeting took place in the town-hall, where my 'Appeal' was kindly but resolutely rejected by the delegates. I refused to recast the thing, and recommended Professor Stern as a person who would quickly be able to compose a fresh one. Then Heckel's excellent proposal that collection-boxes should be placed with every German bookseller was approved. The whole sitting was very wonderful, half-sublime and half-realistic, but strong enough in its influence to suppress all projects relating to raffles and such things which were very much in the air at the meeting. In the evening the day's business was brought to a close with a very successful, congenial and simple banquet at the 'Sonne,' at which Frau Wagner and Fräulein von Meysenbug were the only ladies present. I had the place of honour between the two, and therefore received the name 'Sargino,' after '*Sargino, The Apprentice of Love*,' the title of an Italian opera. Batz made an after-dinner speech, proposing the toast of Frau Wagner, in which he managed in the most extraordinary manner to drag in allusions to a snuff-box and even to copyright, into his panegyric of her. Early on Saturday we held our final meeting at Feustel's at which Stern's draft was accepted. You must read it, for it will have a large circulation.

"My Appeal, which the Wagners like very much indeed, once it has been signed by a number of great names, may also play an important *rôle* in the event of the present, more optimistic one, failing in its object. In the afternoon, we had one more look at the theatre in the glory of the late sunshine; the children were also with us, and I climbed to the centre of the royal box. The building looks much more beautiful and much better proportioned than the plans led one to expect. It is quite impossible to contemplate it on a clear autumn day without emotion. Now we have a house and it is our emblem."

I must add one or two facts myself to the story my brother has given of his "Appeal"—facts, I mean, elicited from the other side. It appears that Wagner was quite beside himself with anger when he heard that my brother's "Appeal" had been rejected by the delegates as too serious and pessimistic in tone; indeed, he had got

into a towering passion and had raved and stamped his feet. Nevertheless, my brother quietly persuaded him in the end that an appeal written by Professor Stern would be certain to meet with greater success, and that if the worst came to the worst there would still be his own to fall back upon. And this consoled Wagner. Be this as it may, my brother's "Appeal" was never mentioned again. As to whether the delegates had made a mistake in rejecting it, nothing can now be said; but, in any case, the good-humoured and optimistic appeal written by Professor Stern could not boast of a glorious success either. Chamberlain writes in his Biography of Wagner:—

> "One incident may be mentioned to show the extent of the indifference with which Wagner's work—glorious as it has since proved to the German name—had to contend throughout the Empire. Dr. A. Stern was commissioned by the Wagner Societies to draw up a 'Report and Appeal for Aid' at the end of 1873; four thousand copies of this were distributed to various booksellers and musical dealers, with forms for subscription. Not one of the four thousand took the slightest notice of the document! In Göttingen alone some students put down their names for a few thalers."[1]

At Easter, 1874, my brother wrote to Fräulein von Meysenbug:—

> "With regard to my health, I must say that, since the New Year, thanks to a new mode of life, it has been very good, and has caused me no anxiety at all; but I must be careful of my eyes. Yet as you must be aware there is such a thing as a state of physical suffering which comes as a blessing; for with it one forgets one's *other* sufferings, or, better still, one imagines that these can be cured just as the body's sufferings can. This is my philosophy of illness, it gives hope to the soul. And is it not a feat to be able to go on hoping?"

The last portion of the letter refers to the distressing condition of affairs at Bayreuth; for the year 1874 began very badly. There seemed to be no longer any doubt that

[1] See "Richard Wagner," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain (tr. by G. Ainslie Hight), p. 357.—Tr.

the Bayreuth scheme, in the form in which the Master had conceived it and in which it had found expression in the society of patrons, was wrecked. Funds were lacking for the completion of the theatre-building and for other undertakings, so that all work had to be stopped. My brother suffered terribly! But it was precisely in his hours of deepest depression that the whole bravery of his nature was shown; he did not give way to endless plaints and lamentations, but tested the basis of the things for the sake of which he was suffering. He, whose eyes were so prone to overlook everything petty and unpleasant, and even to close completely at the right time wherever he had given his reverence and his love, now forced himself to examine those very petty and unpleasant details he had hitherto passed unheeded, and to judge them soberly and coolly. He now compelled himself to face and to test everything which he himself had recognised as false, in order to discover whether a great deal of that which he had deliberately disregarded, out of respect for the Master, were not necessarily the cause of the present failure. This is one of the instances which prove most strongly how little his severe sense of intellectual truthfulness scouted a struggle, even of the hardest kind, with himself, with his own loving and reverent heart.

The fact that my brother had already fostered different views from Wagner, concerning a number of artistic questions, may be seen from the appendix to *The Birth of Tragedy*;[1] but in any case, he had never felt directly antagonistic to Wagner's art before 1871. It seems as if he became conscious of the conflict between his own convictions and his admiration for Wagner only from this time onward. But these repeated attempts to reconcile his opinions with Wagner's, or rather to be able to find in Wagner what he felt he could admire and respect, in spite of the many points on which he differed from the Master—must have provided a magnificent object-lesson in genius

[1] The authoress here refers to the German pocket edition of the book.—TR.

itself. What great experiences sprang from it, and to what a subtle training in psychological matters it must have led!

But a lucky star seemed after all to shine over Bayreuth. Wagner's greatest benefactor, King Ludwig of Bavaria, intervened in the unhappy state of affairs, and lent his help. On the 15th of February, 1874, my brother wrote to Rohde concerning all these events as follows: "As to Bayreuth there is good news; if only it is true! In a very explicit article in the *Mannheim Gazette* (Heckel's organ), the writer declares that he has heard from an authoritative source (*i.e.* Frau Wagner), that the completion of the building is now ensured. Thus the longed-for miracle has occurred! Let us at least hope it has! The state of affairs since the New Year has been indeed distressing, and in the end I could hope only for the unexpected to get us out of the difficulty. With the most absolute coolness of perception, I began to ask myself why the undertaking had failed; in this way I learnt a good deal, and I believe that I now understand Wagner much better than before. Even if the 'miracle' is true it does not in the least interfere with the result of my meditations! But if it is true we shall be very happy and celebrate a Feast."

In March he wrote further, as follows:—

> "As to Bayreuth! Through Frau Wagner we know—and the fact is to remain a secret among Wagner's friends—that the King of Bavaria has subsidised the undertaking by advancing sums to the amount of 100,000 thalers (£15,000), so that the work (machinery and decorations) is now being pressed forward vigorously. Wagner himself has written saying that he expects everything to be completed by the year 1876. He is full of courage, and believes that the undertaking will now be plain sailing. Well, may God grant that it will be so! It is difficult to get over all this waiting and uneasiness; sometimes I really lost all hope."

When in the autumn of 1874, it became clear that the undertaking was perfectly secure, my brother gave vent to

a real cry of joy in a letter to Gersdorff, "By-the-bye," he says, "the news from Bayreuth is magnificent and incredible; who could be more delighted to hear it than you?" And later on he writes: "Hearty thanks for your letter, and for details about the letter from Bayreuth; every one of us will thank Heaven and Hades, and wherever else gods are wont to reside, for the fact that the work of the *Nibelungen* is done."

But what was Wagner's attitude towards my brother during all these years? His letters always reveal the same affectionate tone of warm friendship and loyal solicitude, mingled with a certain fatherliness which suits him particularly well. When his letters to my brother are published, people will certainly agree with me in thinking that there are scarcely any in which Wagner appears in a more thoroughly attractive and lovable light.

The hearty affectionate tone of voice in which Wagner used to say "my Nietzsche," still rings in my ears, and although I cannot very well reproduce it in a book, I can nevertheless quote a few dedicatory verses in which the words occur, and which Wagner composed for my brother at the time when he presented him with his complete works. The verses are as follows:

"Was ich, mit Not gesammelt,
Neun Bänden eingerammelt,
Was darin spricht und stammelt,
Was geht, steht oder bammelt,—
Schwert, Stock, und Pritzsche,
Kurz, was im Verlag von Fritzsche,
Schrei', lärm' oder quietzsche,
Das schenk' ich meinem Nietzsche,—
Wär's ihm zu 'was nütze!" [1]

Bayreuth, All Souls' Day, 1873. RICHARD WAGNER.

Maybe, if they had been together more often, and had had more leisure, the conflict between their deepest thoughts would have been revealed much sooner; but it was during those very years in which they were drifting

[1] "Whatever with pains I have collected and tucked into these nine volumes, all that speaks or stammers or walks or stands or clamours in them—sword, stick, or birch—in short every thing that the firm of Fritzsche cries or proclaims, I give to my Nietzsche. May it be of some use to him!"—TR.

ever further and further apart from each other in their convictions, that each was thoroughly absorbed in his own work. This was especially so with Wagner, who was called upon to exercise all his faculties of mind and body to the most extraordinary degree in order to carry through his great work of the *Nibelungen*. In these circumstances he had but little time to spare for reflection. But he still continued to invite my brother in the most friendly manner to stay with him. For instance, in June, 1874, he pressed Fritz most eagerly to come and spend his summer holidays in Bayreuth, and the letter of invitation contained the following appeal: "O dear Friend! Why do you not come to us? Do not let us remain so far apart; for as things are I can be nothing to you." But, as Fritz had to finish his third essay for the *Thoughts out of Season* during the holidays, he told Wagner that he could come only at the end of the summer. This led to more unpleasantness.

To all outward appearance my brother's stay in Bayreuth in August, 1874, certainly revealed the same old friendliness; but little scenes such as the one over Brahms's *Triumphlied* made Fritz feel only too plainly how little his personal independence was considered. I have already spoken of how depressed he had been at Easter, 1874, by Wagner's lukewarm appreciation of "The Use and Abuse of History," and now he said to himself very sorrowfully "so my only value consists in my being a writer on Wagner; I *must* not be anything more, I may admire and honour only that which is approved of in Bayreuth." What free spirit would have liked to have his path mapped out for him in this way by another, more particularly when it was such a narrow one? The torrent of my brother's development in those days was growing ever broader and mightier; was he to be caged up and confined in a corner? He was tormented by this idea—and still his thoughts drove him ever nearer to freedom. When in June, 1874, I happened to speak of some hidden trouble, Fritz cried emphatically:

"O Lizzie, we all have our gnawing trouble in our breast —I have one too!" And on the 9th of July he wrote to Gersdorff: "A number of thoughts are fermenting in my mind, and among them many which are both extreme and daring. I should like to know to what extent I might be allowed to communicate such thoughts to my friend. In a letter, of course, it is impossible to do so at all." Cold, superficial people cannot understand the inner conflict which raged in my brother's heart for four years. What do they know of a friendship so passionate as that which existed between him and Richard Wagner; what do they know of the iron severity of a truthful and emancipated spirit; how can they understand the hesitation of the loving heart that quivers at the thought of the pain which the last heart-breaking hours of the farewell parting will cause? And Fritz trembled, not only at the thought of his own pain; but, oh, how much more at the thought of the suffering he was going to impose on another!

Be this as it may, from the middle of the year 1874, that wonderful new melody rang in his heart to which he scarcely dared listen, though it swelled ever louder and louder. Sorrow and rejoicing were mingled in its stirring tones, they lured the disciple on to new paths, away from the Master whom he had outgrown—and he equipped himself for a still greater advance! A farewell letter full of the deepest gratitude, "Schopenhauer as Educator," had already been written; and his loving heart at that time was still convinced that there was no need to write another. He hoped that even yet Wagner would not only concede him the right of new convictions, but would also share them. My brother trusted in his love, and perhaps also, unconsciously, in the charm and power of his own personality. For he was well aware that changes had occurred in Wagner's views, as for instance the Master's conversion from Feuerbach's sensualism to Schopenhauer's pessimism. Why should he not cherish the belief that through him and with him Wagner might make still

further changes? This, however, would have been possible only in the Tribschen days, during which Wagner had the time to meditate. In Bayreuth it was out of the question.

My brother and Wagner saw nothing of each other from August, 1874, to July, 1876. True, invitations came often enough from Wagner, and my brother, delighted at his kindness, certainly answered in the most hearty fashion, and even suggested all kinds of plans whereby they might meet; but it cannot be denied that my brother was only too glad to avail himself of any excuse to delay or completely to prevent such a meeting, and of this Wagner was fully conscious. I have already mentioned the fact that in the summer of 1875 my brother was compelled for reasons of health to visit a watering-place instead of going to Bayreuth for the rehearsals. All Wagner's and my brother's friends had assembled in Bayreuth at the time, and my brother's letters were once more full of the old expressions of longing. And yet any one who reads these communications from Steinabad carefully will find much between the lines.

When, however, faithful friends wrote such loving, admiring and reverent letters from Bayreuth, all the happiness that Wagner's works had given him for so many long years surged in his heart once more. Thoughts of all the blessed hours of friendship and intimate association filled his memory, and he asked himself, almost with terror, what his life would have been without Wagner and his Art! Over-flowing with the deepest gratitude, he summoned up all the feelings he had had in this connection for the last sixteen years, or thereabouts; and thus the sorrowing disciple, who was a disciple no longer, wrote his second letter of farewell, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth."

He worked at the essay from August to October; but he was dissatisfied with it, and laid it aside. The element of conflict in his own feelings on the question, which was

usually absent from his creative moments, is betrayed in one or two of his admissions at the time. In the autumn of 1875, for instance, he regards the essay as "unpublishable," and at the beginning of October he writes: "My essay, 'Richard Wagner in Bayreuth,' will not be printed. It is almost ready, but in it I am far behind the standard I demand of myself; thus its only value to me is that it is a new inquiry into the most difficult question relating to the experiences we have had hitherto. I do not stand above the thing, and I realise full well that I have not been quite successful in the inquiry—how could I then be helpful to others?"

As I have already said, the state of my brother's health at the beginning of 1876 was very serious and alarming, and throughout this period, all correspondence between Bâle and Bayreuth was carried on only by myself and Wagner. With the spring, however, came also recovery and a glad love of life, and on Wagner's birthday my brother wrote his first letter to Bayreuth since his return to health. Wagner answered in the most friendly manner on the following day:—"O Friend, now at last you are up and well!" In this letter he once more made protestations of friendship, and expressed his regret at having seen so little of my brother in recent years, with such warmth and emphasis,—even going to the extent of saying that it was the greatest calamity that had befallen him during the last seven years,—that my brother was most deeply moved. Wagner's words recalled all the happy years of their deepest friendship to my brother's mind, and he decided that he could not remain dumb at the moment of Wagner's greatest triumph—his gratitude would not allow it. He must summon others to yield to these forces which had made him so happy for years, and which had brought so many thoughts and feelings to maturity in him. He therefore sent part of the Wagner essay to be printed, and in June, 1876, went to Badenweiler for a few days to write the conclusion.

But during the whole time that the work was in the press my brother was tormented by the question whether it would not be possible to read many things between the lines of this most loving and reverent essay, which would betray Wagner. It is a very difficult thing to return successfully to feelings which one has long ago overcome, however strenuously one may try, with all the love and melancholy of a seceding disciple, to revive one's former faith and to recall all its beauty. This effort on my brother's part sometimes gives a stilted and exaggerated quality to "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." His qualms are plainly expressed in the letters that he sent with the two copies of the essay which he presented to Wagner and Frau Cosima respectively. As these letters were drafted in one of his note-books, they are still preserved.

"Here, dearest Master," he wrote to Wagner, "is a kind of Bayreuth festal address! I could not hold my peace, and was constrained to speak out on many points. Those who are now rejoicing, will, I trust, find themselves doing so all the more after reading my essay—this to-day is my pride and my hope. I cannot even venture to guess how you yourself will receive these confessions this time. My writing has this unfortunate consequence, that every time I publish a work something in my personal relations comes into question, which can afterwards be restored to its proper place only with the help of a little humour. I cannot say more distinctly than I have done, the extent to which I feel this—particularly now. When I think of what I have dared to accomplish this time, I grow giddy and embarrassed, and I feel like The Rider on Lake Constance.[1] But once, in your very first letter to me, you said something about faith in *German Freedom*. It is to this faith that I turn to-day; for it was only in it that I found the necessary courage to do what I have done.

"Yours heart and soul

"Fr. N."

[1] This refers to "*Der Reiter und der Bodensee*," a poem by Schwab, in which a traveller crosses the frozen surface of Lake Constance on horseback, on a cold winter's night, without knowing that he has done so; and when he reaches the opposite bank, he is so appalled by the realisation of his dangerous adventure, that he drops dead.—Tr.

To Frau Cosima he wrote:

"You must surely know what all friends of Bayreuth now think of you; and which of us this summer does not desire to give you some token of his great gratitude? Be so kind therefore as to help me in this small attempt at giving you a little pleasure, by accepting one of the two special copies of my latest work which I am sending to you and to the Master. (Busy as you are with all that you have charge of and all that you care for, you will, however, have neither the time nor the inclination to read it until after the summer). You will learn from my essay that I could not endure to prepare myself for the great and wonderful event of this summer all alone and at such a distance from you—I had to communicate my joy to others. If only I might hope that here and there I have divined a note of your joy and that I have expressed it with you! I can think of no more beautiful desire."

Frau Wagner spent half the night reading the essay, and on the 11th of July, 1876, sent the following telegram:

"Dear Friend—I thank you for the only refreshment and joy I have had recently besides that given to me by husband's art. May this suffice for my thanks to you. Cosima."

On the 12th of July, 1876, Wagner wrote:

"Friend! Your book is prodigious!

"How did you learn to know me so well? Come quickly, and get accustomed to the new impressions by attending the rehearsals. Yours, R. W."

This is the last letter Wagner ever wrote to my brother.

Once when the conversation turned upon modern literature, my brother, who was somewhat of a stranger to everything erotic, asked one of his pupils, who by-the-bye died young, why the same theme—the love between man and woman—which was becoming extremely boring, always formed the principal subject of all novels. "Yes," replied the pupil thoughtfully, "but what other feelings would be able to give rise to such conflicts?" "Well, friendship," my brother replied warmly, "it gives rise to

absolutely similar conflicts, but on a much higher plane. In the first place there is mutual attraction on the ground of convictions and opinions in common, then there follows the joy of perfect unity, mutual admiration and glorification. Later on there arise on one side suspicion, and on the other doubt as to the excellence of the friend and his views. The necessity of separation, and the difficulty of being able to do without each other quickly follow. All these and other unspeakable sufferings sometimes affect two friends." The pupil looked up incredulously, he had never experienced such a passionate kind of friendship.

This chapter is thus the story of a friendship, with all its sorrows and its delights; the romance of two geniuses who were able for a while to walk side by side along cheerful and sunny highways. One of them, however, is now already turning, ready to say farewell. Hesitatingly he stands at the crossways. Full of love and melancholy he looks back upon the road along which they have come together—will the other be able to keep him at his side?

CHAPTER XXVI

"DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN."

If a merciful Providence had watched over my brother's friendship with Wagner, it would have prevented him from going to Bayreuth. Very much in the same way as Luther went to Rome, my brother went to Bayreuth, simply to find his waning faith in Wagnerian Art still further shaken,—but we know how Luther's visit to Rome turned out. Still with the name of Bayreuth my brother associated the hope that there Wagner's Art would reveal itself to him in a new and overwhelming manner. The vision of a festival in which the actors in the spectacle and the spectators would be equally remarkable and admirable, and in which both, united by the depth of their feelings, must produce a positively prodigious effect—all this moved him deeply, and filled him with great and undefined hopes. In the middle of July, therefore, with a feeling of real joy, he went to Bayreuth for the rehearsals, although he had not yet recovered from the fatigue brought about by his completion of the fourth essay for the *Thoughts out of Season*. But the first news from Bayreuth was very depressing: "I almost regret having come! For, up to the present, everything has been pitiable. On Monday I attended the rehearsal; it did not please me at all; and I had to leave." He concluded his letter with the words: "Everybody is anxiously expecting you; make haste, make haste, dear Lama!"

For, meanwhile, I was still busy in Bâle, packing up all the furniture and putting it away, as we intended giving up the flat during my brother's tour in Italy.

The second letter from Bayreuth seemed much more hopeful:

"My Dear Good Sister,—I feel better now. For the last three days my health has been excellent; but you must remember that I am staying with Fräulein von Meysenbug. I am in the garden from the first thing in the morning; I drink milk, bathe in the river, and eat only food that agrees with me. Meanwhile I have seen and heard the *Twilight of the Gods*; it is a good thing to grow used to it. I am now in my element.

"Incidentally (but this is between ourselves!) only half of the seats have been sold for the second cycle, and scarcely a third have been sold for the third cycle. To-night the King is coming. He has wired that he is delighted with my essay. The Schurés are also coming to-day. The Wagners and their children have often asked after you.

"As to my Italian tour, everything seems to be turning out better than I could have desired. Sea, woods and the neighbourhood of Naples—maybe in the end it will only come to this. One can only hope. My health has made such good progress that I am much more cheerful. I must, however, be careful, and I decline all invitations, even Wagner's. Wagner thinks that I make myself scarce."

Later on he explained this spirited letter by saying that in order to write it he had forcibly summoned up all his spiritual strength, and had tried to place himself in his former attitude of mind. This had given him a certain wanton feeling of struggle and triumph, and the only thing he had not been able to endure was conversation of a very intimate nature. This more lively communication also terminated with the words: "Make haste, good Lama!" I now pressed on my domestic duties as quickly as possible; albeit, on the morning of my departure I received the news that Fritz no longer wished to remain in Bayreuth. His violent effort to be his old self in regard to Wagner's work had thus only lasted a few days. He wrote: "I long to leave, it is absurd for me to stay here. I shudder at the thought of every one of these long musical evenings, and yet I do not stay away. . . . I am quite sick of it. I refuse to be here even for the first per-

formance. I prefer to go anywhere rather than remain here where everything is a torment to me."

These tidings frightened me very much, indeed; for all the practical arrangements had been made for us to make a stay of four weeks; we were both patrons, and had had the intention of hearing the three cycles as well as the full rehearsals. Then, we had hired a large apartment for the whole of the time, which, in addition to two bedrooms, contained a drawing-room and a study for my brother. As a matter of fact, it was exceedingly rash on our part to have let my brother decide upon this sojourn in Bayreuth, seeing that it entailed at least twelve evenings at the theatre. Even now I cannot imagine how it was that the oculist did not most strictly forbid the whole thing. But, as I have already said, my brother's ailments were wrongly diagnosed at this time, and cause and effect were confounded. In those days we assumed that the eye-trouble was the outcome of indeterminable trouble elsewhere, whereas, now, we know that the former was the chief agent in bringing about the general decline of his health. Still it should not be forgotten that, with a nature as sensitive as my brother's, spiritual suffering, and such shocks as those which his changed relations to his best friend and the alteration in his convictions and ideals involved, proved much more painful and difficult to endure than bodily indisposition.

When I reached Bayreuth on the day before the first full rehearsal, Fritz had already left. I was very much upset, for I felt certain that something great and grievous had made him leave; and I can well remember having spent a whole morning at Fräulein von Meysenbug's, where I cried bitterly all the time; but she did not understand why I was so unhappy. On the following day I received a letter from my brother, who was at Klingenbrunn, near Regen, in the Bavarian Forest:

"Dearest Sister,—I trust you are in Bayreuth, and have found nice people there to look after you, now that I have gone.

I know perfectly well that I could not endure to stay there; as a matter of fact, we ought to have known this before! Just think how carefully I have had to live during the last few years. I feel so tired and exhausted after my short stay there, that I cannot recover my old spirits. This place is very delightful; there are large woods here, and the air of the heights is like that in the Jura. I shall stay here about ten days, but I shall not return via Bayreuth. So we may not see each other again this year! How things change! I have to summon all my self-control to endure the unutterable disappointment I have had this summer. I cannot even see my friends; for the time being everything is poison and injury to me."

Fritz spent about ten days wandering about the woods of Klingenbrunn, busily writing all the while. And it was during this time that the first notes for the "Ploughshare" were written, many thoughts of which ultimately found their way into *Human, All too Human*. The "Ploughshare" contained the fundamental ideas of my brother's new line of thought. Here for the first time, he expresses in clear, plain words what had long been taking shape within him, namely, a complete revolution in the opinions he had held hitherto.

What, then, induced him as a new and changed personality to return to Bayreuth on the day before the beginning of the first cycle, is now simply impossible to discover. If I remember rightly, it seemed as if even in Klingenbrunn he had been unable to convince himself that everything was at an end for him in Bayreuth. It was longing that drove him back, his longing for the Dionysian music which, in the past, he had heard in Wagner's creations. He would so willingly have yielded to the influence of the old charms! Our likes and dislikes do not develop at the same speed as our knowledge, very often they hasten in advance of the latter, but more frequently they are unable to keep pace with its rapid stride. My brother once said of himself metaphorically that "the silkworm drags its old prison for some time along with it

after first emerging from the chrysalis,"—and in the same way he was able to rid himself of his old love and preference for Wagner's music, only by degrees. Whatever the reasons of his return may have been, however, he at all events suddenly came back to Bayreuth, and listened with the greatest interest and some surprise to my account of all I had experienced.

During the time that I had been alone in Bayreuth, in the care of friends of course, I had indeed had many wonderful experiences, and they were wonderful because everything happened so differently from what one might have expected. King Ludwig of Bavaria had declared his intention of being present at the full rehearsals; in fact, they were to be performed for him alone, as he was staying quite incognito at the Hermitage Castle, and would see nobody but Wagner. Finally a very small number of people were allowed to take their places in the first two rows of the amphitheatre, which could scarcely be seen from the royal box, in order to witness the performance of the *Rheingold*; and I was one of this very small number. We waited for two hours in pitch darkness for the arrival of the exalted visitor. King Ludwig, who turned night into day, and day into night, had slept so well that no one dared to wake him. He had reached Bayreuth early that morning (at 2 A.M.); had left the train at a railway-watchman's hut, where Wagner, who had been commanded to meet him there, received him, and the two had then gone to the Hermitage together. On reaching the Castle, the King had detained the Master for another two hours in friendly conversation in the Castle grounds,—an experience which we thought very unsuited to Wagner's sixty-three years.

The full rehearsals went off splendidly; if I remember rightly, those who could speak with authority on the subject declared that they were among the best performances of the *Ring* that were ever given. I have a particularly vivid recollection of the beauty of *Siegfried*.

It was such a relief that the poor deformed dragon never appeared in person on the stage, and that its fight with Siegfried took place in the cave. The whole scene thus made an extraordinarily beautiful and mysterious impression.

King Ludwig also expressed himself very well pleased with the performance of the *Rheingold* on the first evening, and the only criticism he made was that the music had sounded rather hollow in the empty theatre. He therefore expressed the wish that a company of soldiers should be sent to fill up the theatre. But this was really too hard on the people of Bayreuth, and the executive council of the festival performances sallied forth to have an audience of the King. In the most moving language these gentlemen showed how deserving the people of Bayreuth had been not only in receiving and sheltering artists but in other ways; they also pointed out that the town was full of enthusiastic visitors, and they begged the King graciously to allow the inhabitants of Bayreuth, together with their guests, to fill the theatre during the full rehearsals, instead of the soldiers. It was said that the King was extremely kind at the audience, and graciously granted the request of the executive council; but these worthy gentlemen were duly informed that they must not on any account forget that the King was incognito on this visit to Bayreuth, and that anything in the way of an ovation, and all staring at the Royal Box, should be avoided. Thus the *Walküre* was performed before the most motley audience I have ever seen in my life. People of all classes sat shoulder to shoulder, who as a rule were distributed according to fashion, wealth, and, above all, culture. There must undoubtedly have been many an enthusiastic spectator in the crowded assembly; but, on the whole, when one contemplated the masses of Philistines and housewives, and heard them speak, one could not suppress a feeling of anxiety. One consoled one's self by thinking that these were not

the proper spectators. From time to time a member of the executive committee would stand up, and in forcible language would exhort the noisy throng not to look in the direction of the Royal Box, but to keep their eyes on the stage. When, however, the theatre darkened and the music began, the words "The King is coming" ran like a sort of electric current all through the auditorium, and almost every head was turned towards the forbidden spot. It was said that the sensitive King drew back as though painfully conscious of being the centre of attention, but in any case the whole theatre suddenly grew so absolutely dark, that even the most inquisitive spectator present could have seen nothing in the forbidden spot, and then only were all eyes turned upon the stage. As regards external decorum the following evening showed an improvement. Gradually, the type of the enthusiastic visitor began to preponderate among the audience, and we respected the King's incognito, despite the fact that we were all filled with the most ardent wish to show Wagner's greatest benefactor our homage and our gratitude. We were consoled by the fact that King Ludwig promised to return for the third cycle of the *Ring* not as a private individual, but as a monarch, and that we should therefore be able to rejoice at the sight of him.

Our dear old Kaiser Wilhelm attended the first cycle. Dressed in civilian clothes, he drove into Bayreuth, bowing graciously in all directions; his kind and dignified appearance won the hearts of all the Bavarians, and we Prussians were really proud. Even my brother was inspired with the most hearty patriotic feeling. The Kaiser was given an extraordinarily enthusiastic and spirited reception, even by the Bavarians. The letter W was displayed everywhere; but uninitiated, fanatical Wagnerites believed that this was in Wagner's honour, and thought it in every way quite natural. Owing to the Kaiser's presence, famine soon broke out in Bayreuth; for the whole of the population

even from the remoter districts came to the town to see the venerable hero. On one occasion, it was literally impossible for us and our friends to get anything to eat for lunch; and later on Baroness E. v. W. told me that when she had visited Countess Schleinitz during the Kaiser's visit to Bayreuth, all she had been offered was some black bread and black-pudding—which were the only edibles the servants had been able to scrape together. During the long intervals of the *Ring*, scenes took place in the Restaurant "Albert," which showed only too plainly how closely related man is to the beast—for the crowd positively surged to the buffet, their eyes starting out of their heads with eagerness.

In the theatre, too, Kaiser Wilhelm was the object of the most enthusiastic demonstrations. He arrived punctually, and manifested his appreciation by good-natured applause; but there were universal doubts as to whether he really enjoyed the performances. No, Wagner's operas were not to his liking; *Carmen* pleased him much more, and this was perhaps not such bad taste after all. Moreover, he had only consented to come in response to the most pressing persuasion on the part of Countess Schleinitz. This excellent lady had succeeded in convincing him that the Bayreuth Festival was a national festival; thus he thought it his duty to attend it. He came on the 12th August and left in the evening of the 14th in order to join the manœuvres. Unfortunately the performances he witnessed were the least successful of all. They were full of hitches and a number of transformations entirely failed. For instance, once, if I am not mistaken, Walhalla was supposed to rise miraculously in the background; but instead of that, all one could see was a dark space in the middle of which was standing a foreman scene-shifter in his shirt-sleeves (the heat was appalling). This was not a beautiful spectacle.

It was generally rumoured at the time that, in response to a command to go to the Imperial Box, Wagner had

replied: "I beg His Imperial Majesty to excuse me; but I am tired." The Chamberlain had then bowed and retired; but had soon returned. "His Imperial Majesty requests Herr Wagner to come," he said. "Is it a command?" Wagner demanded. The Chamberlain said that it was. "I obey the command," said Wagner.

It has been asserted that this scene was an example of Richard Wagner's extravagant pride and arrogance—but this is absolutely false! On that evening Wagner really was very unhappy and extremely annoyed at the failure of the performance (at least that is what my brother said), and while in this mood it was certainly hard to be called before His Imperial Majesty in order to receive praise. Wagner knew perfectly well that in his Festival speech of the 28th May, 1872, he had promised that: "so far as the artistic means at our disposal at present are able to do so, you will be given the best that is to be had in acting, singing and scenic effect." And this promise was not fulfilled in those first evenings of the Festival performances, at least as far as the transformations and many other things were concerned. The fact that, generally speaking, this was not painfully apparent was due to the wonderful and really ideal orchestra, and to the peculiar spirit of the greater part of the spectators, who seemed to be more impressed by the flattering presence of the Kaiser, than by the perfection of the performances.

And now let me describe the spectator at Bayreuth of whom my brother had formed such an ideal image beforehand. He writes in the fourth essay of the *Thoughts out of Season:* "It is certain that in Bayreuth even the spectator is a spectacle worth seeing. If the spirit of some observant sage were to return, after the absence of a century, and were to compare the most remarkable movements in the present world of culture, he would find much to interest him there. Like one swimming in a lake, who encounters a current of warm water issuing from a hot

spring, in Bayreuth he would certainly feel as if he had suddenly plunged into a more temperate element, and would say to himself that this must rise out of a distant and deeper source : the surrounding mass of water, which at all events is more common in origin, does not account for it. In this way, all those who assist at the Bayreuth Festival will seem like men out of season; their *raison d'être* and the forces which would seem to account for them are elsewhere, and their home is not in the present age."

But oh! Where were *these* spectators? It is possible that the exceptional men in the herd become one with the herd, and are thus invisible! It was precisely at the first cycle that the most enthusiastic Wagnerites were supposed to be present; but one felt with horror that those who had come together on that occasion were principally people who were able to pay 900 marks for twelve seats at the theatre. Of course there were some idealists like ourselves in the number, but these few were certainly utterly lost in the crowd. One could see men and women of high birth among the audience ; for the presence of the Kaiser had attracted quite a large court to Bayreuth. One could also admire the most beautiful dresses; and Marienbad seemed to have sent over quite a number of corpulent persons, bankers and people of means, together with their wives ; the most luxurious jewels blazed on the opulent bosoms of the women, and heavy gold chains hung in half hoops on the rotund waists of the men—alas! and these were the spectators who were supposed to be strangers to their age! It was the same crowd that one can see at any first night at the theatre. Of course here and there one was glad to see one or two exceptional individuals, such, for instance, as the distinguished painters, Menzel, Lenbach, Meyerheim, Makart, Angely ; or the interesting musicians, Wilhelmi, Richter, Levy and others ; while an absolutely special circle with an atmosphere of its own was formed by Franz Liszt, surrounded by a bevy of admiring and languishing females. But even these did not present a spectacle which

might be said to have been in keeping with the vigorous type of Wagner's genius, or which might in any way have been called "inopportune." Moreover it was whispered that, owing to Wagner, Liszt had quarrelled with his friend Princess Wittgenstein; for she was ill-disposed to Wagner, and was consequently not present. She had not wished Liszt to be present at the Festival performances, because he only played the "part of a supernumerary there." But Liszt was not to be led astray; he came notwithstanding, and everybody thought all the more of him for it.

Only once did I have the impression that a kind of people different from the rest of the ordinary public was assembled at Bayreuth. One morning I paid a call at Wahnfried, but had to wait awhile in the small ante-chamber before I could be received, as the great hall was packed with visitors. I peeped into the room and saw that at least forty orchestra-conductors, young artists and authors, were waiting there for an audience of Wagner. (Wagner was compelled to receive people in groups, as the throng of visitors was so great. On the first day of the Festival performance five hundred people presented their cards at Wahnfried.) In that rapid glance I saw only interesting, artistic heads and fine intellectual faces; the more elderly men in the crowd spoke in gentle undertones, and the younger men listened with becoming reverence. Indeed, a serious, reverent and devout spirit seemed to prevail among the small throng of men waiting to see the Master. It was only before such really artistic men as these that *der Ring des Nibelungen*, should have been performed, and afterwards the spectators should have been given the right of freely expressing their opinions! Of course, these special spectators should not have consisted merely of infatuated Wagnerites, for there would have been little to learn from such severely disciplined partisans, despite the fact that this type was at one time regarded as the "ideal spectator" by Wagner and my brother. Now it happened

that fate brought us into close relationship with an example of a spectator such as this—a man who was absolutely devoted to Wagner and his works; and we learnt to know this type in its strangest form. In the extravagance of his manner he was quite comical. If my brother spoke at table, this man would forget meat and drink, and would sink into abysmal reflection; he understood little of what Fritz said, and even that badly. If I gently reminded him of the present, lost in thought, and in a voice that was not of this world, he would reply: "Your brother has uttered words of the most profound wisdom, and I have lost all notion of Time and Space." Meanwhile, however, the hasty waiters had removed the plate which he had not yet touched, and I felt constrained to entreat him to ask for another helping, for fear lest he should go out to face intellectual enjoyment on an empty stomach. Then he would say: "You are right, one must summon all one's individuality here, in order that one may not perish in the cosmos." He always spoke in this strain! —"And he was a Wagnerite *par excellence*," Fritz said with a look of sorrow.

My brother also went to Angermann's one evening, but he returned with a very sad smile. It was here that the chief assembly rooms of the members of the Wagner Societies were situated, and at that time these people were of that particular type who thumped the tables uproariously with their fists, raised their pint jars of beer threateningly and seemed ready for any kind of "knock-down" argument if another ventured to deviate in the slightest from the strictest Wagner code. In a description of the Festival plays of 1896, Houston Chamberlain writes:—

> "I have often read of the out-and-out votary of Bayreuth; but I have never yet been able to find this kind of man; no one speaks so much, so pettily, and with so little understanding concerning all that is done in Bayreuth, as these so-called out-and-out votaries of Bayreuth. The stranger and

the enemy almost always feel more or less clearly how great the project is, even if they do nothing else; he, however, who by paying the annual subscription of four marks, has become a member of the General Wagner Society, seems to feel as much at home at Bayreuth as a fish in a pond. For the small sum of money he pays, he seems to have acquired not only the right of membership, but also an absolutely infallible understanding of one of the most prodigious artistic undertakings ever known in history—and it is well known that the first proof of genuine connoisseurship is to find fault with anything and everything."

In 1876 things were very different! When the member of the Wagner Societies of those days paid his subscription he seemed to acquire the right to storm like a savage at everyone who did not consider every note and every word of the Master's to be as sacred as the gospel. These people seemed to my brother like a parody of himself.

But even we ourselves, members of Wagner's circle of intimate friends, had very different sensations from those we had expected. It is true that, at times, we received the most stirring impressions, we were charmed by the orchestra, and many a scene in *Siegfried* and in the *Götterdämmerung*, as for instance that of the Rhine Daughters and others, will in their unparalleled beauty continue to live to all eternity in our souls. But, in spite of all this, owing perhaps to our great and over-sanguine expectations, we were disappointed. With some misgivings we felt that this was not the dawn of a new art, but, to put it briefly, Grand Opera and nothing else. Gradually our feelings dropped to the level of an ordinary music festival: but an uncomfortable sensation was left behind which was vented by the friends in all kinds of jokes and jests. And there were opportunities enough for the exercise of malicious humour! It would have been better if we had heard less of what was going on behind the scenes and of what was going on higher up, in the clouds of great aspirations. Unfortunately, however, our flat was in the very centre of the town, and we were lucky enough to possess a drawing-

room, whereas other people were able to obtain only sleeping accommodation. Thus, a throng of talkative visitors was almost constantly assembled under our roof. In this way we heard far too much of the intrigues and dissensions, and of the quarrels of the artists between themselves. Our attention was also called to far too many more or less admirable love affairs which, as a matter of fact, must have met with exceptionally favourable conditions during that summer at Bayreuth, for they sprung up as luxuriantly as mushrooms after rain. But even more luxuriant in their abundance were the excesses which were prompted on all sides by vanity, and one was compelled continually to recall the expression "Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair!" For hosts of people had come to Bayreuth on this occasion with the object of receiving some special mark of honour from Wagner, in return for something they had done for Wagnerian Art. And even if the Master and Cosima had been the embodiment of justice (a virtue to which they did not in the least aspire) they would have found it quite impossible to do special honour to such a vast concourse of people—that is to say, to honour each one more conspicuously than the last. Thus all Bayreuth was seething with injured vanity, and the air was heavy and oppressive in consequence—a very amusing state of affairs for the detached spectator! Frequently Frau Cosima had to spend whole mornings in driving round and soothing people's mortified feelings by means of kind and comforting little speeches.

But here I should like to emphasise the fact that my brother had not the smallest reasons whatever for feeling hurt. In fact, Wagner never lost an opportunity of honouring and distinguishing him; but Fritz escaped these flattering attentions whenever he could, for he disliked Wagner's blatant and boisterous praise. Moreover, both of them felt that much that was unexpressed lay between them, they had had none of those great moments together which might have bound my brother afresh to

his friend. Was such a moment after all within an ace of them all the time? I remember one morning my brother and I went to pay a call at Wahnfried, and we found the Master in the garden on the point of going out. I cannot recall precisely what Wagner said, but suddenly my brother's countenance lighted up, and with an expression of tense expectation he seemed to await what was to follow. Did he believe that the Master was going to say: "Ah, dear Friend, the whole Festival is nothing more or less than a farce, it is not what we two had dreamed it would be; even my music ought to have been quite different. I will return to simplicity and melody!" Did my brother cherish the hope that Wagner was going to say something of the sort? Whatever his first words may have led my brother to expect, however, that which followed soon showed him his mistake, and the gleam of gladness vanished from my brother's eyes. No! Wagner was no longer young enough to oppose himself.

I shall never be able to satisfy myself, however, that Wagner, in his heart of hearts, was really pleased with this Festival at Bayreuth. He simply pretended to be, just as we all did! We behaved as if we were delighted, and yet what a host of disappointments we had to overcome in our souls. I fancy that by far the greater number of us Wagnerites must have felt then pretty much as many a German peasant did at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when he was obliged to serve as a soldier under the Great Corsican. We were under the yoke of a mighty genius—we were intoxicated by the power of an exceedingly strong will which conquered even the most hostile of its opponents, and finally compelled them to admire—but at bottom we all felt that there was something artificial about this intoxication. Nevertheless we had sworn allegiance to the great leader, and we therefore allowed ourselves neither to criticise nor to be honest towards ourselves. Fritz was the only honest person present. He felt profoundly disappointed, and he did not conceal his

feelings. To Wagner my brother seemed like the embodiment of conscience, or like one of those genii who point solemnly and admonishingly to Heaven. Wagner felt only too clearly that my brother had formed an ideal image of him and the Festival which neither had attained, and which soared high up above both—a bitter reproach against the Festival itself. Wagner, too, was embarrassed in my brother's presence, but his embarrassment manifested itself differently. He was boisterous and high-spirited, whilst Fritz was silent.

What then did my brother really feel at that time? In his heart he felt the profoundest disappointment—this a perfect stranger could have noticed. It seems surprising that his disappointment should have been so marked, seeing that, as I have shown in the preceding chapter, he had felt for some time in the position of a disciple who was prepared to part from his master. But, owing to his great love for Wagner, the actual parting from him was hard, and he would have given much to be able to wait a little longer, if only he could have felt a little hope remained (as he trusted it would have done before the Bayreuth Festival) that Wagnerian Art contained a great life-enhancing force. Now, however, he began to feel, with unspeakable pain, not only the suspicion, but also the certainty, that in this Art there was not the quality which his gift of transfiguration had led him to suppose.

It has been said that my brother's great disappointment was caused partly by the imperfect working of the stage machinery, and the failure of one or two scenes and tableaux. It is true that a good many of these faults led to comical effects, as for instance the scene between Alberich and the Rhine Daughters, in which the latter turned round and round like wooden horses at a fair. And the dragon, the centrepiece of whose neck was missing, and whose head seemed, therefore, to spring direct from his trunk, was still funnier. If I remember rightly this disagreeable beast was made in London. Now, as ill-luck

would have it, the missing piece, which left the London makers late, was sent to Beirout instead of Bayreuth, and the consequence was that it never reached its proper destination in time for the Festival plays. But all this either did not affect my brother, or else it simply increased his suspicion. On this very point he writes :

> "I utterly disagree with those who were dissatisfied with the decorations, the scenery and the mechanical contrivances at Bayreuth. Far too much industry and ingenuity were applied to the task of chaining the imagination to matters which did not belie their *epic* origin. But as to the naturalism of the attitudes, of the singing, compared with the orchestra ! What affected, artificial and depraved tones, what a distortion of nature, were we made to hear !
>
> "As to some tones which were of an incredibly natural quality I would fain never hear them again—aye, I would fain forget them for ever (Materna) ! "

No, this Bayreuth Festival resembled in no respect whatever the stupendous vision which had hovered before my brother's eyes,—just as little as the *Ring des Nibelungen* resembled those bewitching Dionysian strains which he had hoped to hear. In explanation of the fact that this disappointment was to some extent sudden, it should be remembered that my brother had not been with Wagner for two years, and had actually not heard any of the Master's works performed for four years. He had zealously studied the *Ring des Nibelungen* on the piano, but by this means he obtained only a false and far too subtilised idea of the real thing. In addition to this, since January, 1874, he had not ceased from pondering in private over Wagner's "terrible tendencies" ; now, however, these appeared before him in all their brutal reality. He felt that this was no music of the future ; it was not a sign of ascent but of decline ! It was simply exalted intoxication, enervating hashish, and possessed not the smallest suggestion of exuberant Dionysian vitality. But Fritz's pain over all this was too deep for him to be able to speak about it, and thus he obeyed the serious admonition which

he himself had pronounced to his readers at the beginning of the fourth essay of the *Thoughts out of Season*, he wrapped himself in profound "Pythagorean Silence." The only thing he did mention at times, and in terms of the highest admiration, was the orchestra. "You will never hear its like again, Lizzie," he would often repeat.

He was obviously pained when the Master's admirers desired to speak to him about the last of the *Thoughts out of Season*, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." A very astute lady in Bayreuth once asked me: "Why does your brother so dislike to hear his last essay spoken about?" When I told him I had been asked this question he exclaimed: "Ah, Lizzie, people should let bygones be begones!" "But," I said, somewhat annoyed, "it only appeared five weeks ago!" "It seems to me like five years!" he replied. He did not say any more about it, but a few notes written in 1878 reveal what his feelings were at the time.

> "The Schopenhauerian man drove me to scepticism concerning everything that had been respected, held in high esteem, and preached hitherto (also concerning the Greeks, Schopenhauer and Wagner), *i.e.*, genius, holiness and the pessimism of knowledge. Along this circuitous path I reached the *height* with the freshest of breezes. The essay on Bayreuth was simply a pause, a recapitulation, a *rest*. In it the uselessness of Bayreuth was revealed to me.
>
> "My picture of Wagner completely surpassed him; I had depicted an *ideal monster*—one, however, which was perhaps quite capable of kindling the enthusiasm of artists. The real Wagner, Bayreuth as it actually is, was only like a bad, final proof, pulled on inferior paper—from the engraving which was my creation. My longing to see real men and their motives received an extraordinary impetus from this humiliating experience."

We had given up our seats for the second cycle of Festival plays to relatives, as the performances were extraordinarily fatiguing, and I can well remember on the evening when *Das Rheingold* was performed, after all our

guests had left us, and the crowds had surged noisily to the Festival Play House to the accompanying sounds of carriages coming and going, how a profound silence gradually fell over the whole of Bayreuth. We talked of my brother's stay in Italy, we said that on his return we should not take up our abode in Bâle itself, but in Arlesheim, and we spoke of many things; but we did not mention a word about Wagner and the Festival plays. Over tea, when the silence outside became strangely noticeable, I could not help exclaiming: "How odd it seems, that we should remain at home all alone on a Festival evening at Bayreuth!"

"This is the first pleasant hour I have spent here," Fritz replied with an extraordinary expression on his face. "Fritz," I said, hesitatingly, "it was much more beautiful when you played these things on the piano, and we used to imagine all the accompanying scenes in such glowing colours." "Of course it was more beautiful," Fritz replied sadly, and then was silent a long, long time.

I cannot say that Fritz suffered from any bodily indisposition during these weeks in Bayreuth, and he even had very few headaches; but, in order to excuse the fact that he so seldom went to the Wagners, we often made use of the plea of illness. It is true that he suffered profoundly and acutely, but in an utterly different way, and one about which we could not speak. All this untruthfulness and obscurity upset him. He absolutely refused to remain any longer in the place, and this despite the fact that he had fallen in love with an exceptionally fascinating and charming Parisienne, who, unfortunately, however, was already married. But by this time, even this could not retain him any longer in Bayreuth, and so one day, with his wistful and melancholy smile, he bade a last farewell to that Upper Franconian town in which he had had such painful experiences. "Oh, Lizzie! So that was Bayreuth!" he exclaimed sorrowfully as he said good-bye, and his eyes were full of tears.

One can well imagine his feelings when one reads the following note:

"My blunder was this, I went to Bayreuth with an ideal in my breast, and was thus doomed to experience the bitterest disappointment. The preponderance of ugliness, grotesqueness and strong pepper thoroughly repelled me. I had imagined tragedy with music in a way which far surpassed Wagner, and I had heard music in the tragedy of existence in a manner which was far beyond Schopenhauer."

* * * *

Now, to conclude this volume, let us once more look back upon the great span of years, from 1844 to 1876, which we have depicted in its pages. If one wished to describe it generally by a single adjective, no better one than the word "happy" could be found. In 1878 my brother spoke about himself to Malvida von Meysenbug and others as a "Happy Prince," and in 1874 he wrote to Rohde as follows: "I resemble a happy man as far as it is possible for me to know what happiness is."

In a letter written in August, 1875, to Dr. Karl Fuchs, who had complained to him about a series of misfortunes, he gives a very excellent account of his own experiences, and shows how happy accidents had come to him quite unexpectedly always at the right time:

"It seems to me as if a certain *fiery haste*, a kind of refusal to wait, has robbed you of many a success. One should not let Fate know what one desires; and five minutes later it is quite willing of its own accord to make an offer. I think it is Shakespeare who says: 'To be ready is everything.' It may be, however, that what I am saying with so much apparent worldly wisdom, is nothing but a theory deduced from a life which has been sown somewhat plentifully with happy accidents. But you can believe me when I say that it is absolutely in keeping with my most profound convictions, to cherish a thing for years without even allowing myself to notice that I am doing so, and then to hold it tight

when it comes within my grasp, because I was 'ready.' In this process of 'cherishing,' I never reached the point of desiring, and in this respect I lack your fire. All I feel is a kind of conditional idea. 'It would be a nice thing for thee if, . . . You have no notion what great and magnificent ideas of this kind I carry about with me, for which I shall suddenly be ready."

All the events of this book confirm his words concerning "a life which has been sown somewhat plentifully with happy accidents." From his childhood onwards we have seen him surrounded by solicitous love, by admiring friends and by benevolent teachers and masters. We found that quite early in life his gifts were acknowledged by the most distinguished people, and that many a rare windfall came his way. And in all the incidents of his life, even in his periods of illness, there is no element of bitterness, but always some kind of beneficent compensation. Thus his attitude towards Life was one of almost trustful love; for she had always fulfilled his silent wishes at the right time.

But of all the events of his life, the greatest and most valuable was his deep friendship for Richard Wagner. In his love and reverence for this man he spent the most beautiful years of his existence, and all his loftiest hopes for the future were associated with the Master's name. We can therefore understand with what bitter feelings he left Bayreuth; he had lost his faith in Wagner's Art, and all the glorious dreams and hopes of his youth faded through this heartrending experience. He thus bids farewell to the years of his youth, in which he had followed his two ideals, Schopenhauer and Wagner, so reverently as to draw even his friends along with him; and now he must walk unaccompanied along the hard solitary road of his manhood, which he was condemned to pursue for his own perfection alone, without any followers, and even without any hearty sympathy from his friends. Thus there fell upon this life, so happy and sunny hitherto, a mist which grew ever

more dense—a mist in which it was hard for him to find his own way, and harder still to remain firm against all the demands of a heart which yearned so passionately for friendship. It is the hard and stony road to greatness which lies before him.

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